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MISS CLOTILDE GRAVES.

Author of "Between Two Thieves."

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Biggest Serial of the Times

Miss Clotilde Graves' Great Story, "Between Two Thieves" opens in this issue of MacLean's—A Prose Epic Which is Pronounced a Masterpiece by Critics.

A GREAT serial novel "Between Two Thieves" opens in this issue of MacLean's Magazine.

The publication of this story as a serial marks a new epoch in magazine enterprise in Canada.

Undoubtedly "Between Two Thieves" is the most expensive novel on which any Canadian magazine has ever secured first Canadian serial rights.

The action of MacLean's is so great an undertaking is but a further evidence of its determination to provide the best that is offering in the field of fiction regardless of cost.

THE "BEST SELLER" POLICY.

In fact the step has been determined upon only after the most careful consideration on the part of the publisher.

A great number of serials were read and examined. On the best, options were secured. The field was thoroughly covered. A story of the highest order was assured.

Then in the course of elimination a new policy was evolved. It was this: To purchase serial rights of a book which had achieved the biggest success as a best seller.

Now, this is a bold and novel stroke in magazine publishing, but we believe

we will be supported in making it, for it has much to commend it to Canadian readers, particularly when considered in conjunction with the selection which we have made.

By it readers are at once assured of one of the big books of the day, written by one of the outstanding novelists who is in the public eye for the time being; and purchased for serial use at a period when it is most talked of—in brief, the best fiction offering of the moment.

There can be no doubt as to the quality of the book chosen by such a method, for the reading public by voting it into the best selling class will already have put its stamp of approval on it; moreover, secured, as in the present instance, at a time when the sales are still heavily sustained, the book proves itself to be still timely.

Altogether, to the great bulk of readers who delight in reading only those books which attain the heights of popularity, this new "best seller" policy gives promise of being most satisfactory.

HAS HAD WONDERFUL RUN.

The novel "Between Two Thieves," written by Miss Clotilde Graves, under

the pseudonym "Richard Dehan," has had a remarkable reception at the hands of the reading public since its appearance during 1812.

"Between Two Thieves" in turn has been a "best seller" in England, where it was first published, in the United States, and in Canada. The critics of the world are agreed that it is a literary masterpiece.

The book field in Canada is comparatively limited. Thus while the sales in England and the States have been enormous, in comparison, few copies of the book have been sold in this country, although, as we have said, it has been a leader.

So, when the great field which MacLean's covers is considered, it must be clear that comparatively few of our readers will have had an opportunity of reading the book, and will thus welcome the story in serial form in this magazine.

Where in Canada the book may have thus far touched scores of readers we hope through the widely circulated medium of MacLean's, to place it in the hands of thousands, adding new triumphs to those already achieved, and, indeed, enlisting new friends.

A GREAT PROSE EPIC OF WAR.

"Between Two Thieves" is no ordinary novel. It is a great prose epic of war—a broad portrayal of a stupendous conflict between the great powers, and the emotions pictured are not only love, but hate, ambition, fear, remorse.

It is a dramatic representation of tragic situations, through which a human soul, under stress, struggles to the light—of the fight of a man against tremendous temptation before and during the Crimean War.

The background is of heroic size, and the book is big in every way. The heroine is Ada Merling (Florence Nightingale), while one of the "thieves" is Napoleon III. and the other an army contractor.

There are three strands which the author weaves together. One is the life-story of a French officer employed

by Napoleon III. This gives one some wonderfully vivid pictures of the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Crimean War. The second strand concerns a rascally War-Office contractor, a very Dickensian figure, who brings in a stuffy mid-Victorian atmosphere of hypocrisy, inefficiency, and pretence. Thirdly, one follows the fortunes of a poor trooper who serves in the Crimean and suffers through the contractor's villainy.

The title is taken from a phrase which the author puts into the mouth of the Czar: "As for England, between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and her army contractor she will yet climb her Calvary with her cross upon her shoulders—we shall see her crucified between two thieves!"

It is difficult to recall any literary work of more stupendous energy, and it is impossible in justice to withhold a dared and almost breathless reverence for its power and knowledge, its burning enthusiasm and fierce crushing vigour, for its bitter indignation and white-hot scorn, for its courage, its sense of righteousness and its ecstatic religious fervor.

CAREER OF THE AUTHOR.

Miss Clotilde Graves is another of the stellar successes of fiction, achieved all in a moment.

Before she wrote "The Dop Doctor" two years ago she was an unknown girl in Old London. Indeed, comparatively little is recorded of her earlier life, except that she was not well off, and that she earned a somewhat precarious livelihood by contributing to the magazines and attempting the writing of plays.

But the merit was there as "The Dop Doctor" speedily proved. This remarkable work had a continuous run on the presses for eight months. The result was fame and wealth for the author.

Miss Graves is well qualified to pen a prose epic of war, such as she has given us in "Between Two Thieves," for she has been a close student of history,

particularly of war periods, a fact which she abundantly makes clear in her thrilling and vivid descriptions, both in this work as also in "The Dop Doctor."

PRONOUNCED A MASTERPIECE.

The critics are agreed that "Between Two Thieves" is a masterpiece.

Beside the current fiction of the hour its sole is as that of a cathedral organ against penny whistles.—*London Daily Mail*.

One of the strongest books I have been privileged to read during the past decade.—*Frederic Taber Cooper*.

It contains all the sincere realism of "The Dop Doctor," and something more, for it suggests with considerable historical accuracy the dimensions of Europe preceding the Crimean War, and paints in arresting colors the crowded events and horrors of that terrible, if victorious, page of our country's history.—*London Globe*.

An extraordinary story. It arrests and commands the attention not less by the human and elemental hugeness of its subject than by the daring and the mastery of its treatment.—*Boston Globe*.

A singular, strong and noble story.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A remarkably interesting novel.—*New York Herald*.

"Between Two Thieves" resembles

nothing else in all creative art so much as it does a mighty symphony.—*The Bookman*.

Abounds in strong situations. . . . a remarkable work.—*The Spectator*.

A remarkable and brilliant piece of fiction, certain to attract wide attention.—*Springfield Republican*.

There are chapters which in their volcanic and fiery strength a Carlyle could not have bettered, and there are character sketches and fierce diatribes against personal and social wrong which a Dickens might have been proud to pen. It is a book of marvellous color, of astounding light and shade. The story ends in the limitless, stainless fields of Heaven, but on the way to its mystical close a reader following the course of the narrative has splashed through blood and has groped through the mirk of infamy and shame.—*The Catholic Times*.

The book is really an amazing piece of work. Its abounding energy, its grip on our attention, its multitude of persons, its biting humor, its strong, if sometimes lurid word-painting, have an effect of richness and fulness, of towering life, that sweeps one with it.—*London Daily News*.

It is a story not only conceived on a great scale but carried out with a lavish expenditure of real feeling.—*London Morning Post*.



Does Canada Want Skyscrapers?

The question "Does Canada Want Skyscrapers?" will soon be to the front in many of our cities where tall buildings are already making their appearance. New York is probably the great skyscraper centre of the world. Accordingly we have pictured some of the best known buildings of that metropolis in our illustrations and have discussed the skyscraper question from a Canadian viewpoint, detailing the advantages and disadvantages which have resulted from big buildings in the United States and also citing some features of the laws governing their erection in Europe.

By Main Johnson

"RANK and reedy growth," "modern towers of Babel erected by greedy corporations," "monstrosities and nuisances"—these are a few of the epithets hurled against skyscrapers in the recent report of the Commission of Conservation of Canada. From this it may be seen that the lofty building, the most modern design for houses of business, is not welcomed with acclaim unanimously, but is spurned with satire and invective by valiant opponents.

The controversy, however, is by no means one-sided. The skyscraper in Canada has its supporters as well as its detractors, and if you include the general public in the debate, it is safe to say that thousands of votes would be cast in its favor by people who like the new buildings as being a definite proof that the city containing them is an up-to-date place with all the symptoms of progress.

America is the great fighting ground on this subject. In Europe, everybody apparently belongs to the "antis," for the high building is practically unknown. Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and Austria all have low buildings like we in Canada used to have before the American tendency began to exert its influence. In all the European countries, there is established a fixed relation between the width of the street and the height of the building. In London, for example, on a street 60 feet wide, the buildings must not be more than 60 feet high. As the

streets become wider greater proportionate height is allowed. On an 80-foot street, there is an altitude limit of 90 feet; on a 100-foot thoroughfare, builders can go 125 feet in the air. Even these concessions, however, are very conservative, and effectually prevent the erection of skyscrapers in the American sense of that term. Berlin's regulations are even more stringent; the front wall of the building can only be equal to the width of the street, and the maximum is fixed at 72 feet. Compare these paltry figures with some of the heights in New York city and the fundamental difference will be apparent at once. The Woolworth Building is 750 feet high, the Metropolitan 700 and the Slinger 612. Chicago also has its giddy heights, and the smaller cities are coming along as fast as they can run.

Canada has also made a good or a bad start, according to the point of view. Toronto has its new C. P. R. Building at 240 feet, and its Traders Bank of fifteen stories, only three less than the former. Plans are out for an hotel that will be higher than either of the other two buildings, and several more skyscrapers are under projection. The general average in height has increased rapidly in the Ontario capital. Montreal is holding back a bit, and is showing European tendencies. The present by-law there places the limit at 130 feet. In the West, the young cities are proud of the development of

the high building, and among several there is a keen rivalry for first place in the altitude contest. A citizen of Calgary within the last few weeks has written a letter to the press protesting against the statement made by a well-known Government official that Toronto was going ahead faster than any other city in Canada. In rebuttal of this claim, the Calgary citizen, in addition to enumerating many proofs of growth, declared that the Albertan city

For example, the writer interviewed two of the best known architects in Canada; one was an ardent exponent of the skyscraper if properly designed and executed; the other had not one good word to say for it.

From the economic and social viewpoint, it is claimed that the skyscraper leads to conditions of overcrowding. It prevents the business section of a city spreading out, and huddles it all together. One of the bad effects is on



Skyscrapers surrounding Union Square Park, New York.

was building structures just as high as the average in Toronto, and that there were only two in the latter place that were not being duplicated in the former. This was evidently considered to be a criterion of progressiveness.

There are two aspects of the skyscraper dispute, in the first place, economic and social, and, in the second place, artistic. A search into the question will quickly reveal a wide divergence of opinion on both these points.

The transportation problem, which, always a difficult question, is said to be rendered almost insoluble by the congestion of hundreds of people in high office buildings. In the morning and at night, these people are all struggling to go the one way, and the flood of humanity surging in the narrow streets around the skyscrapers causes hopeless confusion. High buildings also darken the streets and cause annoying currents of air. These objections have been

emphasized in Toronto, which is getting a taste of the trouble at the corner of King and Yonge Streets. The boards of trade from these and other causes have been carrying on a campaign to limit the height of future

tion Commission's report. "They are a menace," it says, "to the health of those who are compelled to work in them as well as to those who, unfortunately, fall within their overpowering and sepulchral shadow. There is



Broad Street, New York, looking toward Wall Street.

buildings to 125 feet. One of the arguments it advances for its course is the difficulty experienced in fighting fires on upper stories of high buildings.

Health is also affected by skyscrapers, if we are to believe the Conserva-

no more reason why this unsanitary condition should continue than that we should revert to the old style of factory buildings which have been supplanted by those of the most modern sanitary construction." The argument here is

Fig. 1.

debated by those who favor the skyscraper. They say that it is the high steel building that is sanitary, and not the old-fashioned type. The modern skyscrapers are almost without exception constructed on the basis of sim-

jects, sticking up in the air like rude boxes. They say that the sky line is spoiled, and that the resulting jaggedness is most unpleasant to the sight. The ideal condition in the mind of these critics is a fairly regular line



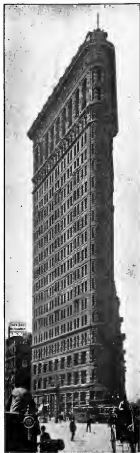
Looking down toward end of Manhattan Island along Broadway, showing tall New York buildings.

plicity and cleanliness, and should be encouraged on the very grounds on which they are attacked.

From the artistic standpoint, the hassle rages just as fiercely. Some declare that skyscrapers are hideous ob-

broken by open spaces containing parks and statues. On the other hand, there are artists and architects who rave over the glories of the "canyons" created by a long line of high buildings. To them, the deeper the canyon, the bet-

Fig. 2.



The famous Flatiron Building of New York.

ter, and they would support the proposal of Ernest Flagg who, before the National City Planning Conference in Philadelphia, advocated the extension of the skyscraper plan to include public buildings, and who suggested still greater heights.

"Should public buildings," he asked, "be low and massive, of a different type and of a different kind of architecture from the surrounding structures, or should they out-Herod Herod and dominate them in height and extravagance of design? I predict that public buildings in the United States will be carried to such amazing heights that the tallest commercial building will be dwarfed by them. I have no doubt that heights approximating 2,000 feet will be reached within the next twenty-five years, for I see no reason why such heights should not be practicable." This statement is worth quoting, for it proves conclusively that there are extravagant praises as well as extravagant disparagers.

As objects of beauty, however, much real praise can be given to the skyscraper. Certain it is that the new building in Toronto is a distinct addition to the beauty spots of the city. The play of light and shade on its bold and yet charming outline is a source of delight even to men who do not analyze their feelings, but who know that the sight of such a building is at once an inspiration and a rest from daily care.

Whether skyscrapers are to be encouraged or not, it is nice to be told that those already built in Canada compare very favorably from an architectural standard with those erected across the border. "Yes, our architects have done well," was the opinion of an authority, when asked his opinion, "in spite of the fact that it is a difficult type to work with. It is no easy task to erect a twenty-storey building in perfect proportions. There have been some failures, but many successes, and considerable credit is due to those Canadian architects who either in conjunction with Americans or by themselves have adapted this modern style of construction to our Canadian cities."

Just in passing, it may be remarked

that the skyscraper has been prominently before the public eye recently in connection with the widespread movement for reform in taxation, with a reduction in the assessments on improvements. Opponents of the change point to the high building as a case where fair taxation would be escaped by the owner. But we must not get into an argument on this point.

The most interesting additions to the literature of the skyscraper are the observations made by Arnold Bennett in his new book, "Your United States." Bennett is one of the leading literary men of present-day England, who has recently made a hurried visit to the States, and who has compiled his impressions in book form. His views on the skyscraper reveal his usual original and striking outlook.

"I regret for my own sake," he says, "that I could not be more sympathetic towards the existing skyscraper as an architectural entity, because I had assuredly no European prejudice against the skyscraper as such. The objection of most people to the skyscraper is merely that it is unusual—the instinctive objection of most people to every thing that is original enough to violate

tradition. I, on the contrary, as a convinced modernist, would applaud the unusualness of the skyscraper. Nevertheless I cannot possibly share the feelings of patriotic New Yorkers who discover architectural grandeur in, say, the Flat Iron Building or the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. To me they confuse the poetical idea of these buildings with the buildings themselves. I eagerly admit that the bold, prow-like notion of the Flat Iron cutting its way northward is a splendid notion, an inspiring notion; it thrills. But the building itself is ugly—nay, it is adverbially ugly; and no reading of poetry into it will make it otherwise."

Just one observation—Bennett refers to the "European prejudices against the skyscraper." This prejudice doubtless exists, but in America, particularly in the United States and more and more so in Canada also, the prejudice is rather in favor of the new style, and it is this state of popular feeling which makes it appear probable that the skyscraper here has come to stay, and that its vogue will increase rather than diminish. There is almost sure, however, to be a continuous difference of opinion as to the merits of this modern child of architecture.

Are You Right or Left Eared?

WHICH is your telephone ear? That, according to a "hello girl," says the *Chicago News*, is a question which, if propounded to the thousands of people who gossip over the wires every day, would result in a far better understanding between them. "Every one has one ear that is better than the other," she theorized. "And yet if you will else notice, you will see that in 999 cases out of a thousand, the person at the phone places the receiver to the left ear. It is because the receiver is hung on that side of the instrument. The wire is always long enough so that the

receiver can be held to the right ear, but this never seems to occur to the 'party.' He may be half deaf in his left ear and may be perfectly sound of hearing with the right, but this makes no difference. There he sits and fumes and struggles and perspires, trying to find out what the person on the other end of the line is trying to say, and all the time he is merely delaying the game by making his 'tin ear' do the work. I'm thinking of putting up a sign here over the booth, 'Are you right or left eared? Find out before calling your number.'"

The Dodds-Sinders Abroad

This is the second of the series of three stories regarding the experiences of the Dodds-Sinders family in its efforts to attain a social standing in a Canadian city following sudden acquisition of wealth. In the January issue the Dodds-Sinders were pictured "At Home." This month we view them "Abroad," where they have gone "for culture." In March "Their Return" will be featured.

By Ed. Cahn

THE Dodds-Sinders had, after many adventures, much seasickness and several fierce arguments, finally arrived in London; been conveyed through a fog the consistency of vital broth and now, at last, were installed in their apartments at the Cecil.

Dodds-Sinders had frantically begged to be allowed to hunt up a nice comfortable boarding-house where a body did not have to dress for every meal and in between.

Birdie wanted to go to the Savoy because she had read once in a book about the lovely supper parties people gave there.

Nora was for the Ritz because once, at the Imperial Opera, she had not been able to enjoy the performance because the girl behind her had so much that was fascinating to tell her companions about her stay in "deah ol' Lunnun," at the Ritz.

But Mrs. Dodds-Sinders declared that everybody who was anybody, both in books, magazines, plays and real life, always put up at the Cecil, and Cecil it must be.

Though the clerks in the office had been politeness itself, still, not one of the family but felt in his secret soul that they had been sized up for just what they were, newly rich, timid, and horribly afraid of blundering. There had been a wee little sneer in the book-keeping clerk's eye, Nora thought, when he assured her imperative mother that they had been given the best suite in the house, and added, "Of course, you

know, our guests usually book in advance."

Now, Dodds-Sinders was wandering restlessly about, poking his nose into every nook and corner, examining the curious combined transmitter and receiver perched so jauntily upon the telephone hook, and pointing out in positive tones the great superiority of Canadian arrangements over the obsolete English ones.

Nora suggested tea.

"Why it's nine o'clock at night!"

"I know it, but it's never too late for tea in England, I'm sure of that. Let's begin ordering so they know we have money."

"Well, but have it coffee, little black ones; they always do have coffee sent up after dinner in England."

"Tell 'em to make mine two cups with lots of cream and sugar," said pa biting his tongue.

"Caffay nory never has cream or sugar in it, Samuel!"

"Don't doubt it, but what I want is coffee."

"Pat! Café noir is coffee, in small cups. People drink it black after dinner."

"Let 'em, and you have it if you want it, but I want the other kind and I can pay for both."

"The big kind is not fashionable this time of night and you can't have it," snapped Mrs. Dodds-Sinders for her impossible husband had committed one horrible breach after another all the way over and her secret conviction that

what he failed to do she herself or her impulsive daughters attended to, helped not a whit.

While Birdie was giving the order and wrestling with her frank Canadian in an endeavor to turn it into the best Londonese, Nora stepped into the adjoining room and Mrs. Dodds-Sinders took a long preparatory breath. Then she let it go, for, after all, what use was there in scolding Samuel Dodds-Sinders?

Dimly she was realizing that snobs are born, not made, and that try as he would to make him one, and try as he might to be one, Samuel Dodds-Sinders would always remain the man forty-seven years of hard knocks and hard work in the mining camps of Canada and the Yukon had made him.

She could not forget how rarely he laughed now, how apologetic he was and how miserable he had looked from the moment they had torn him away from his beloved haunts at home and carried him off Londonward to acquire a polish. She could sympathize, for she felt miserable herself and forebore to scold. But since it would never do for discipline's sake to let him off unscathed, she turned her back squarely upon him and fell to gently massaging her cheeks, taking care to maintain a strictly rotary motion and push the sagging flesh upward.

Left to himself, Dodds-Sinders sank into a chair which was fitted with queer distended ears, and softly removed his shoes. Then he as softly elevated his feet to the marble mental shelf and settled down upon the extreme back of his hair neck for a comfortable nap.

London servants are nothing if not dilatory, and by the time the coffee arrived Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was nodding and Dodds-Sinders was gently snoring.

The servant knocked. "Come in!" called Nora and Birdie from the other room, and come in he did to startle Mrs. Dodds-Sinders almost into a spasm and discover the Canadian millionaire in a position not at all becoming his millions.

There was a family quarrel after that and Ma's final shot at Pa was, "Now that walking poker will go downsize and tell everyone how awful we are."

"Well Sally—"

"What?"

"Sarah, m'dear; you ought to be glad if he does. We got to do something to get known. Why that hotel clerk didn't know our name even! He's never heard of us."

"Don't you think so?"

"Know so. No, nobody'd know us from a custard pie. We are a long ways from home."

"Good!" cried Nora. "We will all keep our wits about us and learn all we can. Pa, you'd better buy a lot of mouldy old paintings and I'll send home some notes to the papers saying we are over here collecting for our gallery at art. It's the very latest thing. We will get a lot of new clothes and tomorrow me and Ma and Birdie will hunt up one of those poor ladyships who know everybody and are so poor that they have to make a living introducing strangers like us."

"After we get a few introductions—"

"Yes, and go to a house-party in the country."

"A shoot they call them."

"No they don't, they call 'em week ends, and—"

"No—"

"Girls! Don't quarrel. You are both right, so keep still. I can see that your father is going to be taken with one of his ideas very shortly."

"You may be old Sal, but you're not blind. I was just after rememberin' what that Count, what's his name now, was telling me on the boat about getting in right."

"Pat! You don't mean to say that you met a real Count and you never told us until he got away!"

"Oh Sam!"

"A Count?"

The voices were all fairly annihilated. Dodds-Sinders settled back into his chair and enjoyed their woe for a full moment, then he carelessly announced that in exchange for complete absolu-

tion in the matter of the feet, as well as all other committed sins, he would tell them a piece of news.

It was the work of but an instant to wipe the soiled slate clean and then Pa told them that Count Victor de Vere, of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, the world in fact, was coming to lunch with them on the morrow and that he had asked if he might not bring along his bosom friend Baron Heim, of Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and the world.

"I told 'em," said Dodds-Sinders, "that I was shy on culture and all the trimmings but long on the cash to pay for 'em."

"But how did you meet them Pa?"

"Well, some fellows had a little game of poker going and they asked me to set in. I sat, these two were already sitting, and after the game we sort of got to talking."

"I didn't know until afterward that one was a Count and the other a Baron, but it didn't matter, they knew poker."

So, it came about that the Misses Dodds-Sinders, dressed in their best and accompanied by their beaming mother in her best, to say nothing of Pa in his best which was 'some swell' but in which he looked no different from what he always did, met Count de Vere and Baron Heim.

All went well until Pa lost himself in the jungle of the menu and ordered dessert for the first course. Ma crimsoned, Nora tittered hysterically, Birdie looked imploringly at the Count and that gentlemen hastened to the rescue.

He did the ordering, so swiftly, and skillfully and thoroughly that they were all ready to fall upon their knees and call him blessed, especially Heim, for he was both hungry and thirsty. But, the size of the bill made Pa open his eyes, wide, and Pa was no poker either.

The Count enquired if this was not their first visit abroad and in the same breath suggested that the Dodds-Sinders allow them to be their guides, counselors and friends.

Their talk was full of references to

'my lord' this and 'my lady' that and long before the meal was over Nora and Birdie, to say nothing of their Mother, had absolutely determined not to let these fascinating foreign noblemen escape, particularly, as thanks to their perfect command of the English language, the Dodds-Sinders' were not called upon to essay any of their extremely doubtful French.

After the luncheon, at the suggestion of the Count, they all went for a spin in Hyde Park. Pa had become silent shortly after settling the bill for the luncheon and he remained as mum as an oyster except for an abrupt question now and then all through the ride which to Mrs. Dodds-Sinders and the girls was little short of Heaven itself.

A Count and a Baron! Hyde Park! London! Joy, Joy!

The Baron and the Count were continually doffing their hats and howling to the occupants of other motors and carriages and it was quite evident that they knew everyone, even though judging from some of the puzzled and almost imperceptible nods, everyone was not quite able to place them.

The ladies themselves were inspected curiously. Evidently the girls thought, desirously, Dodds-Sinders would have sworn.

At last, after making an appointment for dinner at the Ritz the next evening with their new found friends the Dodds-Sinders ladies reluctantly allowed them to depart and once again in the privacy of their own suite Dodds-Sinders delivered himself thus: "Girls, I never go back on my word, once I've passed it, and I don't want you to. You promised to go with them fellows to-morrow night and so you got to go, but that's going to be the end of it."

"Why?"

"Samuel, are you crazy?"

"Maybe. But I don't like them. They speak English too well; they're too good at poker; they order too much when another fellow is paying the bill; and they are laughing at us I bet a hundred dollars, this instant. They may be Counts and Barons all right,

but they look like grafters to me. We'd better look out for them."

"Billy!" said Nora impetuously, and Birdie tossed her head and left her paternal ancestor to her capable Mother.

Thereafter, Dodds-Sinders contented himself with scowling darkly at the mention of Counts and Barons and maintained a non-committal silence when in their company.

The titled ones were most attentive. They rushed the fluttering Dodds-Sinders ladies from hotel to hotel, from restaurant to theatre, and from theatre to opera. They drove and motored and inspected miles and miles of canvases, the happy Canadians cheerfully paying all the bills.

They introduced them to several gaily bedecked ladies and a few rather oily men, but, somehow or other, the friends of the Baron and the Count did not seem to be half as pleasant as themselves and the Dodds-Sinders' were content to let the acquaintanceships cease.

The Count devoted himself to Nora and the Baron was Birdie's special cavalier. Dreams filled their Mother's hours. With Nora Mrs. Countess Victor de Vere and Birdie Mrs. Baron Heim, what could she not do to the proud dames of Canadian society?

By all means let the distractions of general English society wait awhile, by all means encourage love's young dream.

Dodds-Sinders himself was the only stumbling block and when he at last perceived that his wife fully meant to give him Count Victor de Vere and Baron Heim for sons-in-law, and that the girls were determined to waive love in favor of titles, the hitherto meek and amenable worm fairly raved.

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders simply let him rave until he was tired and then demanded the reason for his dislike. He could not give a really good one and until he could, he knew that words were worse than useless, so he therefore hired a cab, bought a clay pipe and a package of strong tobacco, and had himself driven all over London whilst he did some thinking.

At last, he drove to the office of a well-known Canadian and after telling his story, frankly asked advice. It was freely given and he departed for the Cecil wearing a grin such as had not graced his features since he had left the land of the Maple Leaf.

The next time the titled suitors called, Dodds-Sinders was affability itself. He insisted upon monopolizing the conversation and talked about everything from Old Masters to stocks and bonds.

To the surprise of the ladies, their guests seemed really interested in Pa's chatter and prolonged their after dinner cigars to an unheard of length, whilst they cooled their impatient heels in the Ladies Lounge and fumed at the delay.

Left with the men, Pa explained in great detail how he meant to surprise the good lady and the girls, insisted upon secrecy and begged the help of the Baron and the Count.

"You know, me lads," said Pa, refilling their glasses, "An old miner like me don't know much about these deals. Now I feel that I can trust your judgment, and you wouldn't see me get in bed on a thing like this. Cen I rely on you?"

Could he? Well rather! They assured him so emphatically that nothing but his interest engrossed their thoughts that after a little skirmishing Pa finally gave the whole enterprise into their hands. Then, after another glass he once more commanded silence and they rejoined the ladies.

The next day Pa summoned the Count on the telephone.

"Well, news travels fast," he said, "I met a feller this morning and he said he heard I was looking for something mighty fine, and he believed he had it. So, Count, I told him that he would have to talk to you because I was now in your hands. He's coming up to see you to-day. I hope you don't object? His name's Sentosa. I took him for a Porchysse but it don't matter anyway, long's we get the goods. Oh say, Count, could you hurry it all up a bit? I'm so tickled over the sur-

prise for the girls that I can hardly wait."

At first the Count had frowned heavily but at the name Sentious he smiled, and when somewhat later that gentleman called upon him and he recognized in him an old friend, he felt considerably better.

A week after this conversation, upon the eve of Mrs. Dodds-Sinders' birthday, the Count and the Baron entered their parlor upon the heels of lackeys bearing two rather large rectangular packages, carefully done up in many wrappings.

The servants set their burdens down very carefully and withdrew.

Dodds-Sinders prayed the Count and his friend to be seated and then with a great air of mystery took up a commanding position upon the hearth-rug and began.

"Sarah, m'dear, an' Nory an' Birdie—phew! but it's hot! I'll just open the hall door here so's to have air."

"As I was saying, seeing as it's your birthday Sally an' Nory's next week, I says to myself it's time you was getting busy Sandy Sindere—Dodds-Sinders, I should say. Now says I to myself, says I, it's up to you to dig up something new for the good lady. Since she's knowing barons and counts and living in London, something extra ain't any too fancy for her. I know I'm nothing but an old retired miner and I know what's what when I see it in minerals and such, but hang me if I can tell a old master from a hydraulic hose. I'll get our friends the Count and the Baron to do my shopping for me. They done it and—"

"Oh Pa! Pictures!" cried Nora and Birdie falling upon the packages in high glee.

Dodds-Sinders held up a restraining hand. "Don't interrupt me. I only got to say that I done my best. I ain't old enough to get into the Canadian Senate yet, and won't be for forty years, but I got you something here unless I am fooled, what you won't stop thanking me for to your dying day."

"Open them up, gent."

The Baron and the Count smilingly proceeded to unfasten the parcels with the most painstaking care, volubly assuring Dodds-Sinders meanwhile of his wisdom in trusting them, the girls and their mother hovering near, all smiles.

Pa took out a check-book and fountain pen, clearing his throat loudly the while.

"Guess I may as well settle for these here now. Fifty thousand is the price for the two, ain't it?"

"Yes, and a marvelous, unheard of bargain at that price," said the Baron and the Count in concert.

Then they lifted two dingy brown canvases from the wrappings and held them reverently aloft.

"Ladies! Behold! Both genuine Rembrandts!"

"Guaranteed?" asked Pa, making his best flourish on the check.

"Absolutely genuine!"

Pa handed the check to the Count and the pictures were placed in the outstretched hands of Mrs. Dodds-Sinders and Nora.

At that precise instant the door was flung wide open and four men from Scotland Yard came in. Pa seemed to be expecting them, for he greeted them cheerfully. "Just in time, me lads, just in time. These are them. Take 'em along!"

The Baron and the Count turned pale, swallowed hard and the Count turned and dashed for the inner room.

Birdie screamed and Mrs. Dodds-Sinders sank into a chair gasping. "What does this mean in heaven's name? Let go the Count this instant! Baron! Can't you explain?"

The Baron's face had turned pale with fright. The officers snapped handcuffs upon their captives and Dodds-Sinders, highly pleased, signed to the captain to explain.

"Madam, this 'Count' here is known as Slippery Dick; he is a noted confidence crook and no Count at all. The 'Baron' is known to The Yard as Mike the Dutchman. They simply bought those chromes from a dealer and

charged you a fortune for them. They are impostors. Thank you. Good-day."

The Count and the Baron were snatched away and the Dodds-Sinders family were left in peace. After Pa had explained how he had hired the thief Sentious to help him catch the thieves, and how payment upon the check at that moment reposing in the pocket of the Count had already been stopped and had enjoyed his triumph to the full, Ma, utterly crushed, suddenly broke down and sobbed, "Oh, what a birthday party, Sam; I'm much

obliged for it, I suppose, but oh dear, I never want such another."

"I never did really like the Baron," said Birdie. "Pa, I am cured of titles."

"So'm I," said Nora fervently.

"How about you, Sally?"

"I am too, Sam, I'm cured, but,"

added Mrs. Dodds-Sinders brightening, "it's the first time you ever were right in your life!"

And then Dodds-Sinders added to his triumphs the greatest of all, for he had the last word as he observed significantly, "No, Sally, it's only the first time I've ever been able to prove it."

The Third Story in the Dodds-Sinders Series will appear in the March Issue of Maclean's, in which "The Return" of the Family will be featured.



Don't Be a Habit Man

"DO you know what a habit man is?"

asks the Business Philosopher. He is a man who does a thing to-day because he did the same thing yesterday. Repeating is easier than thinking—so Mr. Habit Man repeats.

His name is legion. We find him everywhere.

There he is now—that bookkeeper. He has been holding the same job for the last ten years. He has been putting the same figures in the same books all that time. His borings end at the top of the page. That is the reason the other fellow who is five years his junior and has been with the firm only two years is now secretary at twice the bookkeeper's pay. The younger man thought. He grew. He found better ways of doing things. He became worth

more to the firm and they paid him more. Just a simple commercial transaction, that's all.

A Habit Man is a machine. A machine, you know, does not improve with age. It usually wears out. So does the Habit Man.

Repetition is rust. Doing the same thing in the same way day after day wears a rut that finally penetrates down to the very depths of stagnation.

Cut! that brin of yours or it will surely lapse into a life time sleep.

Think! Dig! Make every day a day of improvement. No man is doomed save the Habit Man. And No chains of habit can bind tight enough to hold the man who would break them by red blooded thinking effort.

Don't be a Habit Man.

The Power of the Home Joy

The following contribution by Dr. Marden is a companion article to "Home Joy Killers" which was published in MacLean's in January. The "Power of the Home Joy" makes a pleasing contrast to the former. Both articles constitute chapters of a new book which Dr. Marden is to issue shortly on "The Joy of Living."

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

SOME of the happiest homes I have ever known, ideal homes, where intelligence, peace and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors; there were no costly paintings on the walls, no piano, no library, no works of art. But there were contented minds, devoted and unselfish lives, each contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all, and endeavoring to compensate by intelligence and kindness for the poverty of their surroundings.

What a pitiable sight to see a man struggling with all his might to pile up a big fortune, and yet utterly neglecting the very thing for which he was born—self-enlargement and happiness shared with wife and children.

The majority of men do not realize how little it takes to make a woman happy. She will put up with most everything, poverty and all sorts of hardships and make a cozy, comfortable home out of any kind of a hearth if her affections are satisfied. But if her heart is not fed, she will wither, and the best thing will die out of her, even though she live in a palace and be surrounded with regal luxuries. No amount of money will compensate a true woman for the lack of affection and appreciation expressed by her husband in a multitude of little attentions and considerations.

Gold can buy and furnish houses but no money ever yet bought or made a home; yet what wealth of tenderness, of self-sacrifice, of kindness, of peace

have transformed the humblest dwellings into treasure-houses of the heart?

The young husband should remember that a girl sacrifices infinitely more for the man she loves than he does for her, and he should study to prevent early disappointments. If both husband and wife could do this for each other, the divorce courts would be without business.

It should be the great aim of young married people to keep the commonplace out of their lives and maintain not only love, but the expression of it in a hundred delicate, winning ways. In happiness at home lies the strength of both.

Not sentiment alone but practical adjustments will count for harmony and satisfaction. A level-headed husband should try to avoid every possible means of friction, and there is no better way of avoiding a large part of it, than by forming an actual partnership in which the wife runs the household in her own way, just the same as he runs his business without the wife's interference. The home should be regarded as the wife's, and she should manage it to suit herself. If she wishes to ask her husband's advice, all well and good, but there should be an understanding that the home is absolutely the wife's domain, that it is under her exclusive control, and she should be made to feel as independent in her realm, as the husband is in his. A great deal of the friction in the average home centres around financial matters,

and could be avoided by a simple, definite understanding, and a business arrangement about household finances.

As a rule, it is a very rare man who can spend money for the home so wisely and with as good taste as can the wife.

Fortunately it is becoming more and more customary for men to allow their wives a certain proportion of the income every week or month, and to let them run the household as they see fit, and pay all expenses without any question being asked as to where the money went to. The wife pays the provision bills, the servants' salaries, buys the clothing for the family and pays her own personal expenses. She will delight in her independence. Disputes are not as liable to arise as when money is doled out to the wife by piecemeal.

When freedom and joy are the wife's share, they become the children's heritage. A happy childhood is an imperative preparation for a happy maturity.

We have all seen children who have had no childhood. The fun-loving element has been crushed out of them. They have been repressed with "don'ts" and forbidden to do this and that so long that they have lost the faculty of having a good time. We see these little old men and women everywhere.

Children should be kept children just as long as possible.

The little ones should be kept strangers to anxious care, reflective thoughts and subjective moods. Their lives should be kept light, bright, buoyant, cheerful, full of sunshine, joy and gladness. They should be encouraged to laugh and to play and to romp to their heart's content. The serious side of life will come only too quickly, do what we may to prolong childhood.

The child that has been trained to be happy, that has been allowed free expression to his fun-loving nature, will not have a sad or gloomy disposition. Much of the morbid mentality which we see everywhere is due to stifled childhood.

The home ought to be a sort of theatre for fun and all sorts of sports—a

place where the children should take the active parts, although the parents should come in for a share too. You will find that a little fun in the evening, romping and playing with the children, will make you sleep better. It will clear the physical cobwebs and brain-ash from your mind. You will be fresher and brighter for it the next day. You will be surprised to see how much more work you can do, and how much more readily you can do it, if you try to have all the innocent fun you can.

We have all felt the wonderful balm, the great uplift, the refreshment, the rejuvenation, which have come from a jolly good time at home or with friends, when we have come home after a hard, exacting day's work, when our bodies were jaded and we were brain-weary and exhausted. What magic a single hour's fun will often work in a tired soul!

Have music in the home. Music tends to restore and preserve the mental harmony. Nervous diseases are wonderfully helped by good music. It keeps one's mind off his troubles, and gives nature a chance to heal all sorts of mental disorders.

"Music gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."—PLATO.

"The man that hath no music in himself

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Happiness should begin in the home. The family gathering around the table for the evening meal should be full of chat and cheerfulness. The children should bring to the table their happiest moods, the best manners.

Swallow a lot of fun with your meals. The practice is splendid. It is the best thing in the world for your health. It is better than swallowing dyspepsia

with every mouthful of food. The meal time ought to be looked forward to by every member of the family as an occasion for a good time, for hearty laughter, and for bright, entertaining conversation. The children should be trained to bring their best moods and say their brightest and best things at the table. If this practice were put in force it would revolutionize American homes and drive the doctors to despair.

Who could estimate what civilization owes to man's dream of a happy home of his own! What an incentive to man in all ages has been this vision of a home of his own! It is this picture which holds the youth to his task, boya him up in times of hardship and discouragement. This picture of a home, this vision of a little cottage and some fair maiden waiting at the door—this home vision has ever been the great incentive of his struggles, the greatest incentive of all mankind.

To multitudes of people home is the only oasis in their desert life.

What will men not do for the sake of the home? They cross oceans, they explore continents. They endure the heat of the Tropics and the cold of the Arctic, they explore mines in the wilderness, cut themselves off from civilization for years for the sake of the home.

Home is the sweetest word in the language. It has ever been the favorite theme of the poet, the author and the artist. History is packed with the achievements of men for the sake of the home. The inventor, the discoverer, in all ages has been sacrificed for the home.



Take this vision of home out of a young life, and how empty, meaningless, incentiveless, it would become. It is this vision of home that enheartens the poor struggler and enables him to bear up under his daily dry, dreary drudgery. It is this dream of a home that holds up the heart of the worker and gives him the courage to bear all sorts of inconveniences and to perform most menial and disagreeable tasks. That vision of the home that he has, or the far-off one that he is to found, makes all the difference between despair and hope. It is this vision of a home that makes multitudes of earth's toilers endure all sorts of hardships amid want and woe. It is the dream of "a home of my own" that has lifted multitudes of youths out of obscurity. There is no spur on earth which has had anything like the influence over man that this home vision has. The thought of his home and wife and children, dearer to him than life, keeps vast multitudes of men grinding away at their dreary tasks, when they see no other light in the distance.

If there is anything in this world that requires the spirit of joy, it is marriage and home making.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if people would make a business of having all the joy they can at home.

"Now for Rest and Happiness."
"No Business Troubles Allowed Here."
These are good home-building mottoes. The home joy is the greatest power for good in the world.

The Stronger Factor

When Mr. Pakke wrote "The Stronger Factor" he exemplified the power of the press in a new light. Every newspaper man knows that oftentimes the best stories are never used. Yet the fact that they may be serves as a check on wrong-doers who figure in them. In this story the power of what might be termed "possible publicity" is shown to advantage.

By William Hugo Pakke

THERE had been a suicide in Donohue's joint the previous week and the customers had shied off at first as rats leave a sinking ship. They were too devoted worshippers of the goddess Chance, however, to remain away from her temple for long, and, on the night of which I write, a fair proportion of them had returned. Four or five young sports were bucking the roulette wheel with poor success; three race-track men and a couple of house players were keeping the dealer busy at the crescent-shaped stud table; and the crowd around the fare layout was almost normal.

Billy Mayhew, Pinky Rogers and I had been the only newspaper men present at the time of the tragedy, and, loyal to Donohue, we had sinned grievously against our news sense by turning in mere details and killing a stunning story. He had been a good friend to all of us, and, in the hour of his trouble, we did for him the only thing in our power. Despite our suppression of the sensational features of the shooting, the reform party had nosed out the story and was raising its voice in protest against the protection of vice in the city—its voice that this year was loud and strong.

The political machine that was back of Donohue had its hands full without the extra load of explaining away suicides of hank clerks, ruined by the dens that paid it tribute.

Donohue stood near the stud table, moodily watching the play. He turned to us suddenly, saying:

"B'ys, somethin's goin' to drop soon. I know it."

"We did what we could for you," said Pinky.

"Ye sure did," replied Donohue; "an' I'm grateful. I'll not forgit ye. 'Tis well I know ye newspaper min, an' 'tis well I know how har-d it was fer ye to kill yer story. Say, b'ys," he continued with an unwonted eagerness, "how w'u'd ye like to see me in some other b'us'ness?"

We looked at each other with wondering eyes, leaving the question unanswered. Somehow, we couldn't imagine Donohue as anything else except the successful proprietor of a gambling house. We liked the man; we had affection for him; and as for respect, we had that too; a long acquaintance with the sunny side of life having turned our ethics topsy-turvy.

Donohue returned to the subject. "W'u'd ye b'ys think just as much of me if I was in the—the far-rmin' b'us'ness?" he queried with a strange, pleading inflection.

"What's got into you?" snapped Billy Mayhew. "Of course we'd like you, even if you took to peddling tracts. But what makes you ask? Do you think they're going to close you up?"

"Close me up? Not by a dom sight!" said Donohue tensely.

Even as he spoke, the doorkeeper came to him and whispered: "There's a tall guy in a plug hat an' weedin' clo'es akin' for you in front."

"The ball spins," remarked Donohue under his breath.

He paced up and down for a moment, deep in thought, then: "Show him into my room in about five minutes," he ordered.

"I want ye b'ys to hear this little talk," he said, when the man had gone. "It will be inter-est-in'! Come wid me."

We followed him down a long corridor which ran the length of the old building, past the suite of rooms that held the gambling paraphernalia. At its end was a small room furnished as a bed-chamber for the use of the proprietor when too weary to go home. He held the door open for us, and, when we had passed him, carefully locked it.

"'Tis Bixby," he said, advancing toward us, "Boss Bixby; an' there's goin' to be trouble fer some wan."

We raised eager eyes to his; this promised to be a story worth telling. He sensed the expectancy in our glances, and dashed our hopes by his next remark.

"'Tis not fer publication," he said crisply.

He opened a door that apparently led into a closet, and motioned us to enter. As we crossed the threshold, Pinky Rogers struck a match. By its light we saw that we were in a small storeroom whose floor-space was crowded with a miscellaneous lot of worn-out gambling house furniture.

"This wall," said Donohue, "is nothin' but lath an' paper. Ye b'ys sit on that fero layout and keep yer ears open. Ye can see 'rough them pin-holes," he added, pointing to a row of perforations through which the light streamed from the bed-chamber.

A heavy step sounded far down the corridor and Donohue stepped quickly

into his room, closing and locking the door behind him. He crossed the room, unlocked the door leading to the hall, and then sat down at a small table to await his visitor. Presently a knock sounded loud and ominous.

"Come in," cried Donohue.

We three felt a thrill of excitement. The door opened slowly and in walked Bixby, the boss of the city; the man who dealt in men, buying and selling them like merchandise. He was a large, powerful individual with piercing gray eyes and a thin-lipped cruel mouth that suggested a steel trap in its hardness. His was a forceful personality; his huge frame, unsmiling eyes and mask-like face forming a combination that held his associates in mortal fear.

"Good etevening, Donohue," he said in a harsh, rasping voice, throwing off his overcoat and seating himself opposite the proprietor.

"Th' same to ye, Misther Bixby," said Donohue easily. "An' now, what can I do fer ye?"

Bixby leaned back in his chair and asked casually, "I suppose there is no possibility of any one overhearing our conversation?"

"No wan ickcept a bunch of newspaper reporters in me closet beyant," said Donohue with a whimsical air.

Bixby declined to smile at the humor of the remark.

"That occurrence, last week, was most unfortunate," he began abruptly. "I'm afraid it will be necessary to close you up. The reformers are after us hot foot this year."

The dramatic quality of the situation gripped us, and we unconsciously hoped that Donohue would resist. We glued our eyes to the tiny holes and waited breathlessly.

Donohue stared as though in surprise. "Close me up!" he gasped. "Why, now—I don't want to be closed up."

"Undoubtedly," said Bixby dryly.

"We've always got along together first rate, Misther Bixby," pleaded the proprietor.

"We have, so far," conceded the politician. "But look here," he said suddenly, raising his voice, "you must have known that the bottom would drop out after that scrape last week!"

"I was worried," admitted Donohue; "but I had faith in ye. Now, if we could raise the price at it—" He hesitated, and glanced across the table.

We saw a flicker of interest in Bixby's eyes.

Donohue slowly. "Now, if I made it an even thousand?" he asked insinuatingly.

Bixby tipped back in his chair and seemed to consider. His lips were pressed into a straight, hard line, and his eyes held a fixed expression. He stroked his clean-shaven chin with his enormous hand. His hesitation was pure bluff; his mind had been made up at once.



"When we spoke the doorkeeper came to him and whispered."

"It's not that," he disclaimed bitterly. "It's too dangerous to let the place run at any price."

"Let me see," began Donohue pensively. "I've been payin' ye eivin hundred an' fifty per cent, how'n't I?" Bixby nodded.

We gasped. What a story! And our hands were tied!

"Sivin hundred an' fifty," repeated

"All right! I'll try it for one month!" he exclaimed at last, throwing his huge body forward and meeting the proprietor's gaze.

Donohue drew a roll from his pocket, and, peeling off ten bills with deliberate slowness, laid them on the table. Bixby stood up, put on his overcoat and advanced to pick up the money. As he did so, Donohue sprang to his feet and confronted him.

"L'ave that be!" he ordered sharply. "That's mine!"

The boss' eyes narrowed. He was too furious for speech, but stood staring wildly at the man who dared to defy him. Donohue backed away, holding him with his gaze. He groped behind him until his hand found the key in the door of the storeroom. Without taking his eyes from the other's face he turned it and swung the door inward.

"B'ys!" he called. "B'ys, I want ye to meet me fri'nd!"

Dazed and bewildered, we stumbled into the light.

"Gintlemen," said Donohue, "let me introduce Mither Bixby, Boss Bixby. Mither Bixby, th' ripresentatives of th' pris!"

The room was very still. The boss stood rigid, like a man paralyzed. His eyes held an unbelieving look as though his mind refused to credit the reality of the scene; it was the first time that any one had ever dared to trick him. Suddenly, came complete realization of what the disclosure meant. A vision of the penitentiary flashed into his consciousness. He knew us all by sight, and he knew that we were friends of Donohue. Little beads of moisture glistened on his forehead, and he slowly retreated from us until his broad back pressed the wall.

"An' now, Bixby," jeered Donohue, his obsequiousness changing to contempt in a flash, "I'm t'rough wid ye fer good. Ye can go. But first ye might till me fri'nds here that we won't

thry th' game of closin' me up." He took a step toward the boss. "Tw'u'd-n't do, w'u'd it?" he asked, his every word a threat.

Bixby remained motionless a long moment, then slowly shook his head, an evil light gleaming in his eyes.

"Now, go!" thundered the proprietor. As the door slammed behind the boss, Donohue turned to us exultantly. "They didn't close me up!" he cried, a tremor of excitement in his voice.

"Congratulations," said Billy Mayhew.

"I guess you're good for as long as Bixby's in power. He daren't touch you," remarked Pinky.

"B'ys!" exclaimed Donohue, his face aglow, "they didn't close me up, but—I'm going to quit!"

We gazed at him uncomprehendingly.

"Yes, I'm goin' to quit," he continued, a light in his eyes such as we had never seen before. "'Tis a dirty business, an' ye how' to deal wid dirty min. I hov' a little gur-ri growin' up to womanhood—th' sweetest little gur-ri in th' wur-rid, an' I want her father to be a pride in her eyes an' not a shame.

"A gamblin' man!" he mocked bitterly. "No, b'ys, 'tis th' last night that Donohue's jint will run; an' it wasn't forced out o' business, nayther!"

A sudden feeling of pride in our friendship for him surged over us. The handclasp that we gave him meant more than any that had gone before. Donohue had righted our ethics for us, and, incidentally, for himself.

The Success of the Allans in Shipping Industry

The article which follows is one of a series of Family Sketches which will be published in MacLean's from time to time. The main idea running through the series is to tell the story of the notable success achieved by some prominent families in the professions, and in business enterprises in Canada, and to present the underlying factors and elements which have contributed to their success. In this article the story of the Master Navigators of the St. Lawrence is told, detailing how the Allans came to Canada and built up a great steamship business.

By Linton Eccles

FORGET the traditional closeness of the Scot—which is well within the range of controversial topics—and try to associate with him as a race a more abiding, a more distinctive quality. Wouldn't you say, after a brief moment's consideration, that it is his tenacity of purpose? Well, Canada, not to say the world, ought to know about that.

Somebody—it doesn't matter much who—once illustrated the national trait by a little story.

"And is that your grandfather, Sandy?" asked the inquisitive visitor. He had picked out an old photograph—you know those quaint relics of early developing days printed on sensitized glass.

"Aye," said Sandy, "it is."

"What was your grandfather, Sandy?"

"A stonemason."

"And this"—coming to another photograph, not on glass this one—"this is your father, eh? What was he?"

"He was a stonemason," said Sandy's father's son.

"And what are you, Sandy?"

"I'm a stonemason, too," was the answer.

Sandy's eldest was busy in a corner of the room over his home lessons, and

the visitor noted him with quiet approval.

"And what's Jamie going to be, Sandy?" he asked.

"Jamie!" said Jamie's father. "Oh, I think we'll mak' a stonemason o' him as weel."

Put the family name down as Allan, and change the business from one of handling stones to one of handling ships, and you have the history in little of the Allans.

Sir Hugh Allan, the father of the Canadian branch of the family, was still new to his knighthood, bestowed on him by Queen Victoria, when he had passed his three score of years and could well leave much of the handling of his ships to the next generation of Allans. This noted among many Clydeside families that have successfully transferred their fortunes and their affections to Canada always, by the way, was prolific in producing masculine members to carry on the old ship-handling traditions. And, almost to a boy, they were started in their apprenticeship whilst they were young enough to begin at the bottom. That is one practical side to the Scot's tenacity that most of us well might copy.

I should have enjoyed sharpening my cub-reportorial wits in what I am sure would have been a one-sided con-





Sir Hugh Allen

you will be handicapped, as I was, because for the want of a master biographer that career still awaits literary justice—you will find the right stuff of which romance is made. Adventures? Well, listen to this outline of his settling in Canada.

Captain Alexander Allan, who piloted playthings of ships across the Atlantic a century or so ago, knew what he was doing when he turned young Hugh adrift on April 12, 1826. On that day the boy sailed from Greenock to make his fortune. The ship, the brig *Favorite*, was in command of his father, and his eldest brother was second officer. She reached Quebec on May 15, and was towed up the river by the steamboat *Hercules*—these shipbuilders always have had a fancy for pretentious names—then the only towboat on the St. Lawrence. They reached the foot of St. Mary current, but against the stream and the strong breeze the little steamer could do no more. There was nothing new in that to the captain of those days, for it was as much as a steam-propelled boat could do to puff itself along an inland waterway. A hawser was passed ashore from the brig, and the rest of the towing of the *Favorite* was done by a team of twelve pairs of oxen. By this means Hugh was able to land at Montreal early on Sunday, May 21, 1826. At that time the port of Montreal was something of a joke—it must have been even to the stalwarts of those early days. There was no such thing as a wharf, and ships making Montreal had to edge in as near to the beach as they could get. Then the seamen waited for a favorable moment, rigged a long plank on spars, and, if they were lucky, the passengers and crew got ashore dry.

Here, in the Montreal of then, Hugh Allan was left by his father and brother to find the road to fortune. His first job was that of junior clerk in the dry goods house of William Kerr & Co., in St. Paul Street, and he stuck at it for three years. At that period there was not much doing or done in the city during the winter months. Hugh,

test in getting old Sir Hugh to talk, as we call it in the newspaper offices. Imagine pumping him for his opinion upon the Montreal harbor of to-day, or just yesterday, with his mind's eye on the Montreal harbor that wasn't when he landed at the national port on that spring Sunday morning in 1826! But I had to get my pen-picture of Sir Hugh at second hand.

"Oh, he was just a typical dour, practical Scot, with a single eye to business and getting it by direct, matter-of-fact methods." Thus declared the old Montreal journalist whom I buttonholed on the subject.

His summing-up was not very promising, but, grubbing after the facts in one hiding-place and another, I began to get a glimpse and then a clearer vision of a more romantic figure than that. A man who had been sent out into the world at the age of fifteen by his hard-headed father, and sent to the Canada of eighty-six years ago, to become the founder of the real navigation of the St. Lawrence—such a man must have been a personality indeed. And when you go into his career—though

helped by his pocket money and the friendship of his father's acquaintances, spent them generally at Ste. Rose and Ste. Thérèse, and if he did nothing else useful he learned to speak French well enough to make capital of it afterwards.

At the age of nineteen we read of him starting out to learn a little more of the North American continent than he could pick up in and around Montreal. In August of 1830 he turned his face towards New York—before, mind you, there was such a thing as a railway. He spent some time in the Mecca Americana, and then boarded a boat for Albany. From Albany he went by boat again up the Erie Canal as far as Rochester, where he commenced a series of coach stages, to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton (then a sleepy village with a mere handful of homes), and to Toronto (a little bigger and rather less sleepy village), and so to Kingston. At Kingston he boarded another boat to Prescott, where, as there was no running the rapids in those days, he landed and finished his way to Montreal by stage coach again. The trip to New York and back filled a little more than two months.

After this strenuous enough jaunt you would have thought that young Hugh was ready for a rest. But in less than a week he was off to Quebec to join his father's ship. As it happened, the *Favorite*, along with a number of other vessels, was delayed for a month by contrary weather, and it was not until November 21 that the fleet could sail. The *Favorite* was deeply laden with wheat—a pioneer ship down to her cargo, you see—from the farms of Ontario and Quebec, and the boisterous trip to Greenock occupied five weeks, the four Allans on board, Captain Alexander and three of his sons, arriving home appropriately in time for New Year's Eve.

Hugh Allan stayed at home for three months, and then was off sight-seeing again, his objective this time being Liverpool and London. It is interesting to recall that he travelled from



Sir H. Montagu Allan

the Mersey port to Cottonopolis over one of the earliest railway lines, the Manchester and Liverpool, then recently opened. Hugh, anyway, by that time was used to taking his life in his hands, so that one additional risk, and this on land, would hardly cause him much anxiety. From Manchester to London was a lengthy stage coach journey. Young Allan doubtless saw as much of the capital as he could in a short time, and was ready on April 1, 1831, to leave again for Canada. He sailed in the ship *Canada*, which was making her maiden trip. He landed in Montreal, and this time he had come prepared to settle down to the serious business of life. He entered the shipping house of James Millar & Co., and at the end of 1835 he was taken into partnership with Mr. Millar and Mr. Edmonstone, the members of the firm. Mr. Millar died three years later, and the two junior partners carried on the business. Hugh, just before this, had managed to cram in a few more adventures off the humdrum line of business, serving as a volunteer in the two rebellions of 1837 and 1838, in the lat-



Andrew Allan

ter of which he was given the rank of captain. In 1839 he was joined in Montreal by his brother Andrew, twelve years younger than Hugh and then in his seventeenth year.

That same year Hugh Allan had the most adventurous of his frequent voyages across the Atlantic. In company with the Hon. Joseph Masson, Mr. G. B. Symes, of Quebec, and other Canadians, he embarked at New York on December 14 in the steamship Liverpool, bound for Liverpool. This was in the early days of transatlantic steam navigation, and before the foundation of the Cunard line. The Liverpool ran into heavy gales, and on the 28th of the month, when little more than half-way across, the chief engineer reported that they had not sufficient coal to carry them to Liverpool, and the steward added the information that, anyway, the provisions would not last out. It was determined, therefore, to run to the Azores, and on the last few shovels of coal they reached the island of Fayal on New Year's Eve. The Liverpool was the first steamship the people of the islands had seen, and the sensa-

tion can be imagined. The fourteen passengers were landed, and the Portuguese governor, with the American and British consuls, got up a ball for the occasion. During their stay of four days at the islands Hugh Allan and Mr. Symes took a day off to climb the highest mountain, Caldeira, an extinct volcano seven thousand feet above sea level, in the Azores. Thirty days after leaving New York Allan turned up at Liverpool to explain to his friends that he had not been drowned.

The following spring he was again in Montreal with plans for the extension of the firm's business. The then Governor-General, Lord Sydenham, ordered from them a steam frigate, which was called after him. Edmonstone and Allan also built for the government the small steamer Union. Following this they launched the Alliance, which remained for years one of the most powerful tugs on the St. Lawrence. With the era of the screw steamer about 1851, Hugh Allan, his partner, and his associates, who were prominent business men of Montreal, Quebec and Kingston, besides Scottish members of the Allan family, opened negotiations with the government for establishing a regular steamship service between Britain and the St. Lawrence. But the government preferred to give the contract to a firm in Britain. The handicaps against keeping the service going on a paying basis undoubtedly were great, and after a year and a half the British firm gave up the job in despair. Hugh and Andrew Allan, however, were still convinced of its practicability, and, through the influence of the Hon. John Ross, Hon. George Etienne Cartier, Hon. L. T. Drummond, and others, they were told to go ahead and see what they could make of it.

Andrew Allan by this time was an active member of the firm, which then was known as the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company. Already they had built the steamers Canadian and Indian. These vessels, built by William Denny, of Dumbarton, were

not quite as big as the Canarders of that day, but they were a little faster, the Allan boats steaming eleven knots against the Canarders ten and a half. They were built of iron and had screw propellers. But they were not entirely dependent upon their steam, being rigged to sail under canvas as capably as any regular wind-jammer. The service by the Canadian and Indian was interrupted at the outbreak of the Crimean War, when they were chartered by the British government to convey troops to the Black Sea.

As soon as the matter of the Canadian government contract was settled Hugh Allan crossed to England and made arrangements for the building of two more steamers, the North American and the Anglo-Saxon, and in the spring of 1856 was commenced a regular fortnightly service to and from the St. Lawrence during open navigation, and monthly to and from Portland during the winter months. The Grand Trunk Railway about that time had extended its line to the Maine port. In 1857 the Allans agreed with the Canadian government to maintain a weekly service the whole year through, the subsidy being increased accordingly. This involved the building of four further and larger steamers, which were put in commission in May, 1859.

Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard Line, and sharer with Hugh and Andrew Allan of the distinction of being pioneer steam navigators of the St. Lawrence, was, by the way, a Canadian by birth. The Cunard concern was a few years ahead of the Allans with its steamers, but the Allan connection with Montreal shipping goes back farther by reason of their earlier activities with sailing vessels.

There is in the possession of the Mr. Andrew Allan of this generation, I believe, or at any rate in the possession of the Allan family, an original painting of the brig Jean, the first Allan ship to cross the Atlantic. A model of the Jean is also to be seen in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. She was a leviathan of one hundred and seventy-nine



Bryce J. Allan

tens register, and made her maiden trip from Glasgow in May, 1813. She was commanded and owned by Capt. Alexander Allan, and his sons Bryce and James were respectively first and second mate of her. The family belonged to Ardrossan, a seaport on the Clyde about forty miles from Glasgow. Within eight years after the starting of the Jean on the St. Lawrence route the Allans had four clipper packets running to Canada—a fine instance of that tenacity of purpose of which mention was made at the beginning of this article. The old captain stuck to his bridge until 1831, when he gave up active command to look after the growing business of the shipping office in Glasgow.

In September, 1839, twenty years after the coming of the old Jean, appeared an advertisement in a Montreal newspaper which informed the public of the sailing "For Greenock, the well-known coppered ship Canada, 329 tons register, commanded by Capt. Bryce Allan. For passage, apply to Capt. Allan on board." Capt. Bryce Allan kept up the tradition established by his



Hugh A. Allan

father of commanding his own deck, and it was not for twenty years after, when he became managing owner of the line at Liverpool, that he gave up this practical side of ownership. He died in 1883, and was succeeded in charge at Liverpool by his two nephews, Robert and James. When Captain Alexander Allan left the bridge in 1831 the Allan fleet consisted of the Canada, Favorite, Brilliant, Blonde, Pericles, Gipsy, and one or two smaller sailing ships. At the time his son, Bryce retired from active command, about 1850, the fleet not only consisted of much larger ships, but the era of steam had come.

As Captain Alexander Allan and his eldest son Bryce will be always associated with the establishment and perfecting of the sailing packet service between Britain and the St. Lawrence, so the second and fourth sons, Hugh and Andrew, of the old seadog, will be famed among Canadian pioneers because of what they did in developing steam navigation. With Bryce in Liverpool, and their two younger brothers, James and Alexander, in Glasgow,

Hugh and Andrew built up the shipping business of the firm and kept it apace with the times. It was the same tenacity of the old man, you see, coming out in his five boys. And the quality lasted with the five for forty years, when death began to make breaks in their ranks. Andrew, the last of the five, died within the past twelve years at Montreal. On the death of Sir Hugh, in 1882, Andrew Allan had become president of the Allan Line as well as of the Merchants' Bank, the Montreal Telegraph Company, and other concerns. For some years also he had been chairman of the Board of Harbor Commissioners.

And still the tenacity of the Allans lasted. The sons of those sons had been brought up to the shipping trade, and they continued the business at the old stand, or stands, for there were by this time numerous ends to the Allan interests. So far as Canada was concerned, the Allan line consisted of Hugh and Andrew, sons of Andrew, and Hugh Montagu and Bryce J., sons of Sir Hugh. Mr. Andrew Allan is now the manager of the line at Mont-



Andrew A. Allan

real, and there is also a grand-son of Captain Alexander Allan in the offices there. Mr. Hugh Allan is manager of the line in London, and Mr. Bryce J. Allan, for some years has acted for the firm at Boston. Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, as newspaper readers recently learnt, has retired from the shipping concern to look after the interests of the Merchants' Bank—which his father, Sir Hugh, and his uncle Andrew, founded—along with his numerous other financial undertakings.

It has been stated, with some show of authority, that the retirement of Sir Montagu Allan from the firm of H. and A. Allan synchronized with its practical absorption by that amazing,

tentacle-extending corporation the Canadian Pacific Railway. Whether that is or is not so is outside the scope of this article to publish or to discuss. But whilst undoubtedly the Allan line is not to-day—perhaps hardly could have remained—the family affair it was twenty, even ten years ago, for the present at least the old name remains to remind us of the ground broken, the rough seas ploughed, by the hardy introducer of the Allan name to Canada. Captain Alexander Allan's work of nearly a century ago, continued so well by the sons he brought up to his trade, will live as a Canadian monument to the national tenacity of the Scot.

The Kaiser in the World of Politics

ACCORDING to Arthur E. Bestor, who writes in *The Chautauquan*, the most striking figure in the modern political world is William II, with his frank self-assurance, his strenuous energy, his political genius, his indomitable will, one of that great family of rulers who have made Prussia the strongest Power on the continent of Europe, and have now made Germany one of the great nations of the world. He is commander-in-chief, and he has used every means to lead the army to himself. It is said that he knows personally one-half of the 25,000 military officers. No one has a greater knowledge of the German navy, indeed of the navies of the world. But, after all, the real source of his strength is to be found in the belief which the people have in him. Personally he is the embodiment of all the driving forces of German life to-day. He fires the imagination, he sounds the keynote for advance along all lines. It is this ability to make himself the leader of the German nation that enables him to impose his will upon the Empire. He is one of the most versatile of men. It is true that the Emperor has been accused of being a kingly dabbler in everything and master in nothing. Bismarck characterized the Emperor in this language in 1891: "I pity the young man; he is like a young foxhound that barks at everything, that touches everything, and that ends by causing complete disorder in the room in which he is, no matter how large it may be."

Nothing is too large for his investigation, nothing too small for his attention. Every scientific discovery, every new invention, every change in educational theory, every new development in art or literature receives his attention. He is everywhere seeking new ways of doing things which may become useful for the development of German influence or culture.

The writer describes William II as distinctly a modern man, who makes use of all the machinery of modern civilization. But with all his modern ideas the Emperor is more than any other man of his time a medievalist in his ideas of the kingship. One would have to go back to Charles I of England to find a man who believed so strongly in the divine right of kings. On the naval question the writer observes:—

It is perfectly evident that the only Power against which the new navy is likely to be used is Great Britain. To this danger Englishmen have recently become thoroughly aroused, for it is not merely that England would lose prestige in an essential naval war, but that her whole Imperial policy, and even her very existence, is dependent upon her mastery of the sea. It is surprising how many men in Europe testify to their belief that war between the two countries is inevitable and near at hand. The subject is discussed not with bitterness, but with a sort of finality which is far more significant.



Journey's End

by
Helen Williams

If readers are looking for stories that are "out of the ordinary," they will find one in their liking in "Journey's End." To be sure it is quite unusual and yet it may all be possible. The general field of action is typical of any small Canadian town, and the author, a Canadian, takes advantage of the combination of circumstances, evolving a very interesting tale of adventure and romance.

NORA TRENCH had been exhibiting the latest "novelties" among Violet Crosby's glittering array of wedding presents to such chance happenings-in as still lingered "talking over" past details and future probabilities of the Crosby-Blaylock match, when she received a rather urgent summons to her friend's room. She found that pretty but diminutive little person raging up and down among her billowy lingerie in a state of excitement which she at first attributed to a belated nervousness over the now imminent ceremony. She was soon enlightened.

The most awful, the most appalling thing had happened. Inasmuch as "awful" and "appalling" things had not been infrequent throughout Violet's checkered college years and subsequent flirtatious career, Nora's solicitation took the form of a really curious demand to know what she had done now. Curtailed, and shorn of Violet's verbose imagery it resolved itself into what even Nora was forced to admit was an unusual, not to say embarrassing, "fix."

Mr. Brassworth, who, rumor averred, had married Jenny Spears out of hand, because she, Violet, wouldn't have him, had so far recovered from his pique as to send not only a specimen of Birks' very finest cut glass but also a letter which he should never have penned, much less have sent. Absorb-

ed in her own approaching happiness she had neglected to destroy it at once, and left it in her desk. It had gone completely out of her mind until just now when she had come across her own note of thanks to Mrs. Brassworth for the butterknife, purposing to come from both of them, in Mr. Brassworth's envelope. In her hurry to get as many as possible of her notes "off" she must have got the sheets mixed and put them into the wrong envelopes! Whatever was she to do about it! Couldn't Nora think of something? Fancy Mrs. Brassworth opening that letter and learning that "Charlie," in whose devotion she so implicitly believed, entertained reprehensible, and as he very distinctly stated "undying" sentiments for another! The two girls shuddered at the mere thought of the cataclysmic rupture which would ensue. To avert it, possible and impossible manoeuvres for the recovery of the letter (which, they reasoned, must still be unread, as the Brassworths had been away and were just coming back to-night in time to take in the wedding, at nine o'clock) were discussed, only to be pronounced impracticable.

"Rather a lark just to go to the Bank and swipe it," Nora had broken a discouraged silence, jestingly, and stared when her friend jumped up crying out, "The very thing! Oh, Nora, won't you?"

Once conceived, the plausibility of the idea grew. As everyone knew, the Brassworth's personal mail was dropped with that of the Bank's into the slit in the door opening directly into the outer office. While the latter would have been taken daily from the box, anything addressed to Mrs. Brassworth, in view of her expected return, would likely be left and not forwarded. Nothing would be easier than to climb through the back pantry window, which Mrs. Brassworth was always saying she must get mended, in case of burglars, and never did. While, once inside, Nora knew the geography of the house well enough for her purpose. And the probability of encountering anyone was infinitesimal, because to-night the clerks would not work long after hours on account of the wedding, and with the manager coming back so soon no one else would have been installed. Were it not for what was involved, and the fear of being detained and so missing Gordon Wilmut, to meet whom she had virtually come to the wedding, she rather wished there were some complications to make it more "interesting." Nora confided to her friend, as, disguised in a long ulster belonging to one of the Crosby boys, she started forth upon her quest.

Twilight was already obliterating landmarks, and few people were out in the Eastern Canadian town, for, as she had anticipated, everyone was "getting ready for" the wedding, which had been the one topic of conversation in that suburban centre for the last six weeks. Consequently, she entered the Bank premises and accomplished her window feat without witnesses. Tiptoeing through the ell of the house, she unlatched and pushed open a heavy oak door, and found herself in the Bank proper. Yes, there was the box on the wall, and as she had expected letters in it. She was about to take them out to carry to the window—with the curtains down it was much too dark to decipher writing here—when she had a feeling that there was someone else in the room. With her hand outstretched she re-

mained just as she was, straining her ears to catch the faintest sound. Yes. She could hear breathing.

A man's. She stood rigid, hoping that in that dim light she might pass unobserved. All at once there was a quick movement behind her. Something passed over her head and drew her arms to her sides, not gently. The rope tightened till her arms ached. Strong fingers knotted it securely. Hands in whose hold she struggled silently, impotently, impelled her forward, while a deep voice said grimly, "And now, my fine fellow, let's have a look at you." There was a moment in which the switch was obviously being fumbled after, and then electric blazes out above them, and she found herself confronting a young man who stared with almost comic dismay when he saw that it was a girl—a very pretty girl—he was gripping there unconsciously by the shoulder with one hand, while he pointed a revolver at her with the other.

"Oh, I say!" he murmured in confusion.

"Take this off," Nora cried, stamping her foot. "Take this off at once!"

"Of course," he assented, reddening, laying the revolver on the counter and feeling in his pocket for a knife. "I had no idea," he apologized, when the offending cord had been severed. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he added, as Nora slipped off the ulster and began rolling up her sleeve with the air of an injured goddess.

"Of course you hurt me. You hurt me dreadfully!"

"I'm awfully sorry! I thought you were someone trying to rob the Bank. Mr. Brassworth got wind that there was a gang about, and asked me to take an earlier train out and stay till he could come. Hearing you I naturally inferred—"

He broke off. His scrutinizing gray eyes went from her to the box and came back with a questioning doubt in them. Other exigencies beside maltreated arms occurred to Nora.

"I must be going," she exclaimed hastily. "The mistake, I suppose, was natural enough. This is the door out, I think. Will you unlock it, please?"

She tried to speak easily, exerting herself to put all her charm into the laughing little upward glance, which said, "I forgive you, and it's all rather ridiculous anyway, isn't it?" But no responsive gleam came into the other's eyes, and he made no move to open the door.

"I think this is the door," she repeated, a little more urgently.

"Oh, yes, that's the door, all right. You didn't come in it, by the way."

She looked at him silently. "You came in through the back pantry window."

"Well, and what if I did?" she flashed back at him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's my business to find out why you came in that way."

"Oh, you are insufferable! Do you think I came in to—to—"

Suddenly she remembered why she had come, and stopped. She couldn't go away even if he would let her without first getting that letter.

"I see you do think that, and I could not go away mistrusted. I can't explain how I came to be here, and I don't just see how I am going to make you believe it is all right. We'll have to talk it over."

She smiled at him with engaging frankness. Really, for one of those substituting emergency clerks he was trustworthy good-looking, if you came to that, for anyone. But now surprise, uncertainty, and what was evidently unwilling attraction, clouded his gaze.

"If it's as you say," he began doubtfully, "you can have no objection to my calling up someone to identify you. It may be unnecessary—probably is—but you see my viewpoint. I am a stranger, left in charge, and can't afford to take any chances. I'll get someone in, and make the whole thing as right as—"

"Oh, no! Don't! You mustn't! There are reasons why—Let me think. Oh, I am in a scrape!"

"What made you come?" he blurted out. That's what beats me. If you are not here for any reason that you can tell, why are you here at all? I can't make you out."

"Am I so different from the girls of your acquaintance?" She parried to gain time, looking at him sideways.

"Yes," he said, and nothing more.

"How?"

"You couldn't be what you are without having been told a thousand times."

"I don't understand."

"No. I don't believe you do. That is the amazing thing about you. If you did, you would hardly be here."

"I suppose not," Nora agreed, absently, her mind reverting to what was responsible for her being here. Decidedly she was not getting on. But how was she to get rid of him, and how was she to do anything unless she did? She weighed the feasibility of going casually up to the box and just taking the letter and walking away with it, and looked at him speculatively, wondering if she dared. He was pretty big, she reflected, and hardly the sort of man you would care to challenge.

"A regular deadlock, isn't it?" she smiled. "Do you in the least know what you are going to do with me? I can't stay here all night, you know."

He looked startled.

"Nor I," he frowned, turning to look at the clock. "Jove! it's nearly eight! I ought to be—I'll tell you what. I'm going to get someone in and put this business on the square. The thing is impossible as it is."

"Just as you say," meekly replied Nora, to whom a sudden thought had occurred.

"It's the only sane thing to do. It's putting you in a false position to keep you here, and yet I can't let you go on my own authority."

"No, I can quite understand that."

"And you don't blame me?" He spoke earnestly, almost appealingly, in his eyes the look that was apt to come into men's eyes when they looked at Nora Trench. "You see how it is? Just at first I'll admit I was suspicious. The

thing looked fishy. But I've eyes. You—you know I don't doubt you?"

"I—know."

"Then that's settled," drawing a deep breath. "I won't be two minutes," he called over his shoulder, crossing to the telephone.

The instant his back was turned Nora flew to the box, and began rapidly running through the letters. At the farther end of the room she could hear the other's pleasant voice asking for Jack Crosby, and illumination, belated but complete, flashed over her, explaining many things. More than ever anxious not to be caught in the act, the letters fairly twinkled through her fingers. Would she never—A-ah! At last! She had just drawn forth the little white envelope bearing her friend's dashing superscription, when there came a sharp exclamation from across the room, followed immediately by a voice at her elbow saying hoarsely; "Give that to me."

Wheeling, she nearly cried out, so unrecognizable was the face glowering down at her.

"Give that to me," he repeated, and held out his hand peremptorily.

"I will not give it to you. It belongs to—to—I have a right to it."

"Do you expect me to believe that—as I believed you two minutes ago? Give me that letter, I say."

Nora's fingers closed more tightly upon it, and she put her hands behind her back.

He came a step nearer.

"I am not in a humor for any more fooling. I don't like to use force with a girl, but—Come. The letter. Hand it over."

"I won't. I mean I can't. Others are concerned. You must let me keep it. You must let me go. Oh," she wailed, half crying, half laughing, as with a tightening of the lips he advanced

upon her, "are you utterly devoid of intuition? Are you quite quite stupid that you can't see?"

"I can see that you are a mighty clever little actress, all right. You took me in famously just now. But you won't do it again. For the last time, are you going to give me that letter, or shall I have to—"

Nora looked at him strangely.

"Take care," she said, very white. "Of course you can make me give it up. You are stronger than I. You are a man. And now I wouldn't prevent you even if I could. If you are that sort of man I am glad to know it," she added, scorn and a something that sounded curiously like disappointment in her voice.

"More acting? Really you have missed your vocation."

He paused, and stood looking at her with eyes that changed as they looked. Then he spoke slowly, as if the words were forced, were tortured out of him.

"Oh, but you are beautiful—beautiful. Your eyes—they bewitch me. I think—I don't know who you are—or what you are. It may get me into all sorts of trouble, but—keep the letter. I can't—doubt—now."

Nora drew a deep breath, but before she could speak, a train whistled faintly in the distance.

"The Brewster's!" she exclaimed, starting. "They will be here directly. I must go. And you ought to be dressing for that wedding now."

"You are a witch! How did you know I was going to a wedding? Who do you think I am, anyway?"

"Why," said Nora, slipping the almonds letter into her pocket and retreating toward the door, "it just happened to occur to me a little while ago that you might be—Gordon Wilmet."





The above illustration sets forth thirteen years of automobile development. At the left is one of the primitive cars of 1896, while at the right is a six cylinder car of the 1923 type.

New Ideas in Autos

What's new in automobiles? The keynote of the year seems to be "no radical changes." It is a case of refinement in detail rather than any fundamental difference. The latest ideas, as featured in the new models at the big exhibitions, are presented in this article, written by one of the foremost automobile writers in Canada.

By Don Hunt

EACH country has its national pastime—in England they play with "Home Rule for Ireland," in the United States they make a sport of hating the trusts, in France they abuse the clericals, in Canada they talk about warships. All these nations, however, and the others that make up the civilised world have one pastime in common, the great international winter amusement—the automobile show. The fun starts in November with the chief British exhibition, the Olympia Exhibition; gathers momentum in December with the Paris Salon, and works up to a regular Saturnalia in January and February, with the New York, Chicago, Montreal and Toronto gaieties, besides innumerable other important fixtures at Ottawa and several more Canadian cities, and at tens of American centres. Victoria, B.C., has one of the early dates—in December. Barcelona in Spain is one

of the late events; its exhibition is not scheduled until April.

Automobile shows, in their modern development, are not designed merely or even primarily for the trade, not even exclusively for the owners or prospective buyers of automobiles. They have entered the same class as the circus, the theatre and the Horse Show as gigantic amusement enterprises and society functions. The Olympia show in London, although not housed in a particularly artistic building, is attended by all the aristocracy of the land. In order that these distinguished visitors may not be rudely jostled about, a special day is set aside when the entrance fee, usually only one shilling, is raised to five shillings. In Paris, the Salon is held in the Grand Palais, one of the architectural achievements of the French capital. In December last, the exhibition was opened by President

Fallières, and attended by his Minister of War and other members of the Cabinet. In New York, the show was so extensive that it required two of the largest buildings in the city, Madison Square Garden and Grand Central Palace, to hold the exhibits and the throngs of visitors. The affair was one of the chief society events of the month, and the decorations of the buildings were lavish in the extreme. The Grand

attractive as ever, in its new quarters at the Exhibition Grounds.

Without an exception, in all the exhibitions, both European and American, there have been more firms desiring to exhibit than room to accommodate them. One of the very real problems is to find enough space to satisfy the insatiable demand. This is a good proof that motor car manufacturers believe in the value of the exhibitions,



The Locomotive, as shown here in its latest type, is a distinctly Canadian innovation which is very popular among the wealthy class in this country, where it is well equipped for service in all seasons.

Central was transformed into a bower of color and beauty, with a profusion of flowers, a general out-of-doors effect sided by paintings of scenes on Long Island, the Berkshires, Florida, The Rockies and California. Madison Square Garden was a blaze of light, reflected by thousands of square feet of mirrors. The pillars were hidden by allegorical statues. In Montreal, both buildings used were decorated elaborately, and Toronto's show in February will be made as

and if crowds of keenly interested spectators count for anything, the shows are a huge success.

What were the leading features of the automobiles that all this multitude of people saw? In other words, What's new in automobiles? Let us take the New York show as a sample of the American situation. The same remarks will apply with a few modifications, to the Montreal exhibition.

The key-note of this year is—no radi-

cal changes. It is a case of refinement in detail rather than any fundamental difference. Distinct development in the design and furnishings of the cars is perhaps the most conspicuous feature. Previous innovations, such as the self-starter and the electric system of lighting, have become almost universal. The habit of making all accessories standard with the car and given for the purchase price has spread rapidly and is now customary. The long-stroke motor shows increased popularity, and the six-cylinder engine is making still more converts, although the four is retained on a large number of models. Prices show a tendency both to go up and down. Several developments are noticed in the electric.

Now to look at these points a little more closely. It is evident that much care has been taken to increase the gracefulness and symmetry of the motor car, and in many cases the efforts have been signally effective. Even yet, however, there is room for improvement. One American critic is frank enough to compare the French body-designs with the American, to the disadvantage of the latter. "Not a few of our American builders," he says, "announce with apparent pride that they do not need to make body changes, and content themselves. If they are sufficiently fortunate to keep the buyer satisfied with the present, it is an excellent commendation of their selling ability, but the fact still stands that the average body of to-day is a two part affair—a hood or a bonnet and a body part. The same hood serves for a runabout, a touring model, a town car or limousine. There has not been any attempt to develop a design that begins with the radiator and ends in the baggage rack. France is striving for this ideal—a body that is a unit design, a body intended to be most pleasing to the eye, the most comfortable to the tourist and the lightest."

There is one other point of contrast between the American bodies and the European, especially the French. Although we are accustomed to look upon

European taste as conservative, and although in the automobile it is so in many departments, yet as far as the body is concerned, the people across the sea are much more radical than we. The number of fresh bodies at the New York and other American shows was almost negligible: in Europe, however, they were almost startlingly frequent. Some of the designs were grotesque; others were undoubtedly beautiful, but none would be popular in America. They would be "too much" for anyone who was not deliberately seeking notoriety. New York saw a few of them in the Importers' Salon, held in the Hotel Astor early in January.

Luxury in the furnishings of cars is the most picturesque feature of the new American models. Never before was there so much attention paid to the cushions and minor equipment. One of the most "played-up" features in the recent advertising has been the eleven and twelve inch upholstery, the cushions "soft as down," and the most subtly imaginative delights of comfort. This tendency reaches its height, of course, in the closed cars, which in many cases are genuinely sybaritic reception parlors. The most delicate shades are used in the upholstery; there are cut glass flower holders, silver card cases, glove boxes, ash trays, clocks, looking glasses, coat hooks, umbrellas, holders, speaking tubes, and exquisite electric chandeliers.

Among the mechanical devices prominent in this year's styles, the self-starter is the chief. It had already made much progress last season, but now it is practically essential on all the cars. A large number of firms still leave the cranking handle in the front, not, they say, because they haven't confidence in the self-starter, but because their clients for a little while will feel safer with the old crank in its traditional place. Several companies, however, have already put the handle where it is scheduled to be in the future—in the tool box. One of the most interesting features in the automobile world at present is the manner in which Great

Britain and Europe are holding back from the self-starter. Usually developments of this sort come from Europe, but this time it is America that is leading the way. Paper after paper in England has urged the necessity of action in this regard unless it is the wish that America should gain a long head start, but the Olympia Show was another proof that the innovation was making very slow progress. The same phenomenon was witnessed at the Paris Salon.

Some critics rather fear this reticence of Europe, and give warnings that perhaps after all the self-starter will not "make good" eventually, and that the American makers will have a rude awakening. While it is true that there are real difficulties in the problem of self-starting, and while there are some styles on the market that will probably lead to disappointment, there seem to be no sufficient grounds for pessimism. In Europe, it seems largely to be a case of apathy. One opinion advanced is that, since such a large proportion of cars are driven by paid drivers, the owners are not vitally interested in lessening their employees' trouble; if they themselves had to get out of the car to crank it, the reform would come on with a rush.

American prices this winter afford an interesting study. In nearly every case there has been a change, either in the actual amount of money asked for, or in the value given for the money. Several well-known makes are a little higher in price, both because they are offering more luxuries and because they are including equipment which used to be counted as extras. Other firms are giv-

ing these accessories and yet are keeping their original price. Still others are claiming to give the additions at the same time they are actually reducing the retail cost. The increase in output is given as the explanation of each reduction. At least one of the low-priced cars has been reduced considerably again, with the result that the low-water mark in the purchase price of an automobile has now been reached. If the figure comes down much further, it will be positively expensive not to own a car.

The Montreal show afforded an opportunity to see the Canadian-made cars as well as the best American types. In many cases it is no flattery to say that they held their ground well and looked just as modern, just as efficient as the automobiles made across the border. There are two classes of Canadian motor cars, those manufactured by exclusively Canadian companies, and the ones made by American firms who have established plants in this country. The good Canadian cars of the first class were equal in every respect to the good cars of the second class. As a matter of fact, however, these distinctions are beginning to disappear, for if a car is made in Canada by Canadian workmen and mechanics, it is Canadian, wherever the capital comes from.

As the net result of this study of the new models, it can readily be inferred that the gradual development of the automobile towards perfection has been well-sustained this year, and that the refining process which is more apparent than ever before is the fundamentally sound course to be followed in the onward movement.



OUR NEW SERIAL

Between Two Thieves

Elsewhere we have given our readers some facts concerning Miss Clotilde Graves and her great novel "Between Two Thieves." The critics are agreed that the work is a masterpiece; the public of Europe and America has received it with the greatest enthusiasm. Maclean's has purchased the first Canadian serial rights at a high price and we trust readers who delight in a really remarkable piece of fiction will follow this thrilling story from its opening chapters in this issue. A liberal installment will be published monthly.

By Richard Dehan

AN OLD paralytic man, whose snow-white hair fell in long silken waves from under the rim of the black velvet skullcap he invariably wore, sat in a light invalid chair-carriage at the higher end of the wide, steep street that is the village of Zeiden, in the Canton of Appenzell, looking at the sunset.

Slowly the rose-red flush was fading behind the glittering green, snow-capped pinnacle of distant Riedli. A segment of the sun's huge flaming disc remained in view above a shoulder of her colossal neighbor Domatus; molten gold and silver, boiling together as in a crucible, were spilled upon his vast, desolate, icy sides; his towering, snow-crested helmet trailed a *panache* of dancing glory, snatched from the sinking forehead of the vanquished Lord of Day, and even the cap of the Kreinberg, dwarf equine in attendance on the giant, boasted a golden plume.

The old man blinked a little, oppressed by excess of splendor, and the attendant Sister of Charity, who sometimes relieved the white-capped, blue-cloaked, cotton-gowned German nurse customarily in charge of the patient, observing this, turned the invalid-chair so that its occupant looked down upon the Bias See, the shape of which suggests a sumptuous glove encrusted with tur-

quoises, as, bordered with old-world, walled towns, it lies in the rich green lap of a fertile country, deep girdled with forests of larch and pine and chestnut, enshrining stately ruins of mediæval castles, and the picturesque garden-villas built by wealthy peasants, in their stately shadow; and sheltered by the lowering granite ranges of the Paarlberg from raging easterly gales.

The brilliant black eyes that shone almost with the brilliancy of youth in the wasted ivory face of the old man in the wheeled chair, sparkled appreciatively now as they looked out over the Lake. For to the whirling of its working dynamo, and the dreeling song of its propeller, a monoplane of the Blicriot type emerged from its wooden shelter, pitched upon a steep green incline near to the water's edge; and moving on its three widely placed cycle-wheels with the gait of a leggy winged beetle or a hurried sheldrake, suddenly rose with its rider into its awkwardness as the insect or the bird would have done, in the launch upon its natural element, and the instinctive act of flight. The old man watched the bird of steel and canvas, soaring and dipping, circling and turning, over the blue liquid plain with the sure esse

and swift daring of the swallow, and slowly nodded his head. When the monoplane had completed a series of practice-evolutions, it steered away northwards, the steady tuft-tuft of its Gnome engine thinning away to a mere thread of sound as the machine diminished to the sight. Then said the watcher, breaking his long silence:

"That is a good thing! . . . A capital—a useful thing! . . . An invention, see you, my Sister, that will one day prove invaluable in War."

The Sister, with a shade of hesitation, responded that Monsieur was undoubtedly right. For carrying despatches, and for the more dreadful purpose of dropping bombs upon an enemy, the aeroplane, guided by a skilful pilot, would no doubt—

"Ah, tchab! . . . Bah! . . . b'rh! . . ." The old man bunched his thin, broad shoulders impatiently, and wrinkled up his mobile ivory face into a hundred puckers of comical disgust as he exploded these verbal rockets, and his bright black eyes snapped and sparkled angrily. "For dropping shell upon the decks of armored cruisers, or into camps, or upon columns of marching men, this marvellous machine that the Twentieth Century has given us might be utilized beyond doubt. But for the preservation of life, rather than its destruction, its supreme use will be in War. For the swift and easy removal of wounded from the field of battle, a fleet of Army Hospital Service Aeroplanes will one day be built and equipped and organized by every civilized Government, under the Rules of the Crimson Cross. Beautiful, beautiful!" The old man was quite excited, nodding his black velvet-capped, white-locked head as though he would have nodded it off, and blinking his bright eyes. "Soprati!—I see them!" he cried. "They will hover over the Field of Action like huge hawks, from time to time swooping upon the fallen and carrying them off in their talons. Superb! magnificent! colossal! If we had air-men and air-machines at Balaklava in '54, or at Magenta, or Solfer-

ino, or Gravelotte, or in Paris during the Siegel . . . Have the kindness, my Sister, to give me a pinch of snuff!"

The Sister fumbled in the pocket of the white flannel jacket—winter and summer, year in and year out, the old man went clothed from head to foot in white—and fed the thin, handsome old eagle-beak with pungent cheap mixture, out of a box that bore the portrait, set in blazing brilliants, of the Imperial, Crowned Head whose gift it had been; as was recorded by the elaborate inscription engraved in the Russian character within its golden lid. The old man was particular that no dust of his favorite brown powder should soil the snowy silken moustache, waxed to fine points, that jutted above his long, mobile upper-lip, or the little imperial that was called by a much less elegant name when the birch-broom-bearded Reds heckled the President of the Third Republic for wearing the distinctive chin-tuft. After the pinch of snuff the old man became more placid. He had his chair steered round to afford him a fresh point of view, and sat absorbed in the contemplation of which he never seemed to weary.

The sweet spring day was dying. Vast breeding pinions of sombre purple cloud already made twilight on the north horizon, where glooming ramparts topped by pallid peaks, and jagged sierras spiring up into slender minarets and aquilines, shone ghostly against the gloom. The horn of the herdsman sounded from the lower Alps, and neck-bells tinkled as the long lines of placid cows moved from the upper pastures in obedience to the call, breathing perfume of scented vetch and honeyed crimson clover, leaving froth of milk from trickling udders on the leaves and grasses as they went.

The sunset-hour being supper-time, the single street of Zeiden seemed deserted. You saw it as a hilly thoroughfare, bordered with detached timber-built houses, solid and quaintly shaped and gaily painted, their feet planted in gardens full of lilacs and syringas and laburnum, daffodils and narcissi, vio-

lets and anemones and tulips; their walls and balconies tapestried with the sweet May rose and the pink and white clematis; the high-pitched roofs of the most ancient structures, green to the ridge-poles with mosses and gilded by lichens, rosetted with houseleek, and tufted with sweet yellow wallflower and flaunting dandelion. And you had just begun to wonder at the silence and apparent emptiness of the place, when, presto! it suddenly sprang into life. Doors opened and shut; footsteps crackled on gravel; gates clicked, releasing avalanches of barking dogs and leaping, racing children; the adult natives and visitors of Zeiden (Swiss for the most part, leavened with Germans and sprinkled with English and French) appeared upon the Promenade. . . . And the band of the Kur-saal, magnificent in their green, white-faced, silver-tagged uniform, marched down the street to the Catholic Church, and being admitted by the verger—a magnificent official carrying a wand, and attired in a scarlet frock-coat, gilt chain, and lace-trimmed cocked hat—presently appeared upon the platform of the tower, and—it being the Feast of the Ascension—played a chorale, and were tremendously applauded when it was over.

"They play well, finely, to-night!" said the old man, nodding and twinkling in his bright peevish way. "Kindly clap my hands for me, my Sister, M. Pédélaborde may take it amiss if I do not join in the applause." So the *chef d'orchestre* was gratified by the approval of the paralytic M. Dunoise, which indeed he would have been sorely chagrined to miss.

"I think that white-haired old man in the black velvet cap has the most noble, spritful face I ever saw," said a little English lady to her husband—a tall, lean, prematurely bald and careworn man, arrayed in a leather cap with goggles, a knicker suit of baggily cut, loud-patterned tweeds, a shirt of rheumatism-defying Jaeger material, glistening hose, and such prodigiously cleated nailed boots, with sockets for

the insertion of climbing-irons, as London West End and city firms are apt to impose upon customers who do their Swiss mountain climbing per the zig-zag carriage-road, or the cog-wheel railway.

"Ah, yes! quite so!" absently rejoined the husband, who was Liberal Member for a North London Borough, and an Under-Secretary of State; and was mentally engaged in debating whether the six o'clock supper recently partaken of, and consisting of grilled lamb trout with cucumber, followed by curd-fritters crowned with date of whortleberry preserve, did not constitute a flagrant breach of the rules of dietary drawn up by the London specialist under whose advice he was trying the Zeiden whey-cure for a dyspepsia induced by Saffragit Demonstrations and the Revised Budget Estimate. "Quite so, yes!"

"You are trying to be cynical," said the little lady, who was serious and high-minded, and Member of half-a-dozen Committees of Societies for the moral and physical improvement of a world that would infinitely prefer to remain as it is. "Scapties may sneer," she continued with energy, "and the irreverent scoff, but a holy life does stamp itself upon the countenance in lines there is no mistaking."

"I did not sneer," retorted her husband, whose internal system the unfortuitous combination of cucumber with curds was rapidly upsetting. "Nor am I aware that I scoffed. Your saintly faced old gentleman is certainly a very interesting and remarkable personage. His name is M. Hector Dunoise." He added, with an infection the direct result of the cucumber-curd-whortleberry combination: "He was a natural son of the First Napoleon's favorite *aide-de-camp*, a certain Colonel—afterwards Field-Marshal Dunoise (who did tremendous things at Aboukir and Austerlitz and Borodino)—by—ah!—by a Bavarian lady of exalted rank—a professed nun, in fact,—who ran away with Dunoise, or was run away with. M. Pédélaborde, the man who told me

the story, doesn't profess to be quite certain."

"I dare say not! And who is M. Pédélaborde, if I may be allowed to know?"

Infinite contempt and unbounded incredulity were conveyed in the little English lady's utterance of the foregoing words.

"Pédélaborde," explained her husband, sucking a soda-mint lozenge, and avoiding the wisely eye, "is the fat, tremendously monastic personage who conducts the Kurssal Band."

"Indeed?"

"He has known M. Hector Dunoise all his life—Pédélaborde's life, I mean, of course. His father was a fellow-cadet of your old gentleman's at a Military Training Institute in Paris, where Dunoise fought a duel with another boy, and killed him. I am given to understand, by an unfair thrust. The French are fond of tricks in fencing, and some of 'em are the very dev—Ahem!"

"I decline to credit such a monstrous statement," said the little lady, holding her head very high. "Nothing shall convince me that that dear, sweet, placid old man—who is certainly not to blame for the accident of his birth—could ever have been guilty of a dishonourable action, much less a wicked murderous deed, such as you describe! Do you know him? I mean in the sense of having spoken to him, because everybody bows to M. Dunoise on the Promenade. You have! . . . Next time you happen to meet, you might say that if he would allow you to introduce him to your wife, I should be pleased—so very pleased to make his acquaintance—"

"Ah, yes. Quite so! We have had a little chat or two, certainly." The despicable gentleman of affairs admitted. "And I don't doubt he would be highly gratified." The speaker finished his lozenge, and added, with mild malice: "That you would find him interesting I feel perfectly sure. For he certainly has seen a good deal of life, according to Pédélaborde. . . . He held a

commission in a crack regiment of Cheesons d'Afrique, and ran through a great fortune, I am told, with the assistance of his commanding officer's wife—an uncommonly attractive woman, too, Pédélaborde tells me. And he was on the Prince-President's Staff at the time of the coup d'Etat, and after the Restoration—Pédélaborde positively takes his oath that this is true!—was shut up in a French frontier fortress for an attempt on the life of the Emperor. But he escaped, or was released, when the Allies were pounding away at Sevastopol, in 1854, and Ada Morling—dead now, I believe, like nearly everybody else one has ever heard named in connection with the War in the Crimea—was nursing the wounded English soldiers at Scutari." The despicable politician added acidly:

"Here comes M. Dunoise trundling down the Promenade, stately smile and all the rest of it. . . . Shall I give him your message now?"

But the speaker's better-half, at last convinced, indignantly withdrew her previous tender of cordiality, and as the invalid chair, impelled by the white-capped, blue-cloaked nurse, who had now replaced the nun, rolled slowly down the wide garden-bordered, orchard-backed *Promenade* of ancient timber houses that is Zeiden, the white-haired wren of the black velvet cap, nodding and beaming in acknowledgment of the elaborately respectful salutations of the male visitors and the smiling bows of the ladies, received from one little British matron a stare so freezing in its quality that his jaw dropped, and his bright black eyes became circular with astonishment and dismay.

That an old man at whom everybody smiled kindly—an old man who had little else to live upon or for but love should meet a look so cold. . . . His underlip drooped like a snubbed child's. Why was it? Did not the little English lady know—surely she must know!—how much, how very much old Hector Dunoise had done, and given, sacrificed and endured and suffered, to earn the love and gratitude of women and of men? He did not wish to boast—but she might have remembered it!

... A tear dropped on the wrinkled ivory hands that lay helplessly upon the rug that covered the sharp bony knees.

"You have been guilty of a piece of confoundedly bad taste, let me tell you!" said the irritated Englishman, addressing his still vibrating wife. "To cut an old man like that! It was brutal!" He added, "And idiotic into the bargain!"

"I simply couldn't help it," said his wife, her stiffened facial muscles relaxing into the flabbiness that heralds tears. "When I saw that horrible old creature coming, looking so dreadfully innocent and kind; and remembered how often I have seen the little French and German and Swiss children crowding round his chair listening to a story, or being lifted up to kiss him,—she gulped—"or toddling to his knee to slip their little hanches of violets into those helpless hands of his—I could not help it! I simply had to!"

"Then you simply had to commit a social blunder of a very grave kind," pronounced her lord, assuming that air of detachment from the person addressed which creates a painful sense of isolation. "For permit me to inform you that M. Hector Dunoise is not a person, but a Personage—whom the President of the Swiss Confederation and about half the Crowned Heads of Europe congratulate upon his birthday. And who—if he had chosen to accept the crown they offered him half a lifetime back—would have been to-day the ruling Hereditary Prince of an important Bavarian State. As it is—"

"As it is, he would forgive me the hideous thing I have done," the little lady cried, flushing indignant scarlet to the roots of her hair, "could he know that it was my own husband who deceived me... Who humbugged me," she gulped hysterically. "Spoofed me, as our boy Herbert would hideously say,—with a whole string of ridiculous, trumped-up stories—" She hurriedly sought for and applied her handkerchief, and the final syllable was lost in the dolorous blowing of an injured woman's nose. Her husband entreated punitively:

"For Heaven's sake, don't cry!—at least, here on the Promenade, with scores of people staring. What I told you is the simple truth... Don't Roman Catholics say that the regular rips make the most thorough-going, cut-and-out saints when they do take to religion and good works and all the rest of it? Besides... good Lord!—it's Ancient History—happened years and years before our parents saw each other—and the old chap is ninety—or nearly! And—even supposing Dunoise did what people say he did, only think what Dunoise has done!"

Curiosity prevailed over injured dignity. The wounded wife emerged from behind a damp web of cambric to ask: "What has he done?"

"What has he... why—he has received all sorts of Votes of Thanks from Public Societies, and he has been decorated with heaps of Orders... the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Order of the Annunziata of Savoy, and the Black Eagle; and he is a Commander of the Legion of Honour and a Knight of the Papal Order of St. Gregory, and Hereditary Prince of Widnits as he liked, but he doesn't like... goodness me! Haven't I told you all that already?" The M.P. for the North London borough flapped his hands and lapsed into incoherence.

"But surely you can tell me why those honors were bestowed upon M. Dunoise?" asked his wife. "I am waiting for the answer to my question—what has he done to deserve them?"

The clear, incisive English voice asking the question, cut like a knife through the consonantal, sibilant French, and the guttural be-vowelled German. And a stranger standing near—recognizable as a French priest of the Catholic Church less by the evidence of his well-worn cloth, and Roman collar, and wide-brimmed, round-crowned silk beaver, with the shabby silk band and black enamelled buckle, than by a certain distinctive manner and expression—said upon a sudden impulse, courteously raising his hat:

"Madame will graciously pardon an old man for presuming to answer a

question not addressed to him. She asks, if I comprehend aright, what M. Dunoise has done to deserve the numberless marks of respect and esteem that have been showered on him?.... I will have the honour of explaining to Madame if Monsieur kindly consents."

"Pleasure, I'm sure," babbled the dyspeptic victim of the Suffragists and the Budget, yawning as only the liverish can. The priest went on, addressing the little lady:

"Madame, the invalid gentleman whose paralyzed hands rest upon his knees as inertly and immovably as the hands of some granite statue of an Egyptian deity, has given with both those helpless hands—gives to this hour—will give when we have long been dead, and these pretty infants playing round us are old men and aged women—a colossal gift to suffering Humanity. He has expended wealth, health, all that men hold dear, in founding, endowing, and organizing a vast international, undernominational, neutral Society of Mercy, composed of brave and skilled and noble men and women,—ah!—may Heaven bless those women—who, being of all nations, creeds, and politics, are bound by one vow; united in one purpose; bent to one end—that and the alleviation of the frightful sufferings of soldiers wounded in War. Madame must have heard of the Convention of Helvetia?... But see there, Madame!... Observe, by a strange coincidence—the Symbol in the sky!"

The hand of the speaker, with a graceful, supple gesture of indication, waved westward, and the little lady's eyes, following it, were led to the upper end of the wide, irregular chalet-bordered Promenade of Zeiden, where the wheel-chair of the invalid had again come to a standstill; possibly in obedience to its occupant's desire to look once more upon the sunset, whose flaming splendours had all vanished now, save where against a gleaming background of milky-pale vapor glowed transverse bars of ardent hue, rich and glowing as pigeon's blood ruby, or an Emperor's ancient Burgundy, or that other crim-

son liquor that courses in the veins of Adam's sons, and was first spilled upon the shrinking earth by the guilty hand of Cain.

"It is the sign," the priest repeated earnestly; "the badge of the great international League of love and pity which owes its institution to M. Hector Dunoise." He added: "The face of Madame tells me that no further explanation is needed. With other countries that have drunk of War, and its agonies and horrors, Protestant England renders homage to the Crimson Cross."

II

Old Hector Dunoise could not sleep that night. Sharp pains racked his worn bones; his paralyzed muscles were as though transfixed by surgical needles of finely-tempered steel. He would not permit the nurse to sit up, despite the physician's orders, therefore the medical Head of the Institution suffered the patient to have his way. So he lay alone in the large, light, airy room, furnished with all the appliances that modern surgical skill can devise for the aid of helplessness, and the alleviation of suffering, and yet a place of pain...

He would not suffer the nurse to lower the green Venetian blinds of the high, clear windows that fronted to the south-east and south-west; the moonbeams could not do him any harm, he declared. On the contrary! The mild, bright planet shining above the lonely *kolmas* and terrible *crevasse*, shedding her radiant light upon the peasant's Alpine hut and the shepherd's hillside cave, as upon the huge hotel-caravan-sarais, glittering with windows and crowded with wealthy tourists, and the stately mediæval castles, ruined and inhabited by owls and bats and foxes, or lovingly preserved and dwelt in by the descendants of the great robber knights who reared their Cyclopean towers—was she not his well-loved friend?

So, as one waits for a friend, old Hector lay waiting for the moonrise; the white-haired, handsome, vivacious old face, with the bright black eyes, prop-

ped high upon the pillow, the wasted, half-dead body of him barely raising the light warm bed-coverings, the helpless arms and stiff white hands stretched rigidly along its sides.

And not only the man waited; the heavens seemed also waiting. The ghostly white ice-peaks and snowy mountain-ranges, crowded on the horizon as thought they waited too. Corvus burned bright, low down on the south horizon; Spica blazed at the maidenly pure feet of Virgo. Bootes looked down from the zenith, a pale emerald radiance, dimmed by the fierce red fires of the Dog Star. . . The purple-dark spaces beyond these splendors were full of the pearly-glimmering presences of other stars. But the old man wanted none of these. He had forgotten to look at the almanac. He began to fear there would be no moon that night.

Old, sick and helpless as he was, this was a great grief to him. Useless the presence of others when we lack the one we need. And a little crack in a dam-wall is enough to liberate the pent-up waters; the thin, bright trickle is soon followed by the roaring turbid flood. Then, look and see what fetid slime, what ugly writhing creatures brood of it, the shining placid surface masked and covered. . . The purest women, the noblest men, no less than we who know ourselves inwardly corrupt and evil, have such depths, where things like these are hidden from the light of day.

The pain was intolerable to-night—almost too bad to bear without shrieking. Duncanson set his old face into an ivory mask of stern resistance, and his white moustache and arched and still jet-black eyebrows bristled fiercely, and the cold drops of anguish gathered upon the sunken purple-veined temples upon which the silky silver hair was growing sparse and thin. Ouf! . . . what unutterable relief it would have been to clench his fists, even! . . . But the poor hands, helpless as wax dolls or a wooden puppet's, refused to obey his will.

He lay rigid and silent, but his brain

worked with vivid, feverish activity, and his glance roved restlessly round the white-papered walls of the airy, cleanly room. Shabby frames containing spotted daguerotypes and faded old cartes-de-visite of friends long dead; some water-colour portraits and engravings of battle-scenes, hung there; with some illuminated addresses, a few more modern photographs, a glazed case of Orders and Crosses, a cheap carved rack of well-smoked pipes, and—drawn up against the painted wainscot—an imposing array of boots of all nationalities, kinds and descriptions, in various stages of wear. His small library of classics filled a hanging shelf, while a pair of plain desk bookcases were stuffed with publications in half-a-dozen European languages, chiefly well-known reference-works upon Anatomy and Physiology, Surgery and Medicine; Surgery and Medicine; whilst a row of paper-bound officially-stamped Government publications—one or two of these from his own painstaking, laborious pen—dealt with the organization, equipment and sanitation of Military Field Hospitals, Hospital Ships and Hospital Trains, the clothing, diet and care of sick and wounded, and, in relation to these, the Laws and Customs of grim and ghastly War. And a traveling chest of drawers, a bath, and a portable secretary, battered and ink-stained by half a century of honorable use; with the scanty stock of antique garments hanging in the white-pine press; a meagre store of fine, exquisitely darned and mended old-world linen; an assortment of neckties, wonderfully out of date; some old felt wideawakes, and three black velvet caps, with a camel's-hair *bournoise*, that had served for many years as a dressing-gown; and the bust of a woman, in marble, supported on a slender ebony pedestal set between the windows, completed the inventory of the worldly possessions of old Hector Duncanson.

All that he owned on earth, these few shabby chattels, these dimmed insignias, with their faded ribbons—this man who had once been greatly rich, and prodigally generous, subsisted now in his helpless age upon a small annu-

ity, purchased when he had been awarded the Nobel Prize. What bitter tears had been wrung from the bright black eyes when he was compelled to accept this charity! But it had to be; the burden of his great humanitarian labors had exhausted his last energies and his remaining funds; and Want had risen up beside his bed of sickness, and laid upon him, who had cheered away her spectre from so many pallets, her chill and meagre hand.

Ah, how he loved the glaring daguerotypes, the spotty photographs, the old cheap prints! Far, far more dearly than the Rembrandts and Raphaels, the Watteaus and the three superb portraits by Velasquez that he had sold to the Council of the Louvre, and the Austrian Government and the Trustees of the National Gallery. The cabinets of rare and antique medals, the collection of Oriental porcelain and Royal Sèvres that had been bequeathed to him with the immense private fortune of Louis-pole, the long-deceased Prince-Regent of Wladimir, that had also been disposed of under the hammer to supply his needs for funds—always more funds—had never possessed one-tenth of the preciousness of these poor trifles. For everything was a memento or token of something done or borne, given or achieved towards the fulfillment of the one great end.

The *Chibok* with the bowl of gilded red clay, the cherry-stick stem and the fine amber mouthpiece, an officer of the English Guards had forced upon Duncanson at Balaklava. The inkstand, a weighty sphere of metal mounted on three grapple-shot, with a detached fourth for the lid—that was a nine-pound shell from the Sandbag Battery. And the helmet-plate with a silver-plated Austrian Eagle and the brass device like a bomb, with a tuft of green metal oak-leaves growing out of the top, that was a souvenir of the bloody field of Magenta. It had been pressed upon Duncanson by a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Englishman of Austrian Infantry, whom he had rescued from under a heap of dead men and horses, still living, but blackened from asphyxia, the colors of

his regiment yet clutched in his cramped and blackened hands.

Even the *bournoise*, the voluminous long-sleeved, hooded garment of gray-white camel's hair, bordered with delicate embroideries of silver and orange-red floss silk—that had its touching history; that had been also the legacy of one who had nothing else to give.

"He was an Arab of pure blood, a pious Moslem, Sergeant-Major in the First Regiment of Spahis, a chief in his own right. He fell in the assault upon the Hill of Cyprus. Towards the end of the day, when the sun had set upon Solferino's field of carnage, and the pale moon was reflected in the ponds of blood that had accumulated in every depression of the ravaged ground, we found him, riddled with bullets, pierced with wounds, leaning with his back against a little tree, his bleeding Arab stallion standing by him as he prayed in the words of the Prophet: 'Lord, grant me pardon, and join me to the companionship on high! . . .' He died two nights later upon a heap of bloody straw in the Church of Santa Rosalia at Castiglione. This had been trodden in the roll behind his saddle—his young bride had embroidered the gold and silver ornaments; in the field it had served him as a covering, and until the dead-cart came to remove the corpse—as a pall."

More relics yet. The broken lock of a Garibaldi musket from Calafimo. The guard of a Papal soldier's sabre from Castel Fildardo, brown with Sardinian blood.

More still. . . . The gilded ornament from the staff-top of a Prussian Eagle—a souvenir of Liebenau, or was it Huhnerwasser? A Uhlan lance-head from Hochhausen. An exploded cartridge gathered on the field of Alcolea, where the Spanish Royalists were beaten in 1808. And a French *chassepot* and a Prussian needle-gun, recalling the grim tragedy of 1870 and the unspeakable disaster of Sedan. While a fantastically chased cross of Abyssinian gold, and a Bersagliere's plume of cocks' feathers, their glossy dark green marked

with dried blood, were eloquent of the massacre of the Italian troops at Dogli, in '87.

What memories were this old man's!

III.

Old Hector could have told you that such crowded, thronging memories aggravate the dull, throbbing ache of loneliness to torment. To re-read letters written in faded ink by beloved hands that lie mouldering underground, or are very far removed from us; or to brood upon the soulless image of a soulful face that, dead or living, we may never see with our earthly eyes again, does but exquisitely intensify the agony of loss. We who are old and wise should know better than to seek to quench the heart's thirst at such bitter Desert wells. Nevertheless, our eyes turn to the faded portrait, our hands touch the spring of the tarnished locket half a hundred times a day.

Upon the pillow beside the worn white head there invariably lay a stained and shabby Russian-leather letter-case, white at the edges with wear. It was fastened by a little lock of dainty mechanism, and the fine thin chain of bright steel links that was attached to it went round the old man's neck. He turned his head that his cheek might rest against the letter-case, and a slow tear overbrimmed an underlid, and fell and sparkled on the dull brownish leather that had once been bright and red. A silver plate, very worn and thin, bore an engraved date and a brief direction:

"Bury This With Me."

It would be done by-and-by, he knew; for who would rob a dead old man of his dearest treasure? Moreover, the contents of the leather case were valueless in ordinary eyes.

Just a package of letters penned in a fine, delicate, pointed, old-fashioned gentleman's handwriting to the address of M. Hector Duonoise in half-a-dozen European capitals, and several cities and posting-towns of Turkey and Asiatic Russia; their condition rang-

ing from the yellowed antiquity of more than fifty years back, to the comparative newness of the envelope that bore the London postmark of the previous 22nd of December, and the Zeiden stamp of three days later. For once a year, at Christmas-tide, was celebrated old Hector Duonoise's joy-festival—when such a letter came to add its bulk to the number in the leather case.

He would be fastidiously particular about his toilet upon that day of days, he who was always so scrupulously neat. His silken white hair would be arranged after the most becoming fashion, his cheeks and chin would be shaved to polished marble smoothness, his venerable moustache waxed with elaborate care. He would be attired in his best white flannel suit, crowned with his newest velvet cap, and adorned with all his Orders; while pastilles would be set burning about the room, fresh flowers would be placed, not only on the tiny altar with its twinkling waxlights and colored plaster presentment of the Stable at Bethlehem, but before a photograph in a tortoise-shell-and-silver frame that always stood upon a little table, beside his chair or bed. About the ebony pedestal of the marble bust that stood in the shallow bay of the south-east window a garland would be twined of red-berried holly and black-berried ivy, and delicately tinted sweet-scented hyacinths, grown under glass

And then the hands of a nursing Sister or of a mere hireling would open the letter, and hold the feebly-written sheet before Duonoise's burning eyes, and they would weep as they read, until their bright black flame was quenched in scalding tears.

Do you laugh at the old lover with his heart of youthful fire, burning in the body that is all but dead? You will if you who read are young. Should you be at your full-orbed, splendid prime of womanhood or manhood, you will smile as you pity. But those who have passed the meridian of life will sigh; for they are beginning to understand; and those who are very old will smile and sigh together, and look wise

—so wise! Because they have found out that Love is eternally young.

Oh, foolish Youth!—that deems the divine passion to be a matter of red lips meeting red lips, bright eyes beaming into bright eyes, young heart beating against young heart. Intolerant, splendid Prime, that leaps to the imperious call of passion and revels in the delicious pleasures of the senses. For you love is the plucking of the ripe, fragrant, juicy fruit; the rose-tinted foam upon the sparkling wine that brims the crystal goblet; the crown of rapture; the night of jewelled stars and burning kisses that crowns the fierce day of Desire.

And ah! wise Age, experienced and deep, where Youth is all untaught, and Prime but a little more scholar-wise, and Middle Age but a beginner at the hook. . . . For you Love is the jewel in the matrix of the stone; the sacred lamp that burns unquenched within the sealed-up sepulchre; the flame that glows in the heart's core the more hotly that snows of years lie on the head, and the icy blood creeps sluggishly through the clogged arteries; the sustenance, and provender, and nourishment of Life no less than the hope that smiles dauntlessly in the face of Death. For to die is to follow whither she has gone—to meet with him again. Can those who seek to disprove the Being of their Creator with the subtle brain He forged be in the truest sense of the word—lovers? I say No! For Love is an attribute of the Divine.

Those written sheets in the locked case of dulled crimson leather, attached to the fine steel chain, told no tale of love. . . .

Ah! the womanly, gracious letters, breathing warm friendship and kindly interest in the long-unsent, how diligently the old man had tried to read between their fine clear lines the one thing that he never found for all his searching. How devoutly they had been kept and cherished, how delicately and reverently handled—that is to say, when Hector Duonoise had his hands. . . . But for seven long

years now they had lain undisturbed in their receptacle, only seeing light when it was opened with the little key that hung upon the steel chain, so that the newest letter of all might be added to the treasured store.

Of late years, how brief they had become! From the three crowded sheets of more than fifty years back, to the single sheet of ten years—the quarter-sheet of five years ago—a mere message of kind remembrance, ending with the beloved name. It had been tragedy to Duonoise, this slow, gradual shortening of his allowance of what was to him the bread of life. He could not understand it. Had he offended her in some way? He dared to write to her and ask, by aid of the paid secretary who typed from his painstaking dictation in a language which she did not understand. And the reply came in the caligraphy of a stranger. He realised then what he had never before dreamed possible, that his worshipped lady had grown old.

A photograph accompanied the letter. He recognised, with a joyful leap of the heart, that the sweet, placid, aged face with the delicate folds of a fine lace shawl framing it, was beautiful and gracious still. Therefore, in a frame of tortoise-shell-and-silver, it stood upon the little table beside the bed.

But in another year or two heavy news reached him. She had grown feeble, barely able to trace with the gently-guided pen the well-loved initials at the foot of the written page! The shock of this unlooked-for, appalling revelation made him very ill. He was not himself for months—never quite again what he had been. . . . A day was coming when . . . the letters might come no more. Her initials were so faintly traced upon the last one—that—that—

No, not God was too kind to let her die before him. He clenched his toothless gums as he would have liked to clench his paralysed hands, and clung desperately to his belief in the Divine Love.

IV.

To lie, helpless and lonely and old, and racked by pain, and to keep on believing in the Divine goodness, requires a calibre of mental strength proportionately equal to the weakness of the sufferer. But it was too late in the day for Dunseise to doubt.

And here was his dear Moon swimming into view, rising from the translucent depths of a bottomless lagoon of sapphire ether, red Mars glowing at her pearly knee. A childlike content softened the lines that pain and bitterness had graven on the old ivy face. He nodded, well pleased.

"There you are! I see you! You have come as punctually as you always do, making my pain the easier to bear," he murmured brokenly to the planet. "You shine and look at me and understand; unlike men and women who talk, and talk, and comprehend nothing! And you are old, like my love; and changeless, like my love; while yet my love, unlike you, is eternal; it will endure when you have passed away with Time. Dear Moon! is she looking at you too? Does she ever think of me? But that is a great question you never answer. I can only lie and wait, and hope and long . . . in vain? Ah, God! If I could but know for certain that it has not been in vain! . . ."

Then, with a rush of furious crimson to the drawn cheeks and the knitted forehead, the barrier of his great and countless patience broke down before his pent-up passion's flood. His features were transfigured; the venerable saint became an aged, rebellious Lucifer. Words crowded from his writhing lips, despair and fury bleated in his great black eyes.

"How long, O God, impassible in Thy judgments," he cried, "must I lie here, a living soul immured in a dead body and wait, and yearn, and long? 'Give thanks,' say the priests, 'that you have your Purgatory in this world.' Can there be any torture in Purgatory to vie with this I am enduring? Has Hell worse pains than these? None! For des-

pair and Desolation sit on either side of me. I rebel against the appointments of the Divine Will. I doubt the Love of God."

Rigor seized him, his racked nerves vibrated like smitten harp-strings, sweat streamed upon his clammy skin, the beating of his heart shook him and shook the bed, a crushing weight oppressed his panting lungs.

"It is so long, so very long!—sixteen years that I have lain here," he moaned. "I was content at first, or could seem so. 'Let me but live while she lives and die when she dies!—' had always been my prayer. I pray so still—yes, yes! but the long waiting is so terrible. When I had health and strength to labor incessantly, unrelentingly, then I could bear my banishment. Through the din and shock of charging squadrons, the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery, the ceaseless roll of the ambulances and the shrieks of mangled men, one cannot hear the selfish crying of the heart that starves for love. Even in times of peace there was no pause, no slackening. To organize, administer, plan, devise, perfect—what work, what work was always to be done! Now the work goes on. I lie here. They defer to me, appeal to me, consult me—oh, yes, they consult me! They are very considerate to the old man who is now upon the shelf!"

He laughed and the strange sound woke an echo that appalled him. It sounded so like the crazy laugh of a delirious fever-patient, or of some poor peasant wretch driven beyond his scanty wit by the horror and the hideousness of War. He shook with nervous terror now, and closed his eyes tightly that he might shut out all the familiar things that had suddenly grown strange.

"Let me die, my God! I cannot bear Life longer!" he said more calmly. "He find me crouching upon the threshold of Paradise like a faithful hound, when she comes, borne by Thy rejoicing Angels to claim her glorious award. I am not as courageous as I boasted myself; the silence and the emptiness appal me. Let me die!—but

what then of my letter that comes once a year?" he added in alarm. "No, not I beseech Thee, do not listen to me, a sinful, rebellious old grumbler. I am content—or I would be if the time were not so long."

Something like a cool, light finger seemed as if drawn across his burning eyelids. He opened them and smiled. For a long broad ray of pure silvery moonshine, falling through the high south-east window upon the white marble bust that stood upon the ebony pedestal against its background of mountain-peaks and sky, reached to the foot of his bed, and rising higher still, had flowed in impalpable waves of brightness over the helpless feet, and covered the stiff white hands, and now reached his face.

This was the moment for which he slightly waited in secret fear, and breathless expectation and desire. Would the miracle happen, this night of all the nights? Would it visit him to bless or leave him uncomfited? He trembled with the desperate eagerness that might defeat its end.

The moon was full and rode high in the translucent heavens. To the lonely watcher the celestial orb suggested the likeness of a crystal lamp, burning with a light of inconceivable brilliance in a woman's white uplifted hand. He knew whose hand. His black eyes softened into lustrous, dreamy tenderness, a smile of welcome curved about his lips, as the moon-rays illuminated the marble features of the bust that stood in the bay.

The face of the bust was the same as the old, beautiful face of the photographic portrait that stood in its tortoise-shell-and-silver frame upon the little table by his bed. You saw it as the sculptured presentment of a woman still young, yet past youth. Slenderly framed, yet not fragile, the slight shoulders broad, the long rounded throat a fitting pedestal for the high-domed, exquisitely proportioned head. Upon her rich, thick waving hair was set a little cap: close-fitting, sober, with a double-plaited border enclosing the clear, fine,

oval face, a little thin, a shade worn, as by anxiety and watching.

The face—her face!—was not turned towards the bed. It bent a little aside as though its owner pondered. And that the fruit of such reflection would be Action, swift, unflinching, prompt, direct—no one could doubt who observed the purpose in the wide arching brows; the salient, energetic jut of the rather prominent, slightly-aquiline nose, with its high-bred, finely-cut nostrils; the severity and sweetness that sat throned upon the lips; the rounded, decisive chin that completed the womanly-fair image. A little shew or cepe was pinned about her shoulders; to the base of the pure column of the throat she was virginally veiled and covered.

And if the chief impression she conveyed was Purity, the dominant note of her was Reflection. For the eyes beneath the thick white eyelids were observant; the brain behind the broad brows pondered, reviewed, decided, planned. . . . It seemed as though in another moment she must speak; and the utterance would solve a difficulty; reduce confusion into sanest order, throw light upon darkness; clear away some barrier; devise an expedient, formulate a rule. . . .

There was not a line of voluptuous tenderness, not one amorous dimple wherein Cupid might play at hiding, in all the stern, sweet face. She thought end dreamed, and planned. And yet, . . .

And yet the full-orbed eyes, grey-blue under their heavy, white, darkly-lashed eyelids as the waters of her own English Channel, could melt, could glow for he had seen! . . . The sensitive tenderness. The most cherished memory of this old man was that it had once kissed him.

Ah! if you are ignorant how the memory of one kiss can tinge and permeate life, as the single drop of priceless Ghazipur attar could impart its fragrance to the limpid waters in the huge crystal block skilled Eastern artificers hollowed out for Nur Mahal to

hath in—you are fortunate; for such knowledge is the flower of sorrow, that has been reared in loneliness and watered with tears. This one red rose made summer amidst the snows of a monogamist's closing years. He felt it warm upon his mouth; he heard his own voice across the arid steppes of Time crying to her passionately:

"Oh, my beloved! when we meet again I shall have deserved so much of God, that when I ask Him for my wages He will give me even you!"

What had he not done since then, what had he not suffered, how much had he not sacrificed, to keep this great vow? Had he not earned his wages full forty years ago? Yet God made no sign, and she had gone her ways and forgotten.

It was only in pity—only in recognition of his being, like herself, the survivor of a vanished generation, almost the only human link remaining to bind this restless Twentieth Century with the strenuous, splendid days of the early Victorian era, that she had written to him once a year.

Only in pity, only in kindness was it, after all!

This one thing is certain, that at rare, irregular intervals, he resped the fruit of his long devotion—his unwavering, fanatical fidelity—in the renewal of that lost, vanished, unforgettable moment of exquisite joy.

As he sat in his wheeled-chair upon the Promenade of Zeiden, as he lay upon his bed, he would feel, drawing nearer, nearer, the almost bodily presence of a Thought that came from afar. A delicate thrilling ecstasy would penetrate and vivify the paralyzed nerves of his half-dead body, the blood would course in the frozen veins with the ardent vigor of his prime. He would see her, his beloved lady, in a halo of pale moonlight, bending to comfort—descending to bless. Once more he would kneel before her; yet again he would take the beloved hands in his, and draw them upwards to his heart. And their lips would meet, and their looks would mingle, and then . . .

Oh! then the waking to loneliness, and silence, and pain.

V.

He was prone, when the visitations of her almost tangible Thought of him were interrupted by periods of unconsoling waiting, to doubt the actuality of his own experience. That was the worst agony of all, to which the sharpest physical torments were preferable, when in the long, dreary, miserable nights a mocking voice would whisper in his reluctant ear:

"You have been deceived. She never thinks of you. Drivelling old dotard! she has long forgotten that night at Scutari. Why in the name of Folly do you cling to your absurd conviction that she loved you then, that she loves you still? You have been deceived, I say. Curse her, blaspheme God, and die!"

"Be silent, be silent!" Danoise would say to the invisible owner of the mocking, jarring voice. "If I had the use of this dead right hand to make the sign of the Cross, you would soon be disposed of. For I know who and what you are, very well!"

And he would clasp his lean jaws sternly together, and look up to the carved walnut Crucifix with the Emblems of the Passion, that hung upon the wall beside his bed. And the thin, nagging voice would die away in a titter, and another Voice would whisper in the innermost shrine of his deep heart:

"My son, had I the use of My Arms when I hung upon the Cross of Calvary? Yet, nailed thereon beyond the possibility of human movement, did I not pluck the sting from Death, and rise victorious over the Grave, and tread down Satan under My wounded Feet? Answer, My little son?"

And Danoise would whisper, falteringly:

"Lord, it is true! But Thou wert the Son of God most High, and I am only a helpless, suffering, desolate old man, worn out and worthless and forgotten!"

The voice would answer:

"Thou art greater than a thousand Kings. Thou art more glorious than an Archangel, of more value than all the stars that shine in the firmament—being a man for whom Christ died! Be of good courage. This trial will not last long. Believe, endure, pray! . . . Has thou forgotten thy compact with Me?"

Danoise would cry out of the depths with a rending sob:

"No! but it is a sin of presumption to seek to make bargains with God. The compact was impious."

The Voice would say:

"Perhaps, yet thou didst make it: and thou hast kept it. Shall I be less faithful than thou?"

Danoise would falter:

"I should have loved Thee for Thyself above any creature Thou hast made. To serve Thee for the love of even a perfect woman, was not this wrong?"

"It may be so!" the Voice would answer, "and therefore I have visited thee with My rods and scourings. Yet, if I chose a woman for My Means of Grace, what is that to thee?"

Danoise would not be able to answer for weeping. The Voice would continue:

"Moreover, it may be that in loving this woman, My servant, thou hast loved Me. For she is pure, and I am the Fountain of Purity; she is charitable, and I am Charity itself. She is beautiful of soul, beloved and loving, and I am unspeakable Beauty, and boundless, measureless Love. Be courageous, little son of Mine! Believe, and hope, and pray! . . ."

Danoise would stammer with quivering lips:

"I believe! . . . I hope! . . . Lord, grant me strength to go on believing and hoping!"

Then he would fall peacefully asleep upon a pillow wet with tears. Or he would be awake and let his memory range over the priorities of dead years that stretched away so far behind. . . .

Will you hear some of the things that this old man remembered? Listen, then, if it be only for an hour. That is

a little space of time, you say, and truly. Yet I gave my youth and most of the things that men and women cherish, to buy this hour, dear, unknown friend!—of you.

VI.

At sixteen years of age Hector-Marie-Aymont-von Widinitz Danoise fought his first duel, with a fellow-student of the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, Rue de la Vallée Ste. Gabrielle.

The quarrel occurred after one of the weekly inspections by the General Commandant, when Hector, accompanied with the black shiny sword-belt and cartridge-belt, armed with the sword, bayonet, and the heavy little brass-mounted, muzzle-loading musket, commonly displayed when not in use, with two hundred and ninety-nine similar weapons in the long gallery running above the class-rooms—when Hector with his fellow-pupils of the First Division had performed a series of military evolutions in the presence of Miss Harriet Smithwick, admitted with other persons standing in the parental and protective relation to the young neophytes of the School, to the dusty patch of tree-shaded grass at the lower end of the smaller exercise-ground, where Messieurs the hundred-and-fifty pupils of the two companies of the Junior Corps—the great boys of the Senior possessing a parade-ground to themselves—commonly mustered for drill.

On other days, visitors and friends were received in a small entrance-yard, dank and moist in wet weather, heaving and gritty in hot; inhospitable and uninviting at all times in which enclosure M. and Madame Cornu were permitted by the authorities to purvey fruit and sweets, and a greasy kind of *palette*, with ices of dubious complexion in June and July; and scrup of *groseille* and *grenadine*, served hot—and rendered, if possible, even stickier and more rapidly cloying beverages by being thus served—in the bitter winter months. . . .

The good Smithwick would have en-

joyed herself better if permitted to ascend to the department on the floor above the Infirmary, where Madame Gaubert presided, in an atmosphere strongly flavored with soft-soap, over long rows of shelves divided into regulation pigeon-holes, containing within an officially-appointed space of one foot ten inches square the linen of young Hector and his companions. It would have satisfied a burning curiosity from which the poor little lady had long suffered, had she been permitted to observe for herself the process of lavation that deprived her ex-pupil's shirts of every blemish, while leaving the dirt untouched; and to gauge with her own eyes the holes of the rats and mice that ate such prodigious mouthfuls, not only in the garments named, but in the sheets and bolster-covers, towels and napkins, which, by the amiable dispensation of a paternal Government, the boy was permitted to bring from home.

Instead, the poor flattered spinster occupied a small share of one of the green benches set beneath the shade of the semi-circle of lime-trees at the lower end of the exercise-ground; her neighbours on the right and left being the venerable Duchesse de Moulins of the Faubourg St-Honore, and Mademoiselle Pasbas of the Grand Opera Ballet. Pedelaborde, inventor of an Elixir for the preservation of the teeth to extreme old age, who in fact enjoyed a Government contract for attending to the dental requirements of the young gentlemen of the School, weighed down the bench at its further end; and M. Bougon, principal physician of the body to His Majesty King Louis-Philippe, balanced his meagre and wizened anatomy upon the other extremity. Nor was there the lack of sympathy between the occupants of the bench that might have been expected. The Duchesse had a grandson—Bougon a son—Pedelaborde a nephew—the opera-dancer a young *protégé* (in whom, for the sake of an early friend, an officer of Cuirassiers, Mademoiselle took a tender interest)—little Miss Smithwick the adored offspring of a revered employer, to ob-

serve blandly, and discreetly manifest interest in, and secretly throb and glow and tremble for; so simple and common and ordinary is Nature beneath all the mazes of pretences we pile upon her, so homespun are the cords of love, and sympathy, and interest, that move the human heart.

When the General-Commandant—for this was an ordinary informal inspection of young gentlemen in the School undress of belted blouse and breech-lodged, numbered *kept*, not the terrific bi-monthly review *en grande tenue* of the entire strength of the establishment, when General, Colonel, Captains, Adjutants, the four Sergeants-Major, the six drummers, and all the pupils of the Junior and Senior Corps, wearing the little cocked hat with the white plume and gold lace trimming; the black leather stock, the blue frocked coat faced with red, trimmed and adorned with gilt buttons and gold braid, must pass under the awful eye of a Field-Marshal, assisted by a Colonel of the Staff, a Major of Artillery, and a fearful array of Civil Professors—when the General, addressing Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules de Moulays, briefly remarked:

"Pupils No. 127, you have the neck of a pig and the finger-nails of a gorilla! Another offence against that cleanliness which should adorn the person of a Soldier of France, and the gawd of Corporal, which you disgrace, will be transferred to the sleeve of one more worthy to wear it."

You beheld the immense bonnet of the venerable aristocrat, its great circular sweep of frangite filled with quillings of costly lace and chastely tinted cambric blossoms, its crown adorned with nodding plumes, awful as those upon the helmet of the Statue of the Commandante, condescendingly bending towards the flamboyant headgear of the Pasbas—as the Duchesse begged to be informed, her lamentable infirmity of deafness depriving her of the happiness of hearing the commendations bestowed by his Chief upon her young re-

lative—what Monsieur the General had actually said?

"I myself, Madame, failed to catch the expressions of approval actually employed. But," explained Mademoiselle Pasbas, as she lowered her *lorgnette* and turned a candid look of angelic sweetness upon the dignified old lady, "Madame may rely upon it that they were thoroughly merited by the young gentleman upon whom they were bestowed."

"I thank you, Mademoiselle." The bonnet of the Duchesse bent in gracious acknowledgment. "It is incumbent upon the members of my family to set an example. Nor do we fail of our duty, as a rule."

Perhaps the roguish dimples of Mademoiselle Pasbas were a trifle more in evidence; possibly the humorous creases of enjoyment deepened in the stout Pedelaborde's triple chin; it may be that the sardonic twinkle behind the narrow gold-rimmed spectacles of M. Bougon took on extra significance; but all three were so demure as posy-ate, not even exchanging a glance behind the overwhelming patrician headgear with the stupendous fenneths—to see one another over it would have been impossible without standing on the bench. This is the simple truth, without a particle of exaggeration. My Aunt Julietta at this date purchased from a fashionable milliner in the West End of London— But my Aunt Julietta has no business on the Calais side of the English Channel!—let her and her bonnets wait!

The General's salute closed the review. The pupils presented arms, a superb effect of a hundred and fifty muskets, not infrequently thrilling parents to the bestowal of five-franc pieces; the six drummers beat the disperse as one overgrown hobbledohoy; the orderly ranks broke up. Discipline gave place to disorder. Boys ran, chasing one another and yelling, boys skylarked, punching and wrestling, boys argued in exclamatory groups, or whispered in knots of two or three together. . . . The spectators on the pointed benches

behind the railing had risen. Now they filed out by a door in the high-spired wall behind the dusty lime-trees, in whose yellow-gown blossoms the brown bees had been humming and droning all through the hot, bright day of June. The bees were also dusty, and the spectators were liberally powdered with dust, for the clumping, wooden-heeled, iron toe-capped School regulation shoes of the young gentlemen had raised clouds which would have done credit to the evolutions of a battery of horse. And the yearning desires of Hector Dunoeise were turning in the direction of a cooling draught of Madame Cornu's *grenadine*, or of the thin, vinegary red ration-wine; when to him says Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules de Moulays:

"Tell me, Redskin, didst thou twig my respected grand-mamma perched in the front row between a variegated she-cockatoo and a moulting old female fowl, who held her head on one side, and cried into a clean starched pocket-handkerchief?"

"She did not cry!" warmly contradicted the young gentleman thus assailed. "It is her cold-in-the-head that never gets well until she goes back to England for her holiday once a year; and then she has *rhizine* instead. All the Smithwick family are like that, Miss Smithwick says; it is an inherited delicacy of the constitution."

"Smizique . . . Mees Smizeevsk. . . . There's a name to go to bed with, . . ." pursued de Moulays, his thick lips, that were nearly always chapped, curling back and upwards in his good-natured schoolboy's grin. "And how old is she?—your *Sam*—I cannot say it again! . . . And why does she wear a bonnet that was raked off the top of an ash-barrel, and a shawl that came off a hook at the morgue?"

Young Hector had been conscious of the antiquated silk bonnet, in hue the faded meron of pickling-cabbage, sadly bent as to its supporting framework of stiffened gauze and whalebone, by the repeated tumbles of the bonnet-box containing it off the high top-corner of

the walnut wardrobe in Miss Smithwick's sleeping-apartment at home in the Rue de la Chaussee-d'Antin. It had been eating into him like a blister all through the General's inspection, that venerable wintry bearded, with its limp veil like a sooty cellar-cobweb, depending from its lopsided rim. To say nothing of the shawl, a venerable yellow cashmere atrocity, with long straggling white fringes, missing here and there where the tooth of Time had nibbled them away. But though these articles of apparel made good Smithwick's ex-pupil feel sick and hot with shame, they were not to be held up to ridicule. That was perfectly clear. . . .

Hector could not have told you why the thing was so clear; even as he thrust a challenging elbow into the big de Moulins's fleshy ribs, turning pale under the red Egyptian granite tint of skin that had earned him his nickname from these boys, his comrades—who like other boys all the world over, had recently fallen under *Femimore Cooper's* spell—and said, with a dangerous glitter in his black-diamond eyes:

"I do not know how old she is—it is not possible for a gentleman to ask a lady her age. But she is a lady!" he added, neatly intercepting the contradiction before it could be uttered. "*Une femme de bon ton, une femme comme il faut.* Also she dresses as a lady should . . . appropriately, gracefully, elegantly. . . ." He added grandiloquently, tapping the horse bill of his little School hanger: "I will teach you with this, M. de Moulins, to admire that bonnet and that shawl!"

"*Nom d'un petit bonhomme!*" spluttered the astonished de Moulins. But there was no relenting in Hector's hard young face, though he was secretly sick at the pit of his stomach and cold at heart.

"I will fight you!" he repeated.

De Moulins, always slow to wrath, began to lose his temper. The outspoken compliments of Monsieur the General had stung, and here was a more insufferable smart. Also, it was a bosom friend who challenged. One

may be angry with an enemy; it is the friend become foe who drives us to frenzied rage.

He said, pouting his fleshy lips, sticking out his mediate chin, staring at the changed unfriendly face, with eyes grown hard as blue stones:

"I do not know that I can oblige you by giving you the opportunity of learning how quickly boasters are cured of brag. For one thing, I have my stripes," he added, holding up his head and looking arrogantly down his nose.

"Since yesterday," agreed Hector, pointedly. "And after to-day you will not have it. The squad-paper will hang beside another fellow's bed—M. the Commandant will have reduced you to the rank of uncleanness on parade. So we will fight to-morrow."

"Possibly!" acquiesced de Moulins, his heavy cheeks quivering with anger, his thick hands opening and shutting over the tucked-in thumbs. "Possibly!" he repeated. His sluggish temperament once fairly set alight, burned with the fierce roaring flame and the incandescent heat of a fire of coconuts-shell. And it was in his power to be so well revenged! He went on, speaking through his nose:

"As it is only since yesterday that you became legitimately entitled to carry the name you bear, you may be admitted to know something of what happened yesterday." He added: "But of what will happen to-morrow, do not make too sure, for I may decline to do you the honor of correcting you. It is possible, that!" he added, as Hector stared at him aghast. "A gentleman may be a bastard—I have no objection to a bar-sinister. . . . But you are not only your father's son—you are also your mother's! We de Moulins are ultra-Catholic!" This was excellent from Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules, whose chaplet of beads lay rolling in the dust at the bottom of the kit-locker at his bed-foot, and who was scourged to Communion by the family Chaplain at Christmas and Easter, and at the Fete Dieu. "Ultra-Catholic. And your mother a carmelite nun!"

"My mother assumed the Veil of Profession when I was eight years old. With my father's consent and the approval of her Director," said Hector, narrowing his eyelids and speaking between his small white teeth. "Therefore I may be pardoned for saying that the permission of the family of de Moulins was not indispensable, nor required."

Retorted de Moulins — and it was strange how the rough, uncultured intonations, the slithered grammar, the slang of the exercise-yard and the schoolroom, had been instinctively replaced in the mouths of these boys by the phraseology of the outer world of men:

"You are accurate, M. Hector Dandaise, in saying that your mother was received into the Carmel when you were eight years old. What you do not admit, or do not know, is that she was a professed Carmelite when you were born." He added, with a pout of disgust: "It is an infamy, a thing like that!"

"The infamy is yours who slander her!" cried out Hector in the quavering staccato squeak of fury. "You lie! — do you hear? — You lie!" And struck de Moulins in the face.

VII.

Followed upon the blow a spluttering oof from de Moulins, succeeded by a buzzing as of swarming hornets, as the various groups scattered over the exercise-ground broke up and consolidated into a crowd. Hector and de Moulins, as the nucleus of the said crowd, were despatched by interrogations, suffocated by the smell of red and blue dye, perspiration and pomatum, choked by the dense dust kicked up by thick, wooden-beeled, iron toe-capped shoes (each pupil blacked his own, not neglecting the soles—at cockerow every morning!)—jostled, squeezed, hustled and mobbed by immature personalities destined to be potential by-and-by in the remoulding of a New France—the said personalities being contained in baggy red breeches and coarse blue, black-beltd blouses. All the eyes belonging to all the faces under the high-crowned,

shiny-peaked caps of undress wear, faces thin, faces fleshy, faces pimply, faces high-colored or pale—were round and staring with curiosity. The Red-skin had challenged de Moulins! But de Moulins was his superior officer! The quarrel was about a woman. Sacred name of a pipe! Where was the affair to come off? In the Salle de Danse?—empty save at the State-appointed periods of agility occurring on two days in the week. In the yard behind the Department of Chemistry? That was a good place!

Meanwhile a dialogue took place between the challenged and the challenger, unheard in the general hubbub. Said de Moulins, blotchy pale excepting for the crimson patch upon one well-padded cheekbone, for his meanness was dying out in him, and he was beginning to realize the thing that he had done:

"What I have said is true: upon my honour! I heard it from my father. Or, to be more correct, I heard my father tell the story to M. de Beyras, the Minister of Finance, and General d'Arville at the dinner-table only last night." He added: "My grandmother and the other ladies bed withdrawn. I bed dined with them—it being Wednesday. Perhaps they forgot me, or thought I was too deep in the desert to care what they said. But if my mouth was stuffed with strawberries and cream, and penches and bon-bons, my ears were empty, and I heard all I wanted to hear."

The crowd was listening now with all its ears. That image of de Moulins gormandizing tickled its sense of fun. There was a general giggle, and the corners of the mouths went up as though pulled by one string. De Moulins, sickening more and more at his task of explanation, went on, fumbling at his belt:

"As to remembering, that is very easy. Read me a page of a book, or a column of a newspaper twice—I will recite it you without an error, as you are very well aware. I will repeat you this that I heard in private, if you prefer it!"

Hector, between his small square

teeth, said — the appetite of what he longed to say. . . . "There can be no privacy in a place like this. I prefer that you should speak out, openly, before all here!"

There was a silence about the boys, broken only by a horse-lurch or two, a whinnying giggle. The paled-up faces all about, save one or two, were grave and attentive, the hands, clean or dirty, generally dirty, by which the listeners upon the outer circle of the interested crowd supported themselves upon the shoulders of those who stood in front of them, unconsciously tightened their grip as de Moulay went on, slowly and laboriously, as though repeating an imposition, while the red mark upon his cheek deepened to blackish blue:

"How Marshal Dunoise originally prevailed upon Sister Térèse de Saint François, of the Carmelite Convent of Widnits in Southern Bavaria, to break her vows for him, I have no idea. I am only repeating what I have heard, and I did not hear that. He went through a kind of ceremony with her before a Protestant pastor in Switzerland; and three years subsequently to the birth of their son, induced a French Catholic Priest, ignorant, of course, that the lady was a Religieuse—to administer the Sacrament of Marriage." De Moulay stopped to lick his dry lips, and pursued: "By that ceremony you made legitimate, *per matrimonium matrimonium*, according to Canon Law." He syllabled the Latin as conscientiously as a sceristan's parrot might have done. "There is no doubt of the truth of all this; my father said it to M. de Beyres and the General, and what my father says is so—he never speaks without being sure!"

Hector knew a pang of envy of this boy who owned a father capable of inspiring a confidence so immense. But he never took his eyes from those slowly moving lips of de Moulay's, as the words came dropping out.

"Having made Madame his wife, and legitimised her son by the marriage, Monsieur the Marshal instituted legal proceedings to recover the dowry paid by Madame's father, the Hereditary Prince of Widnits, to the Mother Pri-

orcess of the Carmelite Convent when his daughter took the Veil. Monsieur the Marshal did not think it necessary to tell Madame what he was doing. . . . Her determination some years later, to resume the habit of the Carmelite Order—provided the Church she had outraged would receive her—was violently opposed by him. But eventually"—de Moulay's eyes flickered between their thick eyelids, and he licked his lips again as though Hector's hot stare scorched them—"eventually he notified it to be clearly understood, he stated in terms, the plainness of which there was no mistaking, that, if the Church would repay the dowry of the Princess Marie Bathilde von Widnits to the husband of Madame Dunoise, Sœur Térèse de Saint François might return to the Carmel whenever she felt disposed."

Hector was sick at the pit of his stomach with loathing of the picture of a father evoked. He blinked his stiff eyelids, clenched and unclenched his hot hands, opened and shut his mouth without bringing any words out of it. The Catholics among the listeners understood why very well. The Free-thinkers yawned or smiled, the Atheists sneered or tittered, the Protestants wondered what all the rumpus was about? And de Moulay went on:

"Here M. de Beyres broke in. He said: 'The Swiss innkeeper spoke there.' I do not know what he meant by that. The General answered, smiling the bonquet of the Bureaucrat in his eyes: 'Rather than the Bridesmaid of the Great Army!' Of course, I understood that allusion perfectly well!"

The prolonged effort of memory had taxed de Moulay. He puffed. Hector made yet another effort, and got out in a strident cluck:

"The—dowry. He did not succeed in —"

De Moulay wrinkled his nose as though a nasty smell had offended the organ.

"Unfortunately he did, although the money had been expended by the Princess in clearing off a building-debt and endowing a House of Mercy for

the incurable sick poor. I do not know how the Princess managed to repay it. Probably some wealthy Catholic nobleman came to her aid. But what I do know is that the reply of the Reverend Mother to Monsieur the Marshal, conveyed to him through Madame Dunoise's Director, ran like this: '*We concede to you this money, the price of a soul. Sister Térèse de Saint François will return to the Convent forthwith.*'"

Hector groaned:

"It was a great sum, this dowry?"

"My father says," answered de Moulay, "the amount in silver thalers of Germany, comes to one million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand of our francs. That will be forty-five thousand of your English sovereigns." He added with a side-thrust at Hector's weakness of claiming, on the strength of a bare month's holiday spent in the foggy island, an authoritative acquaintance with its coinage, customs, scenery, people and vernacular. "The money," he went on, "was bequeathed to the Princess Marie Bathilde von Widnits by her mother, whose dowry it had been. My father did not say so; possibly that may not be true."

Hector's brows knitted. He mumbled, between burning anger and cold disgust:

"What can he have wanted with all that money? He had enough before!"

"Some men never have enough," said de Moulay, in his cold, heavy, contemptuous way. "What did he want it for? Perhaps to gamble away on the green cloth or on the Bourse! Perhaps to spend upon his mistresses! Perhaps to make provision for you. . . ."

"I will not have it!" snarled Hector.

"Nor would I in your place," said de Moulay with one of his slow nods. "I like money well enough, but money with that taint upon it! . . . Robbed from the dying poor, too—bah!" He spat upon the trodden dirt. "Now have you heard enough?" He added with an infection that plucked at Hector's heartstrings: "It did not give me pleasure listening to the story, I assure you."

Hector said:

"Thank you!"

The utterance was like a sob. De Moulay jumped at the sound, looked about him at the staring faces, back at the face of the boy who had been his friend, and to whom he had done an injury that could never be undone, and cried out wildly:

"Why did you challenge me just now for a *geffe*—a mere piece of stupid joking—about the bonnet of an old woman who snivels in a pocket-handkerchief? Do you not know that when once I get angry I am as mad as all Biotiere? I swear to you that when I listened to that story it was with the determination never to repeat it!—to hurry it!—to compel myself to forget it! Yet in a few hours. . . ." He choked and gagged, and the shamed blood that dyed his solid, ordinarily dough-colored countenance, obliterated that deepening bruise upon the cheekbone. "I apologise!" he at last managed to get out. "I have been guilty of an unpardonable meanness! I ask you, before all here, to forget it! I beg you to forgive me!"

Hector said, in pain for the pain that was written in de Moulay's face:

"De Moulay, I shall willingly accept your apology—after we have fought. You must understand that the lady of whose bonnet you spoke offensively is my old English governess, once my mother's *dame de compagnie*. . . . If she dried her eyes when she looked at me it must have been because she was thinking of my mother, whom she loved; and—I must have satisfaction for your contempt of those tears. . . . And—you have refused to fight me because of my birth, you have told me of my mother's sin, and of the sacrilege committed by my father. Do you not understand that this duel must take place? There can be no one who thinks otherwise here?"

Hector looked about him. There was a sudden buzz from the crowd that said "No one!"

De Moulay said, with his eyes upon the ground: "I understand that I have

been a brute and a savage. The meeting shall be where you please. I name my cousin Albert de Mouliny for my second, unless he is ashamed to appear for one who has disgraced his name!"

It was so terrible, the bumptious, arrogant de Mouliny's self-assertion, that Hector turned his eyes elsewhere, and even the most callous among the gazers winced at the sight. Albert de Mouliny, red and lowering, butted his way to the side of his principal, savagely kicking the shins of those boys who would not move. Hector, catching the alert eye of Pédalaborde, a fat, vivacious, brown-skinned, button-eyed youth who had the School Code of Honor at his stumpy finger-ends, and was known as the best fencer of the Junior Corps, gave him a beckoning nod.

"*Sapristi!*" panted the nephew of the man of teeth, as he emerged, smiling but rather squeezed, from the press of bodies, "so you are going to give the fat one *chubarb* for senna? Ten times I thought you on the point of falling into each other's arms! I held on to my ears from pure fright!—there has not been an affair of honor amongst the Juniors for three months; we were getting moidly! By-the-way, which of us is to prig the skewen from the Fencing Theatre? De Mouliny Younger or me? I suggest we toss up. As for de Mouliny Elder—he is a bad swordsman—you are better than decent! I say so! . . . It rests with you to cut his claws and his tail. He is stronger than you. . . . *Superdoppette!* he has the arms of a blacksmith, but there are certain rules to be employed in such a case—I said rules, not tricks!—to gain time and tire a long-winded opponent. For example—*sauvance-vous!*—you could stamp upon one of your opponent's feet during a *corps à corps*, thus creating a diversion—"

"I am no blackguard . . . whatever else I may be!" said his principal sulkily.

"Or if you felt in need of a rest," pursued the enthusiastic Pédalaborde, "you could catch your point against the edge of de Mouliny's guard, so as to

bend it. Then a halt is called for straightening the steel, and meanwhile—you get your second wind. It is very simple! Or—you could permit your sword to fall when his blade beats yours. . . . De Mouliny would never do a thing like that, you say? not so dishonorable! *Oh! que di!* And I said these devices might be practised in case of need—not that they were in good form. For example! You could, if he lunges—and de Mouliny's lunge is a nasty thing!—you could slip and over-balance. Fall to the ground, I mean, point up, so that he gets hit in that big belly of his. It's an Italian monte-bank-trick, I don't recommend it, French fencing keeps to the high lines. But—*tiens, mon œil!*—to skewer him like a cockshafter, that would be a lark!"

"Your idea of a lark makes me sick!" broke out Hector, so savagely that Pédalaborde's jaw dropped and his eyebrows shot towards his hair. Then:

"Messieurs The Pupils! *Reprenez To Your Seats!*" bellowed the most bull-voiced of the three Sergeants of the Line, appointed to assist the Captain-Commandant in the drilling and disciplining of the young gentlemen of the Junior Corps.

The deafening gallop of three hundred regulation shoes followed as Messieurs the Pupils surged across the parade-ground, mobbed a moment at the wide pillared entrance to the Hall of the Class-Rooms, then fanned, a roaring torrent of boyhood, up the iron-banded staircase into the gallery where the accoutrements were racked, the brass-mounted muskets piled with a clattering that woke the echoes in every stone-flagged passage and every high-ceilinged room of the big, raw, draughty building.

Hector had prophesied correctly. Before evening roll-call a further, deliberate, purposefully-flagrant breach of propriety on the part of de Mouliny had caused him to be relieved of the responsibilities, with the galon of Corporal. The duel was fought before *reveille* of the following day.

Perhaps half-a-dozen cadets were present beside the principals and their seconds. Delf Pédalaborde had purchased a pair of fells from one of the wall-cases of the School of Fence. The combat took place according to the most approved conditions of etiquette, at the rear of the Department of Chemistry, whose thick-walled, high-windowed rows of laboratories harbored no possible observers at that hour. Every body wore an expression of solemnity worthy of the occasion. . . . Pédalaborde was on his best behaviour. As he himself said afterwards, "As good as bread."

The buttons were ceremoniously broken off the foils. The opponents, stripped to their drawers, were placed: . . . Hector looked at the big fleshy white body of de Mouliny, the deep chest and barrelled ribs heaving gently with the even breathing, and a shudder went through him. He was remembering something that Pédalaborde had said. And his blade, when measured against that of his antagonist, shook so that Pédalaborde could barely restrain a whistle of dismay.

"My man has got the *venette!*" he thought, as de Mouliny Younger gave the word, and the dualists threw themselves on guard. Yet palpably the advantage was with his man. If not like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath, de Mouliny Elder was too much addicted to the consumption of pastry, sweets and fruit to be in hard condition. The contrast between his sallow impassive bulk, its blonde whiteness intensified by the vivid green of a vine whose foliage richly clothed the wall that was his background, and the lithe slenderness of Danioise, the slender boyish framework of bone covered with tough young muscle and lean flesh, the unblemished skin colored like the red Egyptian granite, was curious to see.

A cat glared and humped and spat upon the wall behind de Mouliny, brandishing a hugely magnified tail. Another cat growled and curred hideously, below upon the grass-fringed flagstones. The rankness of their hate tainted the cool clear air. De Mouliny,

who loathed vile smells, and was quakishly sensible of his empty stomach, sniffed and grimaced. . . . And a pale rose-and-golden sunrise illuminated the lower edges of long fleets of pearl-white, pearl-grey-mottled clouds, travelling north-westwards at the bidding of the morning breeze. The square tower of St. Etienne and the magnificent towering dome-crowned dome of the Pantheon beyond, shone out in vivid delicate aquamarine-tints of slate-blue and olive-green, of amber and warm brown. . . . The aquat laboratory annexe, bristling with furnace-shafts, that made one side of the oblong, walled enclosure where the boys had met to fight; the big barrack-like buildings of the School, were touched to a certain beauty by the exquisite pure light, the clear freshness of the new day. And as the sparrows of Paris began to chirp and flutter, her cocks to crow, her pigeons to preen and coo-coo, and her milk-carts to clatter over her historic paving-stones—not yet replaced by the invention of Macadam—the horrible thing befell.

You cannot fence even with the buttoned foil, either for play or practice, without being conscious that the primitive murderer has his part in you. These boys, coming to encounter half-heartedly, yanked are long to the fascination of the deadliest game of all. The strangeness of the unmasked face, and the bare body exposed to the point, were off. Hector and de Mouliny, at first secretly conscious of their immaturity, painfully anxious to comport themselves with dignity and coolness in the eyes of their fellows, mentally clinging with desperation to evasive Rules, forgot their inexperience, and rose above their youth, in the heat and strength and fury of that just to slay. . . . And by-and-by de Mouliny had a jagged bleeding scratch upon the forearm, and Hector a trickling scarlet prick above the collar-bone, and now they fought in earnest, as Man and other predatory animals will, each having tasted the other's blood.

De Mouliny's wide, heavy party, car-

ried out time after time with the same stiff, sweeping pump-handle movement of the arm, had warned off the other's sudden savage attack in quinte. He disengaged, dallied in a clumsy feint, made a blundering opening, delivered one of his famous long-armed lunges. Hector, in act to riposte, trod upon a slug in the act of promenading over the dew-wet flagstones, reducing the land-mollusc to the rudimentary shell to a mere streak of alminess, slipped on the streak, made an effort to recover his balance, and fell, in the seated position sacred to the Clown in the knock-about scenes of a Pantomime, but with the right wrist at the wrong angle for the dical house of de Mouluy.

Your schoolboy is invariably entertained by the mishap of the sister-down without premeditation. At Hector's farcical slide and hump the spectators roared; the seconds grinned despite their official gravity. De Mouluy laughed too, they said afterwards; even as the broken point of the foil pierced the abdominal bag above the tightly tied silk handkerchief that held up his thin, woollen drawers. A moment he hesitated, his heavy features flushed to crimson; then he said, with a queer kind of hiccup, staring down into Hector's horrified eyes:

"That spoils my breakfast!"

And with the scarlet flush dying out in livid, deadly paleness, de Mouluy collapsed and fell forwards on the blade of the sword.

VIII

The Penal Department of the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, so soon to become an institution where the youth of the nation were taught to fight for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity under the banner of the Second Republic of France—the Penal Department was a central passage in the basement of the *Instructeurs' Building*, with an iron-grated gate at either end, and a row of seven cool stone cells on either side, apartments favorable to salutary reflection, con-

taining within a space of ten square feet a stool, and a window hoarded to the upper panes.

In one of these *Pavil 130*, guilty of an offence of homicidal violence against the person of a schoolfellow, was subjected to cold storage, pending the Military Court Martial of Inquiry which would follow the sentence pronounced by the Civil Director-in-Chief of Studies. Pending both, the offender, deprived of his brass-handled hanger and the esteem of his instructors, nourished upon bread and water—Seine water in those unenlightened days, and Seine water but grudgingly dashed with the thin red vinegary nation-wine—had nothing to do but *de astraddle* on the three-legged stool, gripping the wooden edge between his thighs, and remember—and remember. . . .

And see, painted on the semi-obscure of the dimly lighted cell, de Mouluy's plume of drab-colored fair hair crowning the high, knobbed, reflective forehead; the stony-blue eyes looking watchfully, intently, from their narrow eye-orbits; the heavy blockish nose; the pouting underlip; the long, obstinate, projecting chin; the ugly, powerful, attractive young face moving watchfully from side to side on the column of the muscular neck, in the hollow at the base of which the first tight curly hairs began to grow and mass together, spreading downwards over the broad chest and fleshy pectorals in a luxuriance envied by other boys, for to them *hirsutiness* meant strength, and to be strong, for a man, meant everything. . . .

He would hear de Mouluy grunt as he lunged. He would straighten his own arm for the riposte—tread on that thrice-cursed slug; feel the thing squelch under his foot and slip; land in the ridiculous sitting posture, hump! upon those inhospitable paving-stones, shaken, inclined to laugh, but horribly conscious that the point of the foil he still mechanically gripped had entered human flesh. . . .

That bulge of the big sallow body over the edge of the tightly tied white

silk handkerchief! Just there the stool had entered. . . . There was a little trickle of the dark red blood. . . .

"That spoils my breakfast," he would hear de Mouluy say. . . . He would see him leaning forward with the forlorn schoolboy grin fixed upon his scarlet face. . . . And then—there would be the facial change, from painful red to ghastly bluish-yellow, and the limp heavy body would descend upon him, a crushing, overwhelming weight. The foil had broken under it. . . . Oh, God! And de Mouluy would die. . . . And he, Hector Dumoise, his friend, who loved him, as Jonathan, David, would be his murderer. . . .

He leaped up in frenzy, oversetting the stool. . . . Came *pogé* Pédalborde in the twenty-ninth hour of a confinement that seemed to the prisoner to have endured for weeks, in the character of one whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains. Undeterred by the fact that he possessed not the vestige of a voice, the dentist's nephew had recourse to the method of communicating intelligence to one in duress, via, traditionally hit upon by the *Sieur Blondel*. A free translation of the lay is appended:

"You have not cooked his goose!
(Although at the first oo-off it appeared uncommonly like it!)
They've plugged him up with tow—(I mean the *organo*)
If he does not inflame—(and the *beggar* is as cool as a cucumber and as strong as a dryhouse!)
He may possibly get over it.
So keep up your perk!" said Pédalborde.

Upon the captive *Cour-de-Lion* the song of the *Troubadour* could hardly have had a more tonic effect. Hector sang out joyfully in answer:

"A thousand thanks, old boy!" and a swave access of nuptial following on the revulsion from black despair to immense relief, he promptly plumped down on his stiff knees, and began to rummage in the semi-obscure for one

of the stale bread-rations previously pitched away in disgust. And had found the farinaceous brickbat, and got his sharp young teeth in it, even as Pédalborde was collared by the curly-whiskered, red-faced, purple-nosed ex-Sergeant of the Municipal Guard in charge of the Penal Department, and handed over to the School Police, as one arrested in the act of clandestinely communicating with a prisoner in the cells.

The civil ordeal beneath the shining spectacles of the Director-in-Chief, assisted by the six Professors, the School Administrator, and the Treasurer, proved less awful than the culprit had reason to expect.

An imposition; Plutarch's "Life of Marcus Cicerus" to be written out fairly without blots or erasures, three times, was inflicted. The address of the Director-in-Chief moved five out of the six Professors to tears, so stately was it, so paternal, so moving in its expressions. The sixth Professor would have wept also, had he not, with his chin wedged in his stock and his hands folded upon his ample waistcoat, been soundly, peacefully, sleeping in his chair.

Monsieur le Duc had graciously entreated, said the Director-in-Chief, clemency for one whose young, repentant hand had well-nigh deprived him of his second son, and plumped himself and his exalted family in anxiety of the most cruel. The future of the young sufferer, who, the Director-in-Chief was grateful to say, was pronounced by the surgeons to be progressing favorably—"Then he has not inflamed!" . . . thought Hector, with a rush of infinite relief.)—the future of M. Alain de Mouluy must inevitably be changed by this deplorable occurrence—a profession less arduous than the military must now inevitably be his. Let him who had left the crown of laurels from the temples of his comrades reflect upon the grave consequences of his act. The Director-in-Chief ended, rapping the table as a signal to the Professor who had not wept,

to wake up, "Pupil No. 130, you may now return to your studies, but, pending the decision of the Military Tribunal, you are still Provisionally Under Arrest."

The verdict of the Military Tribunal was in favor of the prisoner. It was decided that Pupil No. 130, roused to choler by an expression injurious to his family honor, had challenged Pupil No. 127 with justification. Having already undergone three days' imprisonment, no further punishment than a reprimand for leaving the dormitory before heat of drum would be administered by the Court, which rose as M. the General gave the signal. And Hector was free.

But for many days after the completion of those three unblotted copies of "Marcus Crassus" he did not see de Moulney. . . . He hung about the infirmary, waiting for scraps of intelligence as a hungry cat was wont to hang about the kitchen quarters, wistful-eyed, hollow-flanked, waiting for eleemosynary scraps. One of the two Sisters of Charity in charge took pity on him, perhaps both of them did. . . . A day came when he was admitted into the long bare sunshiny ward. . . .

At the end nearest the high west window that commanded a view of the flowery garden-beds and neat green grass-plats surrounding the house of Monsieur the Director-in-Chief, upon a low iron bedstead from which the curtains had been stripped away, lay stretched a long body, to which an unpleasant effect of bloated corpulence was imparted by the wicker cage that held the bedclothes up. . . . The long face that topped the body was very white, a lock of ashen blonde hair drooped over the knobby forehead; the pointing underlip hung lax; the blue eyes, less stony than of old, looked out of hollowed orbits; a sparse and scattered growth of fluffy reddish hairs had started on the hawk jaws and long, powerful chin. Hector, conscious of his own egg-smooth cheeks, knew a momentary pang of envy of that incipient beard. . . . And then as de Moulney

grinned in the old cheerful boyish way, bolding out a long attenuated arm and bony hand in welcome, something strangling seemed to grip him by the throat.

Only de Moulney saw his tears. The Sister, considerably busy at the other end of a long avenue of tenanted beds with checked side-curtains, assiduously folded handkerchiefs at a little table, as the sobbing cry broke forth:

"Oh, Alain, I always loved you!—I would rather you had killed me than have lived to see you lie here! Oh! Alain!—Alain!"

"It does not matter," said de Moulney, but his long upper lip quivered and the water stood in his own eyes. "They will make a priest of me now, that is all. She!"—he jerked his chin in the direction of the busy Sister—"would say the full-throat was a special grace. Tell me how Paris is looking? I have not seen the slut for—how long?" He began a laugh, and broke off in the middle, and gave a grimace of pain. *Dovelet*—but that hurt!" he said before he could stop, and saw his smart reflected in the other's shamed, wet face, and winced at it.

"Pupil 127 must not excite himself or elevate his voice above a whisper in speaking. The orders of the Surgeon attending are stringent. It is my duty to see that they are obeyed."

Sister Edmond-Antoine had spoken. Hector rose up and saluted as the nun came gliding down the avenue of beds towards them, her heads clattering and swinging by her side, her black robes sweeping the well-scrubbed boards, her finger raised in admonition, solicitude on the mild face within the coif of starched white linen. . . .

"They shall be obeyed, my Sister," said de Moulney in an elaborate whisper. The Sister smiled and nodded, and went back to her work. Hector, on a rush-bottomed chair by the low bed, holding the hot, thin, bony hand, began to say:

"I went out yesterday—being Wednesday. Paris is looking as the always looks—always will look, until England

and Russia and Germany join forces to invade France, and batter down her forts and spike her batteries, and pound her churches and towers and palaces to powder with newly-invented projectiles, bigger than any shell the world has ever yet seen, filled with some fulminate of a thousand times the explosive power of gunpowder. . . ."

"Go it!" whispered de Moulney. Then a spark of fanatical enthusiasm kindled in his pale blue eyes. "An explosive of a thousand times the power of gunpowder, you say!" he repeated. "Remember that inspection, and the grimy neck and black hands that cost me my Corporal's galon! I had been working in the Department of Chemistry that morning. . . . I had got all that black on me through a blow-up in the laboratory. *Nom d'un pelft bou-ahome!* I thought I had discovered it—then!—that explosive that is to send gunpowder to the wall. Listen—"

"Do not excite yourself!" begged Hector, "or the Sister will turn me out."

De Moulney went on: "I shall pursue the thing no further, for how shall one who is to be a Catholic priest spend his time inventing explosives to destroy men? But—one day you may take up the thread of discovery where I left off."

"Or where the discovery went off!" suggested Hector.

De Moulney grinned, though his eyes were serious.

"Just so. But listen. I had been reading of the experiments made in 1832 by Braconnot of Nancy, who converted woody fibre into a highly-combustible body by treating it with nitric acid. And I dipped a piece of carded cotton-wool in nitric, and washed it. Then I dipped it in concentrated sulphuric. The sulphuric not only dehydrated the nitric—*nitricus*—but took up the water. Then it occurred to me to test the expansive power of the substance in combustion by packing it into a paper cone and lighting it. Well, I was packing the stuff with the end of

an aluminum spatula, into the little paper cone, when—but you must have heard!"

"Pe't! Br'roum! Boom!" Hector nodded. "I heard, most certainly! But let me now tell you of Wednesday." He leaped forward, gripping the seat of the rush-bottomed chair between his knees with his strong supple red hands as he had gripped the edge of the prison stool, and his bright black eyes were eager on de Moulney's.

"First I went and looked up at the outside of the great Carmelite Convent in the Rue Vaugrard—the place where I was taken when I was eight years old, to say good-bye to my mother before she went away. . . . Where she was going they would not tell me—nor, though I have always received a letter from her regularly twice a year, has there ever been any address or postmark upon it by which I might be guided to find out her whereabouts. But of course she is at Widmütz, in the Priory Convent there. And it seems to me that she did right in returning. In her place I should have done the same. *He* says I say so because I have Carmel in my blood!"

A faint pink flush forced its way to the surface of de Moulney's thick alway skin. He whispered, averting his eyes:

"You have spoken to him about . . ."

"When he heard of our—difference of opinion, he naturally inquired its cause."

Hector's small square white teeth showed in a silent mocking laugh that was not good to see. "He thought I fought in defence of my father's honor. He said so. He may say so again—but he will not think it now!"

The boyish face changed and hardened at the recollection of that interview. Terrible words must have been exchanged between the father and the son. De Moulney, eldest of a family whose strong hereditary principle, next to piety towards the Church, was respect towards parents, shuddered under his wicker basket and patchwork coverlet. There was a cautious tap at the black swing-

doors leading out upon the tile-paved passage. They parted, Madame Gaudier appeared looking for the Sister, caught her mild eye as she glanced round from her work, beckoned with an urgent finger and the whole of her vivacious face. . . . The Sister rose, the face vanished. As the doors closed behind the nun's noiseless black draperies, Hector took up his tale:

"I said to him that the terms upon which he had permitted my mother to return to the bosom of the Church were infamous. He laughed at first at what he called my pompous manner and fine choice of words. He was very witty about the recovery of the dowry—called it 'squeezing the Pope's nose,' 'milking the black cow,' and other things. All the while he pretended to laugh, but he gnashed his teeth through the laughter in that ugly way he has."

"I know!" de Moulney nodded. "Then he reproached me for unfilial ingratitude. He said it was to endow his only son with riches that he demanded return of the dowry—the surrender of the three-hundred-thousand silver thalers. 'You are a child now,' he told me, 'but when you are a man, when you need money for play, dress, amusements, pleasure, women, you will come to me hat in hand.' He said: 'Never in my life! . . . ' He told me: 'Wait until you are a man!'"

Hector pondered and rubbed his ear. De Moulney chuckled faintly. "He threatened you well when he told you to wait, I see!"

Hector nodded, grimacing.

"To pull the hair, or tweak the ear, that was his Emperor's habit, when he was in a good temper. . . . My father copies the habit, just as he carries Spanish snuff loose in the pockets of his buff nankeen vests and wears his right hand in the breeches—so!" He imitated the historic pose and went on: "He kept it there as he pinched and wrung with the left finger and thumb"—the speaker gingerly touched the martyred ear—"laughing all the time. I thought my ear would have come off, but I set my teeth and held my tongue."

. . . Then he let go and chucked me under the chin—another trick of the Emperor's. 'A sprig of the blood-royal for Leopold's blood-pudding! That is not a bad return! We shall have a fine Serene Highness presently for those good people of Widinitz.' And he went away laughing and scattering snuff all over his vest and knee-breeches; he calls pantaloons 'the pitiable refuge of legs without calves.' Now, what did he mean by a Serene Highness for those good people of Widinitz?"

"I am—not quite sure." De Moulney, puffed up by his jutting underlip, and looked wise. "What I think he meant I shall not tell you now—! What I want you to do now is to swear to me, solemnly, that you will never touch a franc of that money."

"I have promised."

"A promise is good, but an oath is better."

Hector began to laugh in a sheepish way, but de Moulney's knobby forehead was portentous. That mass of gold, reclaimed from the coffers of the Convent of Widinitz seemed to him the unspeakable thing; the taking it unpardonable—an act of simony his orthodox Catholic gorge rose at. So, as Hector looked at him, hesitating, he gnawed and glowered and breathed until he lost patience and hit the basket that held up the bedclothes with his fist, and whispered furiously:

"Swear, if you value my friendship! And I—I will swear, as you once asked me—remember, Redskin!—as you once asked me!—to be your friend through life—to the edge of Death—beyond Death if that be permitted!"

Ah me! It is never the lover who loves the more, never the friend whose friendship is the most ardent, who seeks the testing-proof of love or friendship, who demands the crowning sacrifice in return for the promise of a love that is never to grow cool, a loyalty that shall never fail or falter. . . .

Perhaps if the boy who was now to repeat the vow that the other boy distastefully had known at this juncture all

that its keeping was to involve, he would have taken it all the same. Here before him lay his chosen friend, brought to verge of that grave of which he spoke, laid low in the flower of his youth, in the pride of his strength, by the hand of him who loved him; the bright wings of his ambition clipped, the prosaic, sedentary life of a theological student unrolled before him instead of the alluring, vari-colored career of soldierly adventure, his well-loved researches in War-chemistry *tabu* for ever by that pale, prophylactic reflection of the priestly tonsure. . . . Do you remember that his will was as wax in the moulding hands?

De Moulney's Rosary, disinterred at the commencement of his wound-sickness from among the cake-crumbs and bits of flue at the bottom of his dormitory kit-locker by Sister Edmond-Antoine when searching for nightcaps, hang upon one of the iron knots at the head of his bed. . . . He reached up a long gaunt arm to get it; gave the blue string of lapis-lazuli beads, with the silver *Patencrochers* and silver-encrusted and figured Crucifix, into Hector's hands. . . . bade him, in a tone that already had something of the ecclesiastical authority, kiss the sacred Symbol and repeat the vow.

"I, Hector-Marie-Aymont-von Widinitz Dunoise, solemnly swear and depose"—where did de Moulney get all the big words he knew?—"I swear and depose that I will never profit by one penny of the dowry of three-hundred-thousand silver thalers paid to the Prioresse of the Convent of Widinitz, as the dowry of my mother, the Princess Marie-Bathilde von Widinitz, otherwise Dunoise, in religion Sister Térèse de Saint François. So help me, Almighty God, and our Blessed Lady! Amen!"

He kissed the Crucifix de Moulney put to his lips, and de Moulney took the oath in his return:

"And I, Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules de Moulney, solemnly swear to be a faithful true, and sincere friend to Hector-Marie-Aymont-von Widinitz Dunoise, through Life to the edge of Death, and

beyond Death—if that be permitted? In Nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

IX.

THE Crucifix was duly saluted, the Rosary hung back upon the bed-knob. "Embrace me now, my friend," said de Moulney, his blue eyes shining under a smooth forehead. Hector held out his hand.

"We will shake hands as English boys do. They ridicule our French way of kissing, Miss Smithwick says."

"And we die of laughter," said de Moulney, "when we see them hand a lady a cushion or a chair, or try to make a bow. If I had not this basket on my stomach I would get up and show you how my cousin Robert Bertham comforts himself in a drawing-room. He is certainly handsome, but stiff! His backbone must be a billiard-cue, *mon Dieu petit bonhomme!* Yet he can run and jump and row, for if he has not grace of an athlete he has the muscles of one. He was stroke of the Eton Eight last year; they rowed against the School of Westminster in a race from Windsor Bridge to Surly and back, and head. They have beaten them again this year. Bertham tells me in his last letter. He writes French with a spade, as M. Magne would say."

The nerves of both boys were tingling still with the recollection of the double compact they had sealed with an oath. Now they could look at one another without consciousness, and were glad to talk of Bertham, his English awkwardness and his British French. For mere humanity cannot for long together endure to repress the thin crystal air of the Higher Emotions. It must come down, and breathe the common air of ordinary life, and talk of everyday things, or perish. So Hector listened while de Moulney held forth.

"Bertham will be Bertham of Weyre when he succeeds to the peerage of his father. It is of ancient creation and highly respectable. He is my cousin by virtue of an alliance between our houses

some eighteen years back, when my grandmother's youngest daughter—my Aunt Gabrielle—married Lord Bertham, then Ambassador for England here. You know the English Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré? My grandmother did not approve of the union at first, the Berthams are Protestants of the English Establishment. But an agreement was arrived at with regard to my aunt's faith and the faith of her daughters. The sons, Robert and the younger boy . . . but that's my grandmother's cross, she says, that she has heretics for grandsons. . . .

My Aunt Gabrielle is a charming person—I am very fond of her. She boasts of being English to the backbone . . . pleases her husband by wearing no costumes that are not from the *atelier* of a London couturière—that must be her cross, though she does not say so! De Moulney grinned at his own joke.

"How you talk!" said Hector, flushed with admiration of his idol's powers of conversation.

"I like words," said the idol, lightly taking the incense as his due. "Terms, expressions, phrases, combinations of these, please me like combinations in Chemistry. I do not enjoy composition with the pen; the tongue is my preference. Perhaps I was meant for a diplomatic career." His face fell as his eyes rested upon the basket that bumped the bedclothes. It cleared as he added, with an afterthought:

"Diplomacy is for priests as well as statesmen. Men of acumen and eloquence are wanted in the Church." De Moulney folded his lean arms behind his head, and perused the whitewashed ceiling.

"Tell me more about your cousin Bertham," Hector begged, to lure de Moulney from the subject that had prices for both.

"You are more interested in him than I am," said de Moulney. "He writes to me, but I have not seen him since I spent an autumn month at their *chateau* of Wraye in Peakshire two years ago. Their feudal customs were interesting, but their society. . . .

Just Heaven, how dull! Even my Aunt Gabrielle could not enliven us. And he—my cousin Robert—who cannot fence, was scandalised because I do not box. Because I said: 'If you fight with your fists, why not with the teeth and the feet?' That I should speak of the *sewate*—it made him very nearly ill. . . . He implored: 'For God's sake, never say that in the hearing of any other Eton fellows: They'll make my life a hell if you do!' Say that in English, Redekin, you who have the tongue of John Bull at your finger-end."

Hector translated the words into the original English and repeated them for de Moulney's amusement.

"It must be a queer place, that Eton of theirs," went on de Moulney. "When they leave to enter their Universities they know nothing." Of Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Arithmetic, they are in ignorance. Their rowing and other sports—considered by all infinitely more important than intellectual attainments—are ignored by the Directors of the School, and yet—to these their chief efforts are addressed; to excel in strength is the ambition above all. They are flogged for the most trifling offences, upon the naked person with a birch, by the Director-in-Chief of Studies, who is a clergyman of the Established Church. And the younger boys are servants to their elders."

"We make them so here," said Hector pointedly. "We subject them to the authority that others exercised over us, and that they in their turn will use over others."

"Subjects are not *serfs*. These younger boys of Eton are worse used than *serfs*. They call the system of torture 'fagging'; it is winked at by the Directors," explained de Moulney. "To be kicked and tormented and beaten—that is to be fagged. To carry coals to make your master's fire, to bring him buckets of water from the pump, to sweep and dust and black his boots, make his bed and sleep on the floor without even a blanket if he does not

choose that you shall enjoy that luxury—that is to be fagged, as Bertham knows it. They are infinitely worse off than we, these sons of the English nobles and great landed gentlemen. And yet one thing that we have not got, they have;" de Moulney thrust out his underlip and wagged his big head, "and it is worth all—or nearly all these things we have that they have not. They are loyal to each other. There is union among them. In Chemistry we know the value of cohesion. . . . Well! . . . There is cohesion among these Eton boys. How much of it is there here? Not as much as—that!"

He measured off an infinitesimal space upon the bitten finger-nail, and showed it to Hector, who nodded confirmatively, saying:

"There is no currying favor with pious and tattling to masters, then? Or lending money at usury to other pupils—*serfs*?"

"No!" said de Moulney, with a frowning shake of the head. "There is none of that sort of thing. Because—Bertham told me!—the boy who was proved to be guilty of it would have to leave Eton. Instantly. Or—it would come about that that boy would be found dead; and as to how he died—he shrugged his shoulders expressively—"it would be as possible to gain an explanation from the corpse, Bertham says, as to wring one from the resolute silence of the School."

Hector knew a delicious thrill of mingled horror and admiration of those terrible young Britons, who could maintain honor among themselves by such stark laws, and avenge betrayal by sentence so grim.

"But there are other rules in the Code of Eton that are imbecile, also, lately, on my honor, idiotic!" said de Moulney. "Not to button the lower button of the waist-coat—that is one rule which must not be broken. Nor must lower boys turn up their trousers in muddy weather, or wear greatcoats in cold, until their elders choose to set the example. And unless you are of high standing in the School, you dare not roll your umbrellas up. It is a presumption the whole School would resent. For another example, you are invariably to say and maintain that things others can do and that you cannot, are bad forms. Bertham saw me make a fire one day, camp-fashion, in five minutes, when he had been sweating like a porter for an hour without being able to kindle a dead stick. 'It's all very well,' he said, with his eyebrows climbing up into his curly hair, 'for a fellow to light fires; but to do servant's work well is bad form, our fellows would say.'"

"Why did you want a fire?" demanded Hector, balancing his rush-bottomed chair on one hind-leg.

"To boil some water," de Moulney answered, his eyes busy with the flowery, sunshiny parterres of the Director's garden. "Up on the Peakshire hills," he added, a second later, "to heat some water to bathe a dog's hurt leg. Oh! there's not much of a story. Bertham and I had been out riding; we had dismounted, tied our horses to a gate, and climbed Overmere Hill to look at a Roman camp that is on the top—very perfect: entrenchments, chariot-road, even sentry-shelters to be made out under the short nibbled grass. . . .

"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the March issue of MacLean's Magazine.

Forster: Painter of Famous People

No series of articles on Canadian Painting would be complete without reference to Portrait Painting. In this article the work of Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the Painter of Famous People, is reviewed. Many of his paintings of prominent men adorn the legislative halls and business institutions of the Dominion. Only a few are reproduced in our illustrations as representative of the high standard of his work.

By J. E. Staley

"IT was in Paris that my role as a portrait painter was established. I was a student at Julian's—the first Western Canadian who had crossed the ocean to study art in Europe. There it was that the archaic, not to say imbecile, methods of my former teachers were made evident. This rude jolt to my self-conceit as a prize-winner in Canadian Exhibitions convinced me, if I needed conviction, that there was something more to be learned. I honor the noted Master Boulanger, for it was he who set me drawing, evermore drawing, the simple but delicate forms in a group of casts scattered in a corner of the old atelier. Of course I swallowed down my humiliation. I knew that Boulanger meant quite well, because his own work, and still more Jules Lefebvre's had already opened my eyes. Their pictures had struck new notes in my range of human sympathies. I warmed to my work, and, after a while, I perceived that a crowd of fellow students had gathered behind me, and when I turned to them they patted me on the back and insisted on shaking my hand—'Why, Forster,' they said, 'this is splendid—Bravo! Bravo!'"

Forster thus refers to the decisive point of his career. "Afterwards," he goes on to say, "when working from the life, the same good-hearted student enthusiasm punctuated the noisy atmosphere of the atelier with demonstrations over my resemblances (likenesses). Just when I was feeling particularly jubilant Lefebvre came my way,

he passed many students and, peering over their heads, his gaze was fixed on my easel—'Mon ami,' he said, 'that is good. Portraiture is your métier. Vous êtes portraitiste. My earlier masters' encomiums were accentuated still more by what Fleury, my later teacher, said to me. It was just before the Spring Salon. 'Forster,' he said, 'you are evidently marked out for a portrait painter of quality, give reins to your imagination, and your work will be of value in characterization and action.'"

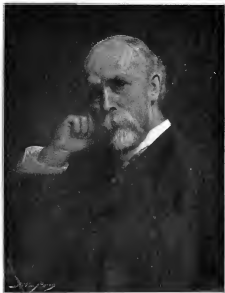
Born, December 31, 1850, at Norval, thirteen miles or so from the county seat of Halton, in Ontario, John Wycliffe Lowes was the second son of Thomas Forster, a Justice of the Peace, who hailed from Cumberland, that British county of vigorous men, and of Martha Wilkinson, a Canadian by birth. Mr. Forster was a hard-working prosperous farmer, and a man of fine physique and noble character. Mrs. Forster came, too, of a right good stock, and was withal gifted with good taste. Mr. Forster was a man of culture, a great reader, and he had gathered together the best library of books in the county. He kept himself abreast of the political and literary movements of the times—the Forster household was the home of refinement and serious study.

At the exceptionally early age of fifteen, young Forster gained a teacher's certificate. When the important question of deciding his career was reached his parents somewhat unwillingly allowed him to follow the

bent of his inclinations as an artist. At four he had begun to draw subjects of the life around him—these came out as "A man with a gun and a dog," and such like. His mother's sister noted the child's occupation, and exercised much influence

assume the appearance of oil paintings. The lad strove to give his master satisfaction, although, from the first, he disliked the limitations of this occupation.

At twenty, Forster broke away from the drudgery of the photographic



Portrait of J. W. L. Forster, painted by himself.

upon her nephew's early life. The work to which the young school prize-winner was first directed was as an assistant to a portrait painter in Toronto, who soon detected his pupil's abilities and put him to work to color the large photographs of notable persons, which were all the vogue, so that they should

studio. He took a small back room, procured lamps and a plaster cast or two, hired a table and some chairs, invited such of his companions, as cared to join him, to form a painting class for mutual instruction. They could not afford a teacher, but they looked to Forster as their leader. They

worked in the evenings after the day's work was over. Forster's first picture to be exhibited in public was hung at the Toronto Fair in 1872: it was a portrait, painted at night, of his master, Mr. Bridgeman.

George Theodore Berthon—an artist of talent—from Vienna, who had settled at Toronto in 1844, and painted portraits in oils and pastels. They talked over the proposed journey, and Berthon gave much useful information and



Thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey in connection with Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Forster's ambition to excel impelled him to paint night and day. The inevitable happened—his health gave way, and it was arranged for him to take a voyage to Europe. Before he left Canada he paid many visits to

advice. He directed Forster to make Paris his headquarters.

"I was heartily welcomed," he says, "by some Canadian students from Eastern Canada—Brymner, Harris, Finlay, and others. My first experience in

Fig. 3.

Paris was trying, for I had no more than fifteen dollars in my pocket. I had the good fortune, however, to meet with an English family settled in Paris, named Gibson, who had relatives in Canada and whose portraits I had paint-

most of my fellow students—I chose rather as my companion, a young Frenchman, a chemist, with whom I exchanged my English for his French."

With Jacques Bonhomme, Forster made many excursions in and about



DR. GEORGE SMITH

ed. They favored me with commissions and paid me well for painting their portraits. This put a few francs into my pocket, and I was able to pay my way. I was never in the least attracted by the Bohemian life lived by

Fig. 4.

Paris—the Forest of Fontainebleau and Barbizon, and further away Picardy and Normandy. He noted new points in the scenery, the buildings, the peasantry and the general animation, and many charming studies found their

way into his portfolios. Some of these Forster retains in his Toronto studio—"The Gates of Charles Jacques Garden's Studio at Barbizon—" with the shadow of Millet's house opposite. "Gies-

it is a version of the old, old story!—a village maiden is seated on the handle of her wheel-barrow, over her bends a good-looking youth, who has just reached up and gathered a bunch of



Sir Isaac Brock.

sips"—two Barbizon peasant women drawing water at a well in the wall and exchanging through the wellhead the little-tattle of the day. "An Idyll"—

fresh apple blossoms, which he places in the girl's hands. These pictures indicate that Forster might have been a very capable painter of genre, had he so

wished, for the arrangement, drawing, color, and illumination are all admirable.

Forster met with many amusing experiences during his four years' sojourn in Paris and its environs. One day,

to take the none too shiny headgear and return it next day. Paying his account he jauntily boarded a passing omnibus and was whirled away to his studio. What happened at the restaurant a friend described as, "First a



Earl Roberts.

after breakfast at a café-restaurant, he missed his hat—a well-worn Christie. Nowhere could it be found, but, on the peg where he had placed it was a narrow-brimmed, straight French topper. Appealing to the host, he was advised

—hout, a hubbub of voices and every man called to claim his hat, and the discovery of the pathetic Christie. This fitted ill the bullet head of the victim. Vociferous laughter kindled his rage, and a vehement appeal led on a rush

and hue and cry of waiters and loafers after passing buses: at their head, the portly, baldpated habited—loudly denouncing the harmless perquisitor. "Thousand names of a dog" and expletives of every color entertained the whole neighborhood whilst the gibbet and division into unnameable elements awaited the return of the owner of the Christie!



John H. Brock.

In 1883 Forster returned to Canada, where news of his Paris successes had preceded him, and he was elected an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. He set to work without delay to open his life's gallery of portraiture—which has extended to thirty years, and wherein are the verisimilitudes of most of Canada's famous men and

women—some of these are reproduced with this article.

Perhaps to Canadians the portrait of General Sir Isaac Brock is the most interesting. Forster was commissioned to paint a picture of the National hero for the Legislative Buildings at Toronto. His first step was to cross the ocean to Guernsey — Brock's birthplace — to

search there the archives for memorials. He found a chalk drawing by a lady friend of the Brocks, done in 1806, in the possession of the family, the tunic worn at Queenston Heights, etc. While engaged upon the work he received a visit from the Lieutenant-Governor, who claimed the study he was making for the States House of the

Island. This could not be granted, but a replica was ordered, which Forster painted, and there it hangs to-day.

Another famous soldier, Earl Roberts—the peoples' idol "Bobs"—sat to Forster in 1902, at his house in Portland Place, London, for the portrait now in the Officers' mess-room of the Queen's Own Rifles, at the Armouries.

of his last sitting, a re-arrangement was required. After careful scrutiny, a brief, emphatic "Right!" was his soldierly compliment.

From Mars to Venus is no great declension: they were ever linked together, and Forster's lady sitters are quite as fascinating as his warriors are bold. Mrs. Timothy Eaton, Toronto, yields to



Earl Grey.

of which regiment he is Honorary Colonel. The South African War was just ended, and King Edward VII.'s Coronation drew on. "Bobs" was full of animation and chatted freely. He was particularly anxious that the medals, ribbons, he wore in undress, should be depicted in correct order, and, as he had received two new orders on the day

no woman as a worker—is she not the mother of the world-famed stores on Yonge Street? "A very clever and attractive woman," says Forster, "an excellent sitter and a keen critic." Her mouth displays strength of character, and her expression is a token of the lively interest the displays in all good works. This charming portrait was

Painted in 1910. The portrait of Mrs. Wragge, née Miss Bêbé Thompson, the eldest daughter of the late distinguished Premier of the Dominion, Sir John

of Sir William Mulock, is one of the many pretty, interesting children Forster has painted. Ethel is a fairy of the flower garden, as merry as a cricket and



Mrs. Timothy Egan.

Thompson, is a delightful pose and full of sentiment. She is in the dress she wore as a debutante on her presentation to the Countess of Aberdeen at Rideau Hall. Could any one imagine a more comely, or a merrier maid? Little Ethel Kirkpatrick, the granddaughter

as light as a butterfly, and a sweetheart for us all.

From the winsomeness of childhood to the astuteness of Goldwin Smith is the gamut of human life and life's emotions. His charm of manner, be it said, ever modified his serious moods.



A portrait of Mr. Forster's aged mother. The painting is not as yet completed, so from time to time Mr. Forster adds new details and makes changes in the features of the subject.

His one request to Forster was "Don't make me look sentimental!" On the contrary the pose is that most characteristic of the famous professor—he used so to sit, hand to head. The portrait was painted, in 1906, for the Governing Body of Cornell University, of which Goldwin Smith has been such a distinguished ornament. John R. Booth, known to men of commerce by the high-sounding title "The Lumber King," was born in 1826. He began life as a simple roadmaker but speedily amassed fame and fortune. His title, however, came not from his prowess in lumber-rolling, but from his gigantic monetary lumber operations. His name has become a household word where energy and industry are spoken of. This portrait was painted for Earl Grey in 1907. The portrait of Earl Grey himself is worthy alike of the administrator and the painter. It was painted in 1908.

"Queen Victoria attending the Thanksgiving Service at St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle, on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897,"

is a subject which appeals to all lovers of a good woman and a great Queen. Dean Elliott—he is kneeling at the prie-dieu—gave Forster every facility for his sketch. Among the persons represented—left to right—are Princess Henry of Prussia, Prince Henry of Prussia, Duchess of Argyll, Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, Grand Duke Sergius, Emperor Frederick, Her Majesty, Duke of Connaught, Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, Prince Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg. The little girl opposite is Princess Ena of Battenberg, now Queen of Spain.

In Forster's studio is a very striking canvas: it bears the title "Eventide." It represents an aged woman resting in her chair, a book upon her lap, and she is looking out of the window at the serene sunset. This picture has been in the painting for many a year; it is unique and pathetic in character—a study though not a portrait of the painter's own dear mother, now a nonagenarian. The dress, and the cap, with the accessories of the dresser and

the kettle on the hearth, the table appointments, are all from studies in the North Country of England made in student days.

Few Canadian painters, if any, have attained to such excellence in portraiture as John Wycliffe Lowes Forster. Every one of his subjects is attractive, and he has contrived to impart to each a vivid sense of their best qualities. His portraits from life are absolutely true and realistic, and they proclaim character and action. They are remarkable for distinction. Forster's portraits are painted directly from living sitters, or from material furnished by relatives of deceased persons. In the first category his method is to make many studies, and to superimpose study on study, until he has got just what he wants to show. Then swiftly he conveys his impressions to canvas, and he keeps his sitters in happy conversation while he paints the living emotion of the moment without any trace of weariness. In the second category

he studies most carefully photographs, or other representations of the departed, notes the form, the features, the hands, the clothes, the dress, and all accessories. He seeks information from relatives and friends respecting the life's history of each subject, their joys and sorrows, dispositions, hereditary traits, personal habits, etc., etc. Then in his imagination he pictures how each part and feature would be likely to develop, as the years passed along. The result is ideal, and brings conviction to the beholder.

Forster lives simply in Parnham Avenue, Toronto, caring for his aged mother most tenderly. No meretricious bric-a-brac adorn the rooms, which are furnished substantially with a few good pictures on the walls. He has never married, his recreations are few—he most loves canoeing on the waters of the Northern lakes and rivers, where he has never had a spill—though very near it many times—this also succinctly marks the character of the man.



To Remember the Alamo

IT is planned to erect a tower building 800 feet high in San Antonio as a monument to the Texas heroes who lost their lives in the battle of the Alamo. Plans for the proposed building have been prepared and steps have been taken to raise by popular subscription in that State the sum of two million dollars for its erection. It will be located upon grounds belonging to the

Alamo property which is owned by the State and controlled by the Daughters of the Texas Republic. The building will be 65 stories high. The first seven stories will be used for office purposes. It will be 85 feet square at its base. Next to the Eiffel tower it will be the tallest structure in the world. It is a worthy monument to the brave men who fought for Texan liberty.

A Burglar's Tools

Readers of the Christmas number of MacLean's were greatly interested in a little story which appeared in that issue, "The Woman at the Door." It was so out-of-the-ordinary and different from the usual run of stories. Here is another one, "A Burglar's Tools," by the same author. This is one that is different again. It is a burglar story with a sharp turn in it.

By John Nicholas Beffell

"GNAT" Wicks had "made" the old Calvert house in Madison Ave., and the little five-ply safe was a shorn Sampson in his lap. This, after one hour and forty minutes of seduction. He was working on assignment, and here was supposed to be big game. He was never told how the office ascertained prospective jobs, but the fact remained that the office had sent him out on several good things in the past eighteen months. And good servant that he was, they did not send him on the long chances. He admired their work quite as much as they liked his. He could never have assembled and maintained the complicated system of observers, whisperers, maids, butlers, and money-noses generally—that served in his present and other night-quests. And the office took only half, for furnishing the time and the place and the box. Also, they disposed of jewelry—always a dangerous thing to do.

Gnat had built safes—knew the shop end. The surest way to become an effective destructive force is to be a master of construction.

Just a clean little mechanic he was, who had realized that he was on the wrong side, from a money stand-point, of his life activity. He loved his liberty, put his heart into it, but he could not have killed for it. The crackman had thought much about this. Given a surprise and the chance of a getaway cut off—Gnat shook his head. He couldn't have shot his way out.

He was a small man with a mild blue eye and a clear complexion. He

had never been arrested, had never drunk except in a boyish experimental way. He was unlettered, but a master-mechanic. Moreover, Gnat was happily married, to a young woman who had a greater influence over him than he suspected. She didn't know what his night work meant. To keep her from knowing had been the hard part.

He had what was likely the best set of small tools in the world. Years of collection in constructive work had noted this. He had worked at the shops for six months after he was in touch with the office. The latter furnished him with an "offer" from a Pittsburgh safe-company when he quit. Letter-head and all was in order. His foreman offered more money, but Gnat couldn't see it.

"They may show me some new angles of the game out there," he said. "If I don't like it, I'll come back."

"Come back here—when you're ready," the foreman said.

Gnat nodded gratefully. So he was out of town to those who had known him. A man as expert as he, does not drop out of shop-life unwatched.

All of which brings him to the end of the hard work on the Calvert task.

Wicks had made little noise, and his work was directed upon the locking mechanism. He thought of the manganese vaults he had helped to build—latest and best answer to the most finished safe-breaker in the world—harder than a chrome-drill and so tough that a blow of the

sledge would not fracture. His work here had been comparatively easy.

All was done up to igniting the fuse, when Gnat once more assured himself that he was alone in the house. It was two-thirty-five, and he went from room to room with his finger of light. Everything appeared as he had found it—and his way out, clear at the back.

The old house rocked a little with the explosion—muffled as it was. His operations were entirely successful. A quick dart of light through the dusk and smoke assured this. Now Gnat sat tight for several minutes before cleaning up.

There was a nest of diamond and sapphire buttons tucked away in tissue paper in one of the small boxes, which required four minutes to open; and considerable money and jewelry. The first find was a constellation of suns under his point of light. It lit his whole nature with full joy. He pocketed the little nest and began to spread the rest of the loot upon the cloth.

Suddenly a step, and the room filled with light.

It all came over Gnat like a stomach sickness. He was caught with the goods—the waiting woman—the look-up—the end of all. The one white way which flashed that instant through his hard rudimentary head was to kill himself. He turned.

A small fat man in a smoking-jacket stood between the library portieres, with a gun in his hand. He was smiling, but looked hard—hard as hell to Gnat. He was bald, and his neck was fat and white. He wore an eye-shade.

Some upper room, Gnat thought. . . . Some upper room that he had missed. . . . there, all the time.

"There's just one thing that you can do, young fellow,—to ease the screws on yourself," the man said, in a slow vicious way.

Gnat found himself watching the man's lips, because the eyes were shaded. A queer green light fell upon the fleshy crooked line and the white teeth. Gnat was thinking oddly that he couldn't face the woman—nor the courts—nor the jug. It didn't strike

him that his thoughts were a bit yellow. To kill himself seemed to cover all that cleanly. He had never hated so pointedly—as he hated this man in the smoking-jacket and eye-shade.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked sullenly.

"Tell me who put you on this—that the Calverts were away?"

"Can't do that," Gnat replied briefly.

"The point is," the other said, smiling a little, "we were to be away. Somebody told. That's more important to me—than you—"

"I can't help you—"

"You're a stubborn little devil," the man remarked. "I've heard of you fellows being like that—but I didn't believe it. . . . Look at my side of the case, before I give you up. You come here and break my house and rob my safe—and I've got to change my whole staff of servants—butter, housemaids, cook, chauffeur—because I can't put my hand on the rotten place in the system. One of them helped you—"

Gnat saw it clearly, but had nothing to say—until a thought came: "You're got me. You've got the bulls coming—but they won't take me. I could have killed you. I heard your step before the lights."

"I saw your light in the rooms—and could have killed you," the man said unhesitatingly.

Gnat was silent.

"So you could have killed me?" the stout man mused. "You're a queer little devil—and stubborn."

Gnat felt that he was being played with—until the police could arrive. He struggled at the thought. He felt all the hazing that he had built about his life, from what the world had given—a house, Sunday dinners and protection, the fine support of having a woman—the friendliness of butcher and grocer, even of the patrolman of his boat, the old friends in the shops—felt it all sink away, leaving him in a moral nakedness that shamed and broke him in pieces. He couldn't crawl—and he couldn't kill! He shivered.

Presently Gnat was again regarding the crooked mouth in the greenish

light that filtered through the celluloid slits. It wasn't so crooked; a queer smile had straightened it out.

"Did they tell you that Pickering Calvert—was a fool—when they put you on this job?" he asked after a moment.

"No," Gnat said thickly.

"You're a clean-cut little chap and workmanlike," his captor went on, regarding the job. "How much of that stuff in the safe have you taken out?"

"I haven't touched it. It's all there—except this."

He unscrewed the nest of diamonds.

"What asses generally they are—who protect the interests of the people. They'd make an example of you, I suppose—just as if they'd caught you—and not me."

"They won't make an example of me," Gnat said savagely. There was the look of a machine in the street.

He shivered again, and felt the gun in his pocket—not with his hand, but with his mind.

"Haven't you ever been peanned?"

"No."

"You won't tell me who put you next to this job?"

"No."

"And you won't be taken alive?"

"No."

"You're—but I've said that before. Do you know what gets me about you young fellow?"

Gnat shook his head. He was in hell mentally.

"You didn't whine—no starving wife and small children at home."

Put down that jewel contrivance—and get out of here. Leave your tools as a present to me, and let Pick Calvert alone after this."

Gnat shook himself. "Do you mean it?" he asked slowly.

"Yes. I don't love the foreigners who make the laws and preserve them in this town—any better than you do."

"God, I'm grateful to you!" Gnat said. For the first time his voice weakened.

"Don't think for a minute, young fellow—that we old families altogether miss that there's an unequal division of the World's goods—"

Gnat waited for him to nod, as a last signal to leave.

"Good-night," came from the smiling lips.

"Good-night, sir." . . . Gnat let himself out of the back way. He had never known the sweetness of night air, nor the love of home, as at this moment.

The following afternoon Gnat was reading a sporting sheet in his own hammock. He encountered this heading: "The Pickering Calvert House Robbed; Jewels and Money Aggregating Fifteen Thousand Dollars Taken."

The account went on to say that the house had been empty the night before, and the robbery had not been discovered until noon this day. The crookman had made a clean getaway.

"And with my tools," Gnat finished slowly.

The little woman called him to supper. Something of the nausea of the night before had returned.

It was weeks before self-disgust abated enough for him to discern the art of the little fat man. Meanwhile, he was back in the shops.



Temptations of the Bank Clerk

Why is it so many bank clerks go wrong? Every few weeks the press records the case of some young banker who has stolen bank funds for pleasure, speculative or gambling purposes, and has been detected with the ultimate exposure and disgrace. What are the underlying causes of the practice? In this article we have endeavored to present something about the conditions surrounding bank clerks and the temptations which beset them.

By J. T. Stirrett

"I SEE," said the casual newspaper reader, "that another bank clerk has got into trouble."

"Why is it," asked the chronic moralist in reply, "that bank clerks seem to be always getting into trouble?"

The same question occurs to thousands of Canadians who learn too frequently from the newspapers of some unfortunate bank clerk who has ended his short but spectacular career in the cell of a condemned criminal or the grave of a suicide. The main question divides itself into three subsidiary questions:

Are bank clerks evilly gifted with an undue proportion of original sin? Is the banking business destructive to morals? Are bank clerks subjected to temptations of unusual and overpowering character?

In regard to the first, few will contradict the statement that the morals of the boys who enter banks, are, on the average, as good as those who enter other occupations. Entrance regulations demand that the applicant has a good business education, respectable parents, an unblemished character and the ability to furnish bonds—men who will give security for his good behavior. The great majority of boys begin their occupations with no such searching analysis of themselves or their history. On the above standards, bank clerks should be a hand-picked lot.

Discussing the second question can very easily degenerate into controversy.

There is no doubt that banking is a material business. Bankers have to measure by the dollar. In these days of keen competition they sometimes regulate the depth of their bows by the length of the depositors' accounts. They have to show dividends because the great humming top of credit must revolve smoothly on its narrow base of currency. The dew-drops of personal savings must be led to the reservoir.

THE REGULATIONS WHICH GOVERN HIM.

To understand the bank clerk one must be familiar with the conditions under which he works. Take the case of Ogglesby Jones, seventeen, the minimum age, an aspirant for the leather chair of captain of finance. He encircles his neck with a high white collar and walks through the imposing doors of the bank that has accepted his services at \$250 per annum in the country or \$350 per annum in the city. It is apparent that when Ogglesby Jones pays for his room, his breakfast, his lunch which must be brought into his office, his dinner, and his car fare, he will not have an undue amount to squander on riotous living. At the end of the year he will get an increase of \$100, which will be repeated annually if he saves himself from being dismissed. If he shows exceptional ability his advance may be more rapid. When he becomes a teller in cities like Toronto, Montreal or Ottawa he will get \$900 a year; in smaller cities and towns, \$700; and in

villages about \$450. When he rises to the position of accountant, large city banks will pay him \$1,650 per annum; small city and town banks, about \$1,100; and village banks about \$800. Consequently, if Ogglesby Jones, a man of ordinary ability, starts in Toronto at \$350 when he is seventeen years old he will labor for thirteen years before he receives \$1,650 per annum. During these thirteen years what has been his life? For the first place he has probably been a bachelor. Clerks cannot marry until they receive a certain salary, in the majority of cases, \$1,000 per annum, in a few cases, \$1,500 per annum.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

The bank clerk in the village is one of the few inhabitants who wear a white collar seven days in the week. He is the social stay of the community. In company with the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, the school master and the young man who works in the post office he graces the most select festive occasions. He is even suspected of owning a dress suit in which, it is rumored, he once attended a ball in a city. Though he does not always do so, he is apt to fall into one of two classes—"sports" or "fussers." The sporting bank clerk in a village plays with or follows most of the local teams. In many cases he is a clean, daring athlete, a lover of a good game and a worthy friend of true sport. In other cases he is merely a bettor who watches others and howls abuse at the officials and opposing players till the game is over when he seizes the first opportunity to become intoxicated. Between games he frequents the pool rooms behind the barber shops and gambles for small sums.

If he is a "fusser" he becomes a self sharpened arrow in the hearts of the susceptible feminine population of marriageable age. As a stamp fiend collects stamps he collects photographs for his art gallery. There lurks a subtle danger in the glance of his eye, in the tilt of his hat, in the knot of his tie, and in the bows of his shoe laces. As he

moves from village to village his passage is marked by the sickly odor of broken hearts, like that of falling rose leaves on a summer evening. And he must be a spending Adonis.

The young banker who chooses to be a "sport" finds to his cost that backing the wrong horses or the wrong teams or the wrong billiard balls costs a great deal of money. He is no match for the professionals who lie in wait for him with cobwebs spun out of the tough threads of his own vanity. Being a man of the world is an expensive amusement for a boy under twenty with an income under four hundred dollars a year. Before he realizes it he is in debt, and that black burden clings to his back like the Old Man of the Sea. When he has to get money the temptation to "borrow" from the bank without the knowledge of the bank is sometimes irresistible. He usually begins with small sums for short periods. His friends press and he takes larger sums, and falsifies the books. In time he is discovered and disgrace and disaster overwhelm him. These who do not know village life are apt to exaggerate its innocences. Those who have lived in villages know that the wicked people of a village are very wicked. Many young bank clerks who have been born and brought up in a great city have escaped its temptations, only to go to ruin in a village where their parents believed the inhabitants did little else but make flower beds and read Bibles.

THE CITY BANK CLERK.

In the city there are more temptations for the bank clerk but they are only variations of the great basic temptations, dissipation and gambling, which flourish in city, town and village. Whiskey flows freely in all three places and the gaming instincts of humanity can always find outlet. Some years ago, when the Cobalt craze was at its height, a young clerk in a great city succumbed to the temptation to speculate. The experience of miners is that out of a hundred mines one is a mine and the others are holes in the ground. Speculators

who deal in mining stocks must purchase their certificates at the brokers will not accept margins. This clerk read the papers and watched mushroom fortunes grow until he was fascinated. He did not read of the money that went into the holes in the ground. Finally he began to speculate. Strange to say he struck a mine and made thousands. He paid back the money which he had "borrowed" and still was in affluence. But the itching did not die out of his fingers. He decided to become a millionaire, and plunged with all his surplus and another loan from the bank. This time he struck a hole in the ground and is now in the penitentiary.

THE DEADLY MARGIN.

Buying stocks in margin is a deadly sin for some bank clerks. The dangerous thing about marginal dealing is that it looks so easy and safe. You buy a hundred dollar share of stock from a broker and pay a margin of ten dollars. The broker has the stock and the ten dollars. If it goes up to a hundred and ten dollars you can tell him to sell. Your profit is ten dollars minus his commission for buying and selling. This seems simple. Unfortunately margined stocks go down more frequently than they go up. Suppose the share falls to ninety. The broker will call for margin, probably ten dollars more. He still has the stock but now he has twenty dollars. A further decline calls for another margin. There's the rub. Where is the bank clerk to get the margin? It is hard to sacrifice the profit, which is bound to come as soon as the stock changes its mind and goes up, and twenty dollars; so he "borrows" the margin from the bank. But the stock goes down again. The three margins disappear and the speculator has no money to repay the "loan" from the bank. Consequently he goes to jail for theft, although he had no intention of thieving when he began. The irony of this transaction is that the broker took his stock to the bank and raised money on it. When the stock fell the bank

pressed him just as he pressed the bank's clerk. Indirectly, the bank squeezed its own employee to the wall. Perhaps he is a pessimist and "sells short," in which case he makes money as the stock falls. If it rises he falls.

Plunging on the race track is another fruitful source of disaster to bank clerks who possess a speculative mania. In the old days of the book-maker, they never stopped to consider how these gentlemen become rich but continued to pit their amateur ignorance against the bookmakers' evil skill. Now, in the days of the pari-mutuel, they are fascinated by the science of the betting machine, quite oblivious to the facts that the winners take all, that there are few winners, and that there are few bank clerks among them.

Real estate gambling opens many pits for the feet of the bank clerk. Easy money again. He buys a lot which is bound to increase—but there is a slip somewhere, and the "borrowed" money cannot be repaid.

SOME OF THE REASONS.

Why does the bank clerk so frequently dissipate and gamble after making due allowances for human passion and weakness? The banks are partly to blame. They gamble themselves. They take money at three per cent. from depositors and pay their shareholders five, eight, ten, twelve and fifteen per cent. after padding the reserve funds. They pay their clerks salaries which are not commensurate with the position they expect them to fill in the world. They expect a clerk to dress well, to mix with rich people and to adorn their institutions, in short, to be men of the world, on salaries which scarcely provide living expenses. They din the craze of money-getting into a clerk's ear till his blood is on fire with it. When he yields to temptation they hunt him with blood-hounds till the court brands him as a criminal and a warning.

The bank clerk is no worse than the rest of us but most of the gates leading to the "primrose path" are unlocked for him.



Miss Nette

by
Mabel Burkholder.

The fact that we make frequent use of Miss Burkholder's stories is in itself proof that we regard them highly. She has done some excellent work for Maclean's, both in the way of articles and short stories. In a recent extended tour of the Canadian West, Miss Burkholder gathered material for a great deal of manuscript. The story, "Miss Nette," is an outcome of the trip.

"THAD!" I called from the doorway of our shack; "Thad Balfour, here is a visitor to see you!"

The young giant, who had just finished taking his daily plunge in the gelid waters of the Northern British Columbia stream on which our prospectors' camp was located, sprang to his full height on the river bank and treated me to a scornfully incredulous laugh.

"A visitor for me? None of your joking, Dicky!"

"Come all the way from Vermont," I finished teasingly, as I turned my back on him and re-entered the shack.

The last word changed his expression materially. The look of incredulity faded, giving place to a hope, almost too great, too joyous, to be trusted. Vermont was home to Thad. Was it possible that some of the long-lost home folks had hunted out his mountain fastness and come with greetings from friends?

I understood the reason for the critical scrutiny to which he was subjecting his features, as he rubbed and twisted at his hair before a tiny pocket mirror. Vermont was to him the home of all refinement and elegance. Whoever it was that had come all the way from the old state to visit him must not be too badly disappointed in the mountain seaplace.

Thad's naive efforts at toilet-making on the river bank amused me. As if artificial aid were necessary to enhance

the beauty of that tall, well-knit figure, with its superabundant life, with its elastic step, with its forceful shoulders and fair head so proudly poised!

Presently he came swinging up the river path, whistling a little erratic tune under his breath, a trick that was characteristic of him when under feeling. At his back lay the tree-belted valley through which the rapid river swirled; above the bare mountain peaks stabbed the sky. Everywhere the hand of the Master-Artist had moved almightily in broad, forceful strokes. It spoke well for Thad's individuality that he was not dwarfed by his surroundings. He fitted into his setting like a picture into its frame.

Perhaps he had made a pretty shrewd guess at the identity of the visitor, for he went straight to an elderly gentleman seated near the window and cried his bands joyfully.

"Dad!"

"Well, well, Thad," exclaimed the stranger, "is it really you?"

"Do not say I have changed past recollection," protested Thad.

To my surprise Thaddeus Balfour senior was looking his son up and down with keen disapproval.

"You have been living a rough life for the past six years, Thad."

"Yes?"

The word was put half interrogatively. The word "rough," as spelled to a man has two meanings. While

Thad's hands were horny, his clothes coarse, and his fight with elemental nature stern and unyielding, he was conscious that he had kept his inner nature as tender as a girl's.

The old man got up and walked the length of the room, as if its limited dimensions cramped him. Obviously he was accustomed to more spacious halls with more elaborate furniture. In the course of his wanderings he kicked over a primitive stool, which Thad graciously picked up and restored to its usual corner.

"It's not as if such a life was necessary," said the visitor, a note of irritability creeping into the suave voice.

"No. I must say I adopted it by choice," admitted Thad, quite at a loss to see whether all these preliminaries were tending.

The old gentleman sat down again and locked his pudgy hands over his knees. It seemed as if every movement was designed to show how much of a gentleman he was. He never sat down without looking in disgust on the humble seat he was forced to use; and he never rose up without stepping gingerly about as if in fear of the floor going through with him. He never opened his coat without displaying his dismodest shirt-stud; he never folded his hands without leaving his heavy seal ring on top.

"Did you say that all were well at home?" Thad inquired politely.

"Aunt Harriet is dead."

"Ha! The lady with the estate at Navarre—eh? She must have grown extremely wealthy by this time. And did she to the end refuse to adopt or select an heir? Well, Governor, I hope you are benefited by her will."

"You are Aunt Harriet's heir," announced Thaddeus Balfour in weighty tones.

"If the saints preserve us! You're joking, Dad!"

"You are the sole heir to Aunt Harriet's money and estates, valued at four hundred thousand dollars. But there is a condition attached—one extremely easy of fulfilment, I must say."

"Reel it off, Governor," said Thad dizzily.

"It is that you consent to settle down at Navarre, and marry the young lady whose lands join on the south. She is a distant relative, and it was Aunt Harriet's dearest wish that the two estates should be joined, as they were in her great-grandfather's time. This condition your aunt believes easy of accomplishment, as in the old days, before your infatuation for the West, you lost no opportunity to make love to Miss Clarice Martin."

An expression bordering on a grimace crossed Thad's expressive features.

"Does Clarice still do wool-work? Have you any idea how many cushion-tops she has by now?" He was properly crushed by his father's look, but not before his tongue had formed the words: "I suppose she still has her cats."

"With her wealth joined to yours, you come into possession of a million of money."

"Pfu!" whistled Thad; then suddenly, "Does the lady—does Clarice expect this of me?"

"She has many suitors of course," said the old man, unwilling to undervalue the girl who had been selected for his son's wife. "But no doubt she sees the expediency of the arrangement."

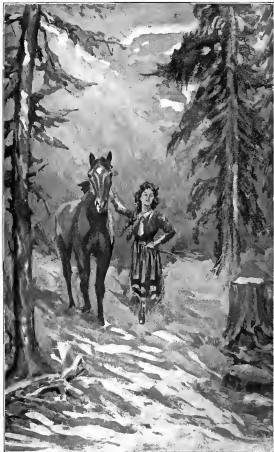
Suddenly into the clearing bounded a horse, a mettlesome little thing, which did considerable dancing on its hind feet and then took an unaccountable notion to stand on its nose and put its hind feet in the air. On the broncho's back sat a girl who kept her position with amazing ease.

From the moment of her appearance Thad never took his eyes off her.

The old gentleman followed his gaze uneasily. The girl had slipped lightly off the horse, which now stood rubbing his nose against her shoulder. Her bright, sun-kissed face was fully turned towards the house. Her skirts were short and her boots correspondingly high, while down her back hung two magnificent braids of dark hair.

The old man's face whitened at Thad's look.

"Don't tell me you have got tangled



"The girl had slipped lightly off the horse."

up with some dusty Swash maiden," he muttered.

"I was not intending to tell you any such thing!"

Thad's fist had clinched angrily, but before he could say more the girl was at the door.

"Thad! Dicky!" she cried exultantly. "I have conquered the broncho! He is going to travel at a splendid gallop."

Then she noticed the stranger standing in the window.

Thad advanced graciously. There were times, under stress of feeling, when the blue blood of a dozen generations of haughty ancestors drove him to most magnificent action. His lordly manner suggested the throne room of a monarch rather than a shack in the heart of the mountains.

"Father, this is Miss Nette, Boss McPhail's daughter."

"Ah—h!"

The old man eyed her suspiciously over his glasses, as if in strong doubt of the ancestry which had bequeathed on her that brown complexion and those dangling braids of dusky hair.

Miss Nette was courageous—no braver soul was ever clothed with woman's form. But she quailed and drew back a step under that piercing scrutiny. A shiver of fear, as if she saw some dire misfortune pending, chilled her blood and blanched her cheek under the tan. Thad moved toward her as if for protection.

"Dicky," she said inconsequentially, the quaver in her voice perceptible only to me, while the profile toward the stranger was cold and proud, "if my father is coming home to dinner you and I should be in the kitchen."

I went obediently. She knew she could count on me to the last limit of my powers. I was her relative. I had fought battles innumerable in her name. I loved her more than most relatives are supposed to love, and she knew that too, though I never pained her by putting it into words. It was all impossible. I was making a fight for health there in those vast, silent northern mountains, and sometimes it was Nette who soothed and petted me,

while at most times her strength on the river or on horseback was greater than mine.

No reference was made by either of us to the unexpected visitor. A subdued hum of conversation, now rising to the pitch of excitement, now falling to the depths of concentrated earnestness, was all allowed to go unnoticed.

Presently Thad merged and took a hasty course across the corral, saddled his swiftest horse, mounted and rode away. Nette watched him in fascination.

"Dicky, where can Thad be going?" she asked.

I had no idea. Just then Thaddeus Balfour senior stood in the doorway.

"What called Thad away so suddenly?" I made bold to enquire.

"I am sorry to have to inform you that a messenger has just made him acquainted with a serious accident down at the camp," was the reply.

The girl turned to him a seared face.

"My father!" her trembling lips uttered.

The human monster regarded her suffering with a remarkable degree of indifference.

"It is true, Miss—er, Miss Nette that your father's name was mentioned as among the injured."

Already, with the decision of the mountaineer, Nette had regained mastery of herself. She dropped her cooking utensils and flung off her apron.

"We will go by the river way, Dicky," she said, commanding me as usual. "It will carry our canoe down swiftly, no matter how long it takes us to get back. I will put the boat in to the water, while you find out exactly where the accident took place, and if we can carry anything down that will be of use to the wounded."

I was preparing to follow the flying figure, which was already almost to the river's edge, when a hand was laid heavily on my shoulder.

"Don't get excited, young man! There is no hurry."

Old man Balfour was close behind me, and when I turned to look into

his face I saw a very curious expression there.

"No hurry—with the boss injured so far away from home?"

"You will not find him seriously injured."

I faced the man sharply, the truth pressing home on me.

"Is he injured at all?"

"He is not," came the response with astounding coolness. "It was a story I invented myself to separate my son from his dusky enchantress," he laughed harshly, "and I must say I am pleased with the success of the experiment."

"But Thad?"

"I set him on an errand in an opposite direction. He has almost decided to go, and the girl shall not hang around with her soft ways."

My blood rose. When I looked down he was holding out a handful of bills—bills of such a high denomination that I had only seen the like once or twice in my life before. He was trading on my poverty and sickness. He was bribing me to carry out my part of the nefarious scheme.

I took the bills and flung them flat in his face. Probably I hurt him, for he rubbed an eye as if a sharp corner of paper struck the ball.

"If you want more," he was saying, "if you want more to give to the—little native—you see I mean to treat her fairly—"

Then I found my speech, though my tongue was still thick with rage.

"I mean, sir, that you shall take back those insinuations concerning the young lady's ancestry. She shares with me the honor of belonging to one of the most respected families in this province."

"Oh, perhaps—perhaps. I was too hasty. But I feel deeply on the question—deeply. Can't you see what a monstrous mistake—that a mealtime—position—for a girl of her education, her position—"

"I agree with you," I whipped in, as I turned on my heel, "that it would be a monstrous mistake to expose my cousin to the degradation of connecting herself with a family of your calibre."

I will join with you, sir, in preventing such a calamity."

Nette was waiting with what patience she could muster by the river-side.

"This way?" she asked. "Five miles down to Cory's Landing? And then strike out into the bush?"

Assent I answered, "Yes, yes, yes," to all her questions.

She looked at me sharply, but said never a word. Soon the canoe was riding past the trees at a dangerous speed. Nette knelt stiffly erect in front, with the paddle poised.

In the few moments of embarking I had weighed a score of arguments. The thought uppermost in my mind was to tell the girl the truth. And then came the desire to spare her, to shield her, not to allow the old dragon to gloat over her suffering. That consideration finally outweighed all else. For I knew she loved Thad, and I knew the crushing effect the news would have on her intensely loyal nature. Thad should have known it, too. He had never actually declared his love, but he had won hers. He was quite free—hers be the grief. The shimmer of gold was in his eyes. Good fortune had shown him to be a crawling, invertebrate thing.

During that swift run we indulged in no conversation. In an incredibly short time we were pulling up at Cory's Landing.

"Which way now?" asked the girl, considering the trails which led off from the tiny wharf.

I took her hand gently.

"Nette, my little girl, sit down." She sank obediently down on a huge boulder and looked at me with suddenly dilating pupils.

"Dicky, what is it? You know something. Is he dead?"

I don't know how I told her. After the first suspicion entered her mind she was quiet enough. She listened apathetically, her fingers lying listlessly in her lap, and her underlip caught between her teeth.

An early evening gloom was already purpling the hills. The customary sounds of the forest were lulled to

sleep for the afternoon was warm. I stumbled on with my story, my voice the only sound that broke the unnatural stillness. I dared not take her in my arms to comfort her. No one could do that but Thad, and he was throwing away what to me was the most priceless treasure on earth.

Presently she looked up into my face with dry, lustrous eyes.

"You shall not blame him, Dicky," she said, with a piteous quiver in her voice. "His father only brought him to a true realization of his position. And it is not hard to guess by his manner what was his former position by birth and education. And she" the brave voice faltered, "she can do those things too."

"What things?" I demanded hotly. "Embroider cushions and tend to cats? That is all the accomplishment she is said to have!"

Nette put her hand over my lips.

"He never realized before that I didn't know how to make or to wear pretty clothes, that I am just a little sun-browned mountain girl, with hair in braids—"

"If he had realized it sooner, and saved for you your peace of mind, and for himself the name of a gentleman—" I began hotly.

"Listen! What was that?"

"Our attention was arrested by a noise on the mountain slope above us, a noise of loose falling stones, of hoofbeats on the trail."

"A horse," I said. "No, two!"

A stone loosened and clattered away into the abyssal depths. The two horses were coming down the trail at a tremendous rate. It was playing with death to ride at such a pace on the high ledges.

I had already made a fairly shrewd guess who the riders were. The Bulfours, senior and junior, were making their way to the boat landing at the head of the lake ten miles away. They were racing the afternoon steamer, which only stopped a minute there on its southward journey. It was bold of them to double up on our tracks, but they were sorely pressed for time.

I knew the same surmise was shared

by Nette, for she stiffened, as a creature instinctively will when made aware of the presence of an enemy. She stood almost touching my shoulder, yet there was no suggestion of my supporting her. Her wide eyes had caught the amethystine gloom of the hills, and her lips were slightly parted.

"Ah!"

The horses had turned the curve of the road. One was a powerful gray, the other a little bay broncho with a dare-devilish look. The little broncho was riderless!

"It is Thad on his grey mare," I exclaimed; "and he is leading your broncho."

Nette spoke never a word, until the rider reined in close to us.

"I knew you would be here," Thad said briefly, looking quite past me to the girl who was meeting his ardent gaze with steady eyes. "I mean to take you with me over to the head of the lake."

"I mean not to go!" flashed Nette. "I mean to go home with Dicky. I hardly think my company would be appreciated at the head of the lake."

He looked down at her and laughed.

"So you heard, did you? I was almost hoping that some of the disagreeable details might be kept from you. But it is better that you should know how they tempted me with all the arts of Satan. Perhaps you don't know though that I was caused to ride ten miles away on a useless errand to keep me from talking it over with you, or from seeing your face. For a few awful minutes my father saw me weaken. He took the advantage and extracted from me a promise that I would meet him at the boat landing at five o'clock. God help me! I meant to keep my word."

"You must keep it," breathed Nette. I wondered how her voice could sound so cold when I knew the love in her heart.

But he only laughed and stooped from his saddle until his face was almost on a level with hers.

"Keep it? Certainly. But you are going with me, Nette."

"I am going home."

"You are not going away from me, Nette. That is fixed and settled for all time to come. The one hour that I tried to live without you was madness of the brain. It was a kaleidoscopic dance before my eyes of seven hundred and fifty thousand separate dollars."

"Dicky, what did I say about going home? You are not usually so slow."

How long would the little girl persist in her pride? Was it possible that she meant what she said? Though her heart break in the process, would she undertake to show him that her family pride was as great as his own? I was growing distinctly uneasy, and I fancied Thad's swarthy cheek was pale.

Then a sudden thing happened. Thad stooped and put his arm around her, lifting her from the ground. Then wheeling his horse abruptly, he set her down on the back of the broncho which had been browsing a few feet away. When he saw that she had grasped the

reins, as a good horseman instinctively does, he gave the broncho a gentle slap on the flank which caused it to bound up the hill.

At first I was frightened. Then I saw that Nette was laughing through the tangle of curls that fell around her face. Ah, it was right—right that she should go with him! So would they go to the end of life. While I would be alone, always alone to the end. Tut! I must not brood over it. It was the happiest misery I had ever experienced. I had never thought it was possible that I should be so satisfied to see anyone take Nette away from me.

"But why are you going to the head of the lake?" I called after them.

"Well, you see," said Thad in reply, "I made a solemn promise to be there. There's a certain good bishop lives across the lake whom I have long wished to see. Nette and I have no objection to accompanying the pater that far on his journey. I never told him I would go all the way!"

Model Concrete Farm Buildings

A SET of thirty models of all-cement farm buildings and miscellaneous structures for use upon the farm recently made a most interesting exhibit occupying about 400 square feet. The plan was to exhibit such concrete work as could be successfully constructed on the farm and to demonstrate it in the simplest manner possible to every one who might be interested.

The use of concrete blocks was shown in a wall 3½ feet high, while the widely discussed concrete furniture, consisting of two tables and four chairs, a bench and two small milking stools were also exhibited.

All the models were built to the scale of one inch to the foot. A farm residence was displayed measuring 22

inches wide, 36 inches deep and 28 inches high.

To the rear of the residence were located the following models in the order named: cistern, well-house, and wind mill, a dog house, smoke-house, ice-house, garage, carriage and wagon shed, horse and hay barn with watering trough adjoining, dairy, cow barn, with silo, and elevated water tank, circular watering trough and masonry area adjoining the concrete approach to the second story of the barn, which was intended to be utilized as a root cellar. Following these was a corn crib and granary and lastly a chicken house which completed the equipment.

The exhibit was first shown at the Chicago Cement Show.



A view of threshing operations as carried on by electricity on a farm in Germany.

Electric Farming in Germany

Germany, in its struggle for industrial and commercial supremacy, is now showing the world how to farm—by electricity. Canada is particularly interested because of the electrical possibilities of this country. Ontario is already planning the application of electricity to farming, in which case German methods have been studied by a special committee. Something of the scope of Electric Farming in Germany is given in this article, written by the Private Secretary to the Ontario Minister of Agriculture.

By J. C. Boylen

FARMING by electricity is now quite a matter of fact proceeding in Germany. This is especially so in Saxony. There intense cultivation is carried on with a minimum of labor and at a profit that would make the Canadian farmer stare. Electricity plows the fields, operates the harvesting machinery, threshes the grain, milks the cows, separates the cream from the milk, churns the cream into butter, kneads the butter, pumps the water, fills the silo, lights the stables and yards and converts fertilizer to the land.

Electricity lights the farm home and the more well-to-do the farmer happens to be the more is electricity used to perform the house-work and cooking.

German experience has shown the use of

electricity to be both economical and convenient. The progress of invention has made the wide and varied application of such power possible. The discovery of the transmission of electricity at high potential paved the way for the progress that has taken place. Recently Canadian representatives made visits to Europe to study the uses to which electricity was put on the land and examine the systems in operation in France, Italy and Germany.

The systems in Germany were found to be more efficient and the use of electric power there was more widespread. Agricultural power stations dot portions of the country. At Lottin in Eastern Germany, for instance, they visited an agricultural power station which was erected by an associa-



Threshing on a German farm by electric motor.

tion of farmers for the purpose of supplying electricity to their farms. The transmission line from the station is 90 miles long and supplies current to a number of farms with an aggregate cultivated area of 25,000 acres. Another agricultural power station at Besswite transmits electrical energy over a line 100 miles long and supplies over 50,000 acres of cultivated land.

German invention and experience have overcome the obstacles that once stood in the way of the use of electricity on the

farm. Economic difficulties arising from the fact that the electrical energy must of necessity be distributed over a large area while the amount of energy seasonally is comparatively small have been solved. In many instances farms are supplied from municipal plants. The energy demanded for a farm supply is, of course, greatest during the day. This makes the rural districts attractive markets for municipal lighting plants, as a combination lighting load and agricultural load means that a municipal supply for lighting which would be idle



Portable motors with reels to carry cables for use on the farm.



An agricultural power station by the roadside, Germany.

every day is sold to the farmers whose use for the power at night virtually amounts to nothing. This advantageous marketing of power makes possible a lower rate to the consumer.

Where the farmers secure their supply from a municipal plant they usually form themselves into an association and as such contract for a supply. The price these associations charge to rural consumers, generally members of the association, is made to include interest on the money invested for the construction of the distribution lines and for the supplying of customers with meters. It also includes a small charge to provide money for a sinking fund.

When the money invested has been recovered through the sinking fund the charge to the consumer for current is decreased. Where there are no power stations from which farmers may secure energy in this way rural communities organize and with county or provincial assistance, erect agricultural power stations to supply their demands. One such power station was erected at a cost of \$500,000, of which the government contributed \$50,000.

These co-operative organizations to provide for the establishment of agricultural power stations in communities have met with great favor in Germany. They are allowed to use the highways for their transmission lines, so there are virtually no right of way expenses.

German cost accounting has established that the cost of help and of draft cattle is from 62 to 74 per cent. of the total cost of agricultural production. The greatest saving is made in the reduction of these expenses.

The cost of agricultural production is estimated as follows:—

Kind of Work—	For 100 hectares	
	Without machine, hours.	With electrically operated machine, hours.
Grain cleaning	36	7.5
Grain grading	33	4
Threshing	287	12.5
Turnip cutting	50	25.5
Turnip cutting	11	3.5

Until the advent of electricity the motive power chiefly available was that supplied by steam traction. Power of this description can only be used on a large scale, is limited in application and can only be



Combination pole and lighting post on a German Transmission Line.



New type of agricultural power station; neat, substantial and beautiful.

used certain portions of the year. The small farmer can not afford the large investment required to be made to procure such power and those who use it are exposed to a fire risk which is not light.

With the coming of the small electric motor the uses to which power on the farm can be put are practically unlimited. The electric motor is especially adapted to intermittent work and makes individual drive possible even for the smallest machine. Farm operations are naturally scattered over a considerable area, but the electric motor is built in sizes to meet the requirements of the farmer on 100 acres as well as the farmer on 1,000 acres. It is portable and is so simple that once started it requires no attention. As starting and stopping merely means the opening or closing of a switch the fire hazard of mechanical drive is virtually wiped out.

In Germany the problem of securing farm help is just as acute as it is in this country.

This is largely responsible for the employment of electric power in such a widespread manner.

The following table will give some idea of the speed of operation and efficiency of electrically driven agricultural machinery as compared with such machines operated by other motive power and also compared with the time taken for the performance of the same work by manual labor:

Best of ground	5
Turns	12
Unset of agricultural implements, interest and sinking fund charges	49.1
Seed, fertilizer, etc.	8.7
Cost of draft cattle	15.1
Wages for hired help	49.1

This means in a general way a saving by the use of electricity instead of hired help of 47 per cent. in grain cleaning, 62½ per cent. in grain grading, 32 per cent. in threshing and 65 per cent. in turnip cutting.



His Brother's Heritage

We are told by many readers that an occasional thriller is a proper thing in a magazine because it makes people sit up and take notice. Whatever may be our motive in presenting "His Brother's Heritage," it cannot be said that we are lacking in courage in thus following the advice which has been offered. The story is certainly a "thriller" and it may be that readers will appreciate an offering of this type—occasionally.

By Earle C. Wright

THE KID slouched low in the saddle rode through the streets of a north-western Canadian city. It was a nasty night for even an outlaw to be abroad; respectable people, had long since sought their beds. Gust after gust of wind and rain, unbroken by hundreds of miles of flat desert where the tallest obstacle was a dwarfed mesquite, drove down upon him furiously. There was no creak to the sodden leather; the silver on his bridle did not jingle. As his horse pulled one foot after the other out of the quaking mud it sounded like the report of a small cannon.

At the corner of Main and Elm streets the solitary rider drew rein. On the right side of the intersecting street were barnlike dance halls and over gorgeous saloons. To the left it was quieter; a few shadows flitted in and out of the swinging doors. Above the ribald laughter from the dance halls he heard the sharp click of billiard balls.

"I'll play just one game and hike," said The Kid to himself.

He guided his horse to the long horizontal timber which served as a hitching post and throwing the reins over the animal's head permitted them to drag on the ground. In the lexicon of the predatory an inopportune tight knot might prove fatal. With a final pat on the pony's neck he pushed open the doors of the Palace Bar.

The west has had many "Kids." As a rule they are a scummy lot. Wildness

in youth means vileness in old age. Let a young man shoot an officer of the law, steal a bunch of cattle or make his living by slick tricks with cards and instantly some well meaning fool will tag Kid to his name. There is something contaminating in the name. Once given it clings closer than a leech, insidiously draining its victim of the knowledge of right and wrong. He feels he must live up to it at whatever cost. To sink back to a plain Tom, Dick or Harry is to lose caste. It is worse than a case of smallpox and like it leaves the unfortunate being marked for life. And the way to tell them is by drunkenness, bravado, boasting and treachery.

So far the young man in the doorway had escaped the penalty. He was known throughout the western plains. Outside of purely local celebrities he was known as The Kid. He was young, scarcely twenty-three, with a slim, straight figure and unlined face. A phenologist would have said his bump of adventure was larger than the one which stood for honesty.

After a keen scrutiny he hitched his gun around where it would be more handy and entered. The Palace bar was not much for comfort. Men took their drinks standing, yet there were two tables. The one in the rear was occupied by two punchers who on The Kid's entrance looked at each other and nodded before they went on drinking.

The other table was vacant. He

seated himself at this, having first taken the precaution of turning his chair so the back rested against the wall. He then put his feet on the remaining chair and hitched up his trousers. When his hand came away it held a business-like appearing revolver. The price of safety is eternal vigilance. No one understood this better than The Kid. True he ran fearful risks at times but never unless there was some special inducement. The barkeeper left off wiping his glasses and hurried over to the table. He was so long filling the order that The Kid looked around impatiently. When it finally came the barkeeper took a position between him and the cowboys. Beside the place was a hastily scribbled note. The Kid nodded shortly making a mental memorandum to do the man a favor some time.

He drank the liquor slowly and then without moving read the warning.

"Yuh Kid, watch out. Them two ain't punchers like they look. One is a railroad detective, the other is Bud Johnson. Beat it."

But The Kid was in no humor to take advice. For three months he had hidden out, ever since the last train robbery, with no one to talk to but a child of twelve. Civilization as represented by his town meant men, amusements and man talk and he was tired of boyish prattle. His views had become so perverted that what he had done began to seem right. A great railway corporation had killed two people. It had escaped paying damages on a technicality; therefore the elder of the children levied on the railroad. To him it was a plain case of justice.

Opposite where he sat hung a placard with a picture at the top. Below was a table of measurements. Of the small print he could read 5 feet 8 inches, and the words "clean shaven, looks like a well-to-do ranchman's son." The picture was a good one. He remembered a hardy passenger who had leaned out of the window and taken a snap shot of him. This was before he

had graduated to wearing a mask and was still proud of his work.

Pride no longer kept him to it. There was a double reason; love for excitement and love for his brother. Some time Jim would be a great man, and he would have the satisfaction of knowing it was his money that had made him.

Out of the tail of his eye he saw the two men comparing his features with those on the placard. A tinge of red burned in his cheeks, the old time excitement was coursing through his veins like fire. Presently Bud Johnson, at least he took it to be him, rose and lounged over to the bar. He and the barkeeper held a whispered conversation consisting for the most part in Bud talking while the other shook his head. With one on either side of him The Kid grew more alert. It would be a feather in his cap to get the best of Bud who had only given up his own misdeeds to earn the railroad reward.

The conversation finished he came back stopping just in front of The Kid's table. He was a large man with a broad nose, wide mouth and low forehead. One of his yellow teeth had been broken off, leaving a great cavity when his stringy mustache lifted. The effect was to make him look like a snarling dog. There was a strawberry birthmark on his chin which he had often cursed. He hated it more than a joy-ride or his license. The bartender watching them smiled at the contrast and wished the slim one would win. In spite of his vocation he was by way of being romantic.

Bud broke the silence after they had stared at each other a full three minutes.

"Are yuh The Kid?" he asked roughly.

"I am, von half-baked traitor," replied The Kid whose contempt for the man was great.

The strawberry blemish flared out vividly. He appeared about to speak, thought better of it, and turning left an impression of yellow fangs frayed

in a black curtain of hair and a gaping hole where the tooth should have been.

The crisis had come.

As Bud reached his table The Kid drawing both guns rose facing them. In the tenses a glass dropped, shivering to pieces on the floor. An instant later from under cover of the table the detective took a pot shot. It went wild, sweeping down a row of bottles like a scythe cutting grass. The Kid shot once with his left gun and the detective slumped back into his chair. There were no longer any odds as to number but the fraction of a second it had taken to down the lesser man now cost dearly. It was now Bud's turn and he scored a neat bullseye low down in The Kid's shoulder. It was the first time he had ever been wounded and the thought came to him that his mistake was going to prove fatal.

Both began to shoot recklessly for neither remained in the same place longer than it took to fire and jump aside. Then the room was fast filling with smoke. Bud with a view of holding out until help arrived shattered the main light. This threw the room in such darkness that they had to guide their firing by the flashes from each other's guns.

Realizing the game The Kid knew he must hurry. He threw away the empty revolver, passing his second one to the right hand. It was a difficult operation with the pain from his shoulder making him sick and weak, yet grimly he held to his plan of working toward the door. That way lay his only salvation and already he could hear excited voices calling to each other outside.

By mistake he stumbled behind the bar, falling heavily over the crouching figure of the bartender. With a knowledge of customs he reeled for and found the house gun lying beside the cash register. He emptied it point-blank at the door which fumbling fingers were trying to open. The reinforcements fell back under the fusillade. Then carefully he began feeling his way back for he was too weak to

climb over the wooden structure. All about him came falling glass from Bud's shots. A piece stung his cheek just as he was about to lose consciousness. He fired twice at the last flash and, stumbling around a corner, made for the door.

Bud anticipating the move was likewise working that way. He could hear his feet dragging over the rough floor. There was no sound but the heavy breathing of the men as they cautiously edged along. Each was waiting for the telltale flash which would give him his enemy's exact position. Unwounded and fresh Bud decided on heroic measures. He rushed and the two men met in the centre of the room. Stronger than the youth Bud seized his right hand and struck him over the head with the butt of his gun. It meant a thousand dollars more to capture him alive. Struggling desperately The Kid broke loose and fell heavily against the door. It flew open, showing him a crowd of onlookers. Bud's gun spoke again, causing a sharp pain in his side.

He stended himself against the jamb waiting for he knew not what. Suddenly the night was illuminated with a flash of lightning. It came and went in a second but in that time the limp, swaying figure straightened up. He fired once, twice, from his hip and in answer came the soft thud of a falling body.

Of what followed The Kid never knew. He fought without reason, his actions dictated by instinct alone. A dozen pair of hands sought to seize him and a dozen drew hastily back. In the morning the one hospital the town could boast was fuller by two more patients. Stumbling, falling, half-blinded The Kid fought his way through the crowd until he reached his horse.

Having had one harsh lesson the spectators kept away while he painfully made his way to the curb and throwing one leg over the saddle tumbled in. Still respectful they watched him fade away into the night. It was a fitting climax to a wild life. The pity

of it is that so much bravery should have been willfully thrown away.

All that night and all the next day while the sun beat down unmercifully upon his bare head, a clinging figure rode a wiry pony westward. Sometimes it sang snatches of rollicking cowboy airs, sometimes it thrust from hands to the brazen heavens and cursed. Twice it fell while the patient pony stood by as inch by inch, from stirrup to stirrup leather, from silver huckle to saddle tree it pulled itself up. On again it went, an Ancient Mariner through a troubled sea of sand.

Late in the afternoon they ran into a herd of range horses. The dormant instinct which tells a wounded deer to double on its trail caused the sorry remnant of The Kid to pull his horse into their trail. When they left it no eye could pick his pony's footprints from those of the hundred already beaten into the earth. So on his last ride the dying outlaw eluded pursuit.

He awoke two days later in his own room. Through one of the windows a warm sun streamed on the bare floor. He looked at it wistfully; his last sunshine. There was no pain only a great weakness. The Kid did not try to deceive himself. He had seen too many men travel the route he was going. Sitting beside him asleep on a chair was his brother Jim. He noticed with a feeling of pity the slender form so like his own; the finely chiseled face lacking only the fires of adventure to make it his. The boy's eyes were swollen with weeping and long vigils. He held a book tightly clutched in his white hands. Therein lay the difference. One loved life with its daily doubts, the other cared for it more at second hand; one was a man, restless, full of unknown cravings, the other a dreamer content with his fancies.

"Jim," called The Kid, "wake up." At least he tried to call and found his voice was no louder than a whisper, yet it reached anxious ears.

"Brother, you are better," cried the boy. "Tell me you are going to get well."

The Kid smiled sadly. "No, Jim, you know I can't. Where is your knowledge of medicine," he asked hesitatingly, "if you don't know a dying man?"

Jim burst into tears. "You mustn't die," he sobbed. "I won't let you."

"Steady," said The Kid, "tears won't help. I want to tell you how proud I am of the handgags." He glanced down at the rudely adjusted linen where a spot of blood was beginning to widen. "Some day, old boy, you will be a great surgeon, just as we always planned but now you must listen to me."

"We will not go into the question of whether I did right or wrong. I lived according to my best belief. If I took much it was still less than they took from us. You are provided for, Jim. Under the mattress are a hundred thousand dollars and you will be safe using them even in the treasury. There also you will find the name and address of a man in Montreal. I met him once and liked his face. He is honest. Go to him. Tell him everything and make him become your guardian. Then study your precious surgery."

He paused and Jim with the tears running down his face bent over him. "A little advice," said The Kid weakly. "Don't go in for excitement. Our family can't stand it. I should have gotten free long ago but it overpowered me. Live quietly, don't drink, don't gamble and above all, keep clean of the adventurous sports. Do you promise?"

"I do," said Jim hoarsely.

"When I'm gone bury me outside the cabin and turn my horse loose. Ride your own hack to town. Now give me a drink of water."

He barely sipped it and lay back. Such was the passing of The Kid. Jim followed his brother's wishes in every respect. In the morning he buried him on the south side, covering the grave with mesquite and chaparral. The horse he turned loose, the money he put in his pocket. No one in town recognized the boy and in time he arrived in Montreal. As he grew older

he worshiped more and more the memory of The Kid. He had a picture cut from a placard; the same that had hung in the Palace saloon, framed in gold and hung over his desk. Whether it was a family trait or the physical working out of an ideal, he grew into the image of his dead brother. Visitors often thought it was a picture of himself and generally commented on the grey goatskin chaps, flapping hat and black gumps.

He worked hard at his books, to such good in fact that at the age of sixteen he was ready for college. His guardian, who had grown to love the quiet boy, advised taking the academic course at Toronto. When this was finished he began at McGill the study of medicine, which had always fascinated him. While in his first work he had done well, now he did brilliantly. A great future was predicted for him. Before he graduated five hospitals offered him positions, three of them in the States.

He was not popular with his fellow students. Years of loneliness in the adobe cabin while The Kid was out waging war had left its indelible impression on him. He preferred solitude and dreaming. Although strong enough in bone his muscles were weak for he avoided athletics as he would the devil. He never drank or played poker and the few friends he had were those who saw beneath the surface, detecting the courage shielded by shyness, the loyalty under the diffidence. In this way he reached manhood.

Looking back he could remember only one incident out of the ordinary and that was far from pleasant. He was eating lunch one day when he became aware of somebody's scrutiny. Turning around he saw the guilty man, a stout old fellow wearing a low collar and flowing tie. He remembered the type as affected by the leading citizens of his old town. Confirming this he could see the bottom of the man's trousers were rolled up, disclosing a pair of hairy bearded boots. Aided by a mirror he saw the old gentleman beckon the head-waiter and order him to do

something. After a hasty glance around the waiter refused. The man threw back the lapel of his coat, speaking rapidly, at which the head-waiter bowed and hurried away.

Jim noticed this more out of idleness than anything else while waiting for his check. He was considerably startled when after an unusually long delay heavy hands were laid on his shoulders.

"I arrest you in the name of the law," said the stout man.

With a policeman on either side they marched him to the station house. The charge was train robbery. Of course Jim had no trouble disproving the accusation but it set him to thinking. He compared his own weak surrender to the indignities thrust upon him with how his brother would have acted. The stout man swore to his prisoner's identity yet The Kid would have been much older. It was simply a case of one man resembling another and the authorities let it go at that. Jim told the judge savagely "a mouse couldn't look like a lion." Luckily his honor was hard of hearing or they might have probed the matter deeper.

At thirty The Kid's prediction came true. Jim was a great man. He had his own sanatorium with its corps of trained nurses and doctors. His remarkable cures were heralded in the papers; foreign universities added to his degrees and royalty called him to its sick bed. In a way he was happy. A small testament reposed in his hip pocket, much of his wealth he gave to the poor. He was that rare thing—a good man.

During all these years the secret shrine of his heart was filled with his brother's image. Then one day it was ruthlessly entered and another took its place. As a normal man Jim always expected to fall in love, but scarcely with a passion that threatened to consume him. He prided himself on being well balanced until the little naked god made sport of his pretensions.

The girl was in every way worthy of him, beautiful and good but what was

far better she really loved him, only as with most young people there was in her makeup a wide vein of romance. In a more modern sense she wished some knight to come riding up and take her by storm as though she were a maiden. She candidly showed this to him the evening he proposed.

"I really care for you, Jim, a whole lot, if only——"

"What?" he prompted.

"It's hard to explain," she said with an embarrassed laugh, "but you seem such a prosaic creature. As a matter of fact I can hardly imagine you caring enough for me to do anything desperate or even silly."

"I love you," said Jim simply.

"I know it," said she, "and that your love is probably deeper than nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, yet you seem so self-centred, so willing to go along in the same old rut day after day without any of the spice of life."

"You mean I'm an old stick-in-the-mud," he smiled.

"Don't laugh, Jim, can't you see how serious I am. It may be the making or marring of our lives."

"Really do you wish me to do the lady and the tiger act? I never knew love was like that."

"It isn't," she insisted, "if you were in danger I'd want to be there too. You are a good man and doing an immense work but you are covered with a hard shell just like one of those strange armadillos we saw in that Mexican place. I can't seem to get to the real you."

"You shall," said Jim and then and there he told her of The Kid and his own lonely life. He wove around it the wreaths of romance kept green in his own worship. He told it well even the last fight and that last long ride. Carefully he dwelt on the sacrifice, painting The Kid a martyr, glossing over the wrong until the girl's imagination took flame.

"He was splendid," she cried, forgetting the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," and adorning the train

robber with the virtues of Sir Galahad. Jim began to see he had made a mistake. The girl he loved cared to talk about no one but his brother. It was useless for him to try to shift the subject. She always brought it back to The Kid.

As the weeks went by and he was no nearer his answer he almost grew disloyal to his brother's memory. It rose like a ghost between them. In her mind she was always weighing one against the other to Jim's disadvantage and he knew it. As though robbing trains and killing could compare with saving lives. They began to drift apart each a little hater from the experience.

Then Jim's chance came. It was on one of those rare occasions when they were together. As they reached the lobby of the theatre after the performance, the cry of a mob came rolling up from the street. In the lead a heavy man with a gaping mouth, from which one front tooth was missing, ran slowly. There was a smoking gun in his hand which he used every time his pursuers came close. When just opposite where the man and girl stood his wind gave out and he backed up against a wall, hastily reloading the revolver.

"What has he done?" Jim asked one of the mob.

"Killed two men in a down town bank," was the reply. "The police say he is an old western crook."

Even as they talked a policeman raced across the open space surrounding the robber. The gun spoke venomously and he fell a huddled heap. Another tried it with no better success. Two of the policemen then opened fire from the fringe of the crowd but they were poor marksmen, the bullets spattering all over the wall. It angered the robber and he began shooting promiscuously into the crowd. Several fell, the rest breaking wildly for cover.

"If The Kid were only here," murmured the girl.

"He isn't," cried Jim stung at the reflection, "but his brother is. Watch me." He strode to the steps with a determined air.

"Don't," she begged, holding to his arm. "You have no weapons. He will kill you."

"Even that would be better than having you think me a coward," said Jim. "I worship his memory. Yet even that cannot come between us."

"Stay," she moaned. "I'll marry you."

"Marry a coward," he mocked, then more gently. "Can't you see this must not go on. The man is mad. He will fight like an animal as long as he is cornered but as soon as he sees an unarmed man coming toward him he will surrender. It was one of The Kid's pet theories that sheer bravery will often do more than a display of strength. At least it will definitely decide for you and me."

He thrust her gently behind a pillar and walked slowly out to the street. The desultory firing ceased as with hands hanging open by his side he left the sidewalk. With an offhand shot the man hit a policeman hiding behind a lamppost, watched him tumble down and then turned his attention toward Jim. Before he had taken ten steps the surgeon knew his theory was wrong. There was no insanity in the robber's eyes, only a thirst to get as many as he could before they got him. He found time to wonder at the accurate shooting for every time the gun spat some one dropped, and he felt a strong curiosity to know where they would be hit.

The robber let him get halfway across before he took aim. Jim knowing he was close to death felt rapidly for the testament in his tip pocket. Unknowingly he had used the old draw of the cow country. It caught the attention of the doomed man who in surprise raised his eyes from Jim's chest to his face. He paused with the hammer half cocked, his mouth gaped in astonishment. A small strawberry stain flashed out glowing on his chin.

"By G—," he swore. "It's him and after all these years." He now held

the gun down swinging on nerveless fingers.

From behind the pillar a pale-faced girl watched Jim's steady advance and held her breath. She breathed a little prayer while her soul was filled with worship. All this time she had been hoping to a false hero too blind to see the real one close by. Meanwhile Jim had walked straight up to the robber. As he reached him, a sneaky, powder-blackened hand grasped his.

"Kid," he heard the man cry, "I'm sure glad to see yuh. Lord what a time I've had of it and now to see an odd friend."

"You'll have to give up your weapons," said Jim steadily.

"Don't be cross, Kid. Say yuh know me. I'm Bud Johnson and so help me I'm sorry I done yuh dirt that night in the Palace. It's the worst thing I ever done and many times I've regretted it. Tell me it's all right Kid and I die happy."

Jim understood now but the knowledge brought no bitterness. He felt strangely elated that he so resembled his brother. It brought the adobe cabin and the pale face very close.

"Sure," he said, "sure that's all forgotten."

"Thank the Lord," said the man. "It's been on my mind an awful long time. Say, they got me bad, ain't they? What would you do?"

"Give up," replied Jim promptly.

"Can't see it that way," said Bud, taking a crack at a head that had appeared over the wall. "No cells for mine. Good-by, old-timer, if yuh ever get back home tell 'em I died with my boots on and died game."

Before he could raise a bad Bud had sent his last bullet crashing into his brain. The girl never learned the truth regarding the suicide. It was enough that she married her hero. As for Jim the ghost of his brother was laid as securely as his body back there in the prairies, yet he still has two shrines in his heart. In the one is the girl; in the other The Kid.

Inefficiency—Why?

The problem of inefficient help is one that confronts every employer, whether his staff be large or small. Some way or other it is almost impossible to secure efficient employees these days—absolutely efficient in every sense, in the small things as well as the big ones. Why so? In this article the question is discussed by a writer who has talked with employers and business men, and studied the conditions from every standpoint.

By Morley J. Edwards

"CAN you do what you're told?" was the question put by the boss to a young man applying for a position in the office of a large factory in a provincial town the other day.

"I've read the 'Message to Garcia,' sir," was the reply, "And I believe I know how to use my brains."

"If you can make good on that recommendation you're a wonder," mumbled the head of the business to himself as he assigned the applicant to a desk in the general office, and being thoroughly interested he decided to institute a test.

The young man, a college graduate, by the way, who had previously had a couple of years' experience in another business, had come in to take the place of the head's assistant, who had just been promoted to a branch factory in the west.

The first week the new assistant was put at re-checking invoices, work which he suspected was usually handled by a junior clerk. For awhile it wasn't so bad for he picked up some knowledge, at least, of what the firm brought in as raw material. After a few days, however, the thing rather grated on him and once or twice he was tempted to suggest that he was wasting his time. Every once in a while, however, the proprietor would come around and look at him and, usually with a grin and say: "Get any irregularities?" or "Keep at it, fellows."

He kept on at the detail work till

well on in the second week and then one evening about 5.30 made a decision. Going into the proprietor's office first thing next morning he said:

"See here, Mr. Donald, I told you I could use my brains, but I'm not getting a chance to do it. If I saw any benefit to be gained by checking over those invoices again I'd keep at it till midsummer, but one of those boys at \$12 a week can do the work as well as I. I want something else to do."

"Right-O," said the manager with a laugh. "I wondered how soon you'd come to it. I wanted to find out whether you could do what you said you could. Bring your stuff into this desk in my room and we'll go over this new advertising scheme. I think you'll do."

That young man proved both that he could do what he was told and could use his common sense. He kept on doing these things and now manages another western branch factory and has a share in the business.

There's a great big need in the business world to-day for young men and women of just this class.

"The greatest difficulty I find in my business," said the head of a large Canadian company which employs several hundreds of people of all classes, from laborers up to department managers, the other day, "is to get efficient help. And whatever is the cause the problem seems to be getting harder from year to year. There seems to be something the matter with the young

men and women to-day. If I could find the kind of employee I want, who were unquestionably straightforward, who were thorough, and who were able to look a little ahead in their own interests, I could make this business pay forty per cent. per year."

"Most of my staff are alright, so far as the big things are concerned," said the head of another firm, "but in the little things they fall away seriously. And these little things often repented mount up into big things. It is a big question."

"I get a good man or woman here and there," said the proprietor of a large publishing house, "but I have hard work hanging on to them for they are in large demand elsewhere. It's funny," he observed, looking at the matter in a humorous light, "that the ones you want to keep are the ones that want to go, because other people want them, while the ones you don't particularly care about are the people most anxious to be sure of their jobs and yet aren't willing to go to much effort to keep them."

Is it true that there is something wrong with the young men and women of to-day who offer their services in various capacities in business? The charge made by one of the foregoing employers is a serious one. Is it possible that with the rise in the standard of living and the change from hand to machine-made goods, from individual to standardized articles, with a consequent large departure from the old forms of almost-universal manual labor there has come a lowering of the standards of efficiency and honesty held by our grandfathers?

Interviews with employers of labor in a dozen or more establishments unfortunately do not lead one to make an immediate negative to these queries.

Take the matter of honesty, for instance. Stray into the office of almost any large business where the boss doesn't arrive till 10, any morning at 9.10 and see how many of the clerks are reading the morning paper. About three out of four, usually. Perhaps it

is only natural for the stenographers to follow suit. Anyway, in most offices seven out of ten sit around discussing the last evening's dance, or a new hat, till 9.30..

In a certain large tannery in one of Ontario's busiest towns the men complain chronically and bitterly of how hard they are "shoved." The writer made an independent tour of the plant for several days some little time ago, with a view to getting an honest idea of prevailing conditions and in one of the drying lofts where the foreman did not often visit, he found several men asleep. When questioned, they protested that they had dressed the 160 hides which constituted their day's work and were "putting in" the time till closing. It was rather funny, in the face of this, to see them jump up and start working like piece-hands when they heard footsteps.

One hears a good many things to-day about the improvement in morals of the members of the traveling fraternity, and yet how many drummers are there who do not take an easy opportunity to pad their expense accounts, at least enough to cover a couple of theatre tickets or a box of chocolates for the best girl? This is not a knock at the traveling man. As a class he is probably just as honest as any other. But no one of them who is honest (?) will deny this fact.

Here's another illustration: The other day the morning mail of a large financial corporation in Toronto contained, perhaps a not unusual thing, a letter returned for postage. In this case, however, the envelope was addressed in a feminine hand to a lady. One of the firm's members who regularly opened the mail, found in this envelope a letter written by one of the stenographers to a girl friend in a neighboring city. This young woman, unthinkingly, perhaps, had used the firm's stationery and time for her personal affairs. She had doubtless also intended to use their postage but added carelessness to her other transgressions and got herself into difficulty.

These examples are little things, it may be said, and yet they are the little things that mount into big things. And these same little things have a great deal to do with the net profits of a large business. In a good many offices and factories these things are regarded quite as a matter of fact. But when you get right down to it, are they not just as dishonest as pilfering from the cash box? No one will deny it. Yet for the former offence an employee gets off scot free with a light reprimand. For the latter he usually gets six months at stonebreaking.

Another reason for the employers' plaint as to inefficiency is the growing tendency to bluff, to take chances on doing work for which the applicant is not prepared.

"I haven't any idea of what an accountant has to do," said a bright young man who was answering a newspaper want ad. in which a large firm asked for a capable man, the other day, "but I can keep a set of books and if I get the place I'll make a bluff at it." He got the position largely by reason of some recommendations from influential friends but failed. He wasn't capable.

A certain amount of aggressiveness and daring in achieving positions may be permissible, but this must not be carried too far. Business houses to-day are not taking in men and women to well-paid positions to educate them. To get that knowledge they must start at the bottom.

And capability is not made up alone of knowledge of any particular department or business but by several other principles, one of which is thoroughness.

"You'd be alright, Smith, if you'd only clean up the loose ends," said an office manager to one of his department heads, recently. "Upon my word, when I have to keep after you about these messy little things that you don't finish up it makes me feel like getting rid of you. For any sake see that a thing's done when you undertake it. Do things so that I won't have to worry

over them myself. That's what you're paid for."

Mighty good advice that which can be taken to heart with advantage by men and women in every walk of life.

"A desire for rapid promotion and for frequent salary increases seems to me to be the prevailing characteristic of the young men and women who come into my business," said the head of another concern whose office alone employs over a hundred. "And yet," he continued, "while I must say they are pretty faithful as a whole, they don't seem to take hold as I'd like them to. Perhaps I expect too much. I don't know. But most of them are content with enough knowledge of the business to enable them to do their own little bit of work. They don't fit themselves to take any one else's place. That's the trouble with them. They weren't take any more interest than they can help in any but their own affairs."

Isn't this man come pretty near to striking the secret of the lack of advancement complained of by so many apparently-capable young men and women? A good many such talk of "wire-pulling" and of "old-fogginess" in the management and do not hesitate to express themselves in business hours and out regarding it.

Six years ago a boy just out of a short term at business college took a place as office boy in what was at that time a comparatively small biscuit and confectionery manufactory in a western Ontario city. His salary then was \$2.50 per week and a good many of his boy friends who got into rather more lucrative positions, laughed at him. He kept on, though, minding his own affairs, working faithfully, and better than all else, learning all he could about other parts of the business when he had mastered his own share of its details. It wasn't long before he was promoted to the time-keeper's place and \$3.00 per week. Again the other boys laughed. His young friend held on, worked, kept his own counsel and waited.

Pretty soon, under good management, the firm began to grow and its

factory was practically doubled. Our young man went up with the growth. He became successively assistant book-keeper, then book-keeper, then assistant to the accountant, then accountant, then assistant to the secretary. The boy's friends stopped laughing.

Year or so ago the firm's business warranted a spreading-out policy. It established a couple of warehouses in the West, and later bought a new factory in Winnipeg and another in Vancouver. In the morning of the new plants the secretary went West and, being ready, our friend stepped on again.

The firm now has four factories, with representatives all over the eastern and western provinces as well as in Ontario and does, perhaps, as large a business in the line as any Canadian company. The former office boy was recently appointed secretary-treasurer and given a seat on the board of directors. How little he has talked outside about the business can be imagined from the fact that even the members of his own family do not know exactly what his salary is. It

is safe to presume, however, that he receives well over \$2,000.

This, in a young man of twenty-five is an example of what service—that is, honesty, capability, thoroughness, minding-one's-business and watchfulness will do. Hundreds of opportunities for similar success and advancement are open to Canadian young men, and women too, particularly in these days of rapid expansion of business.

The proprietor of an exceedingly popular hotel in one of the large United States cities has summed the matter up very succinctly in a booklet issued for the guidance of employees. He says: "Life is service. The one who progresses is the one who gives his boss and his fellow-employees a little more—a little better service."

This is what counts in business unfortunately, as well as in other lines of life. And this is what our young men and women must be prepared to give if they wish to achieve success. They must be prepared to do what they are told and to use their brains.

The Story of Advertising

IT is a most romantic story that Herbert H. Casson unfolds in *Munsey*, a story of brilliant enterprise, of great "scops." As he says, what advertising has done for commerce and prosperity is a story that would fill volumes. It has created cities as well as trades. It has given us big sales with small profits, instead of small sales with big profits. It has helped the buyer and the seller alike. It has tamed the whole nation up to a finer sense of comfort and a higher conception of success.

Of the first-class advertisements it is laid down that the bait must be in the upper part of the advertisement, for the reason that the eye sees the top of a page first. And the hook, if you please, must be at the bottom of the page. Attention above; action below.

It is known, too, that an advertisement is effective in so far as it can represent

the reader's point of view. It is better to say "Cut down your soap bill!" than to say "Buy your soap from me." It is better to converse with a man about his own needs than to shout at him about your own commodities. Talk to the people about what they want, and about what you will be well pleased to sell them at a fair price—that is the motif of the modern advertiser who succeeds.

In every series of advertisements there must also be the two elements of novelty and repetition. There must be novelty, to attract attention; and there must be repetition, so that the reader will not forget. That advertisement is best, perhaps, which can combine most happily the old and the new, so that it attracts and pleases everybody. Like "Home, Sweet Home" with variations.

Mrs. Warren's Earring

The story which follows is written by an American author, one whose work commands the highest prices in the best magazines. It is quite unusual in conception and style. And yet it might easily be a true story. The dialogue is carried through to the conclusion in a manner both striking and exceptional.

By Harold Susman

MRS. WARREN had an uncle named John Rawson. Mr. Rawson was an eccentric person. He spent all his time and all his money in old curiosity shops.

He bought books and pictures, chairs and tables, odds and ends, and goodness knows what not. Most of these things he kept for himself. But some of them he gave away.

He gave some to his niece, Mrs. Warren. He gave her a French vase, a Spanish comb, and a Persian rug. And then, at Christmas, he came to see her, and he brought a present with him. It was the most peculiar present he had ever given her.

He put his hand in his pocket and took out a box. He opened the box and took out a package. He opened the package and took out—a trinket. A small, carved golden trinket.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Warren.

"What do you think it is?" said Mr. Rawson.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Warren.

"Guess!" said Mr. Rawson.

"A brooch?" said Mrs. Warren.

"No," said Mr. Rawson.

"A pendant?" said Mrs. Warren.

"No," said Mr. Rawson.

"An—earring?" said Mrs. Warren.

"Yes!" said Mr. Rawson.

Mr. Rawson handed it to her. Mrs. Warren examined it.

It was an improbable ornament of an impossible design. It represented a gargoyle. An objectionable gargoyle. An indescribably objectionable gargoyle.

"It is an earring," said Mr. Rawson. "A medieval Italian earring. It is very

curious. And very valuable. There is not another like it. That is the trouble. The mate is missing. And this one could not be matched. A copy would never look the same. So you cannot wear it. You must keep it in a curio-cabinet."

Mrs. Warren didn't know what to say. She could not say, "How beautiful!" She could not say, "How charming!" She could not say anything but, "Thank you!"

Mr. Rawson departed. And Mrs. Warren fell to wondering. What should she do with it? What could she do with it?

It was not a thing that could be displayed. She must get rid of it. She must give it away. But to whom could she give it?

First she thought of this one. And then she thought of that one. Finally she thought of Mrs. Butler. Mrs. Butler's birthday was due. So Mrs. Warren went to see her.

"I have come to wish you many happy returns of the day!" said Mrs. Warren.

"How thoughtful of you!" said Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. Warren showed the trinket. And Mrs. Butler stared at it.

"I thought that you would be getting boxes of candy, and baskets of flowers, and all that sort of thing," said Mrs. Warren. "And I wanted to give you something different. Something entirely different. So I got you—this!"

"What—is—it?" said Mrs. Butler.

"It is an earring," said Mrs. Warren. "A medieval Italian earring. It is

very curious. And very valuable. There is not another like it. That is the trouble. The mate is missing. And this one could not be matched. A copy would never look the same. So you cannot wear it. You must keep it in a curio-cabinet."

Mrs. Butler looked at the trinket. And she looked shocked. Mrs. Warren departed.

Mrs. Butler looked at the ornament again. And she looked more shocked than ever. The gargoyle was certainly an odious thing.

Mrs. Butler didn't want it in her curio-cabinet. In fact, she didn't want it in her possession. So she set herself to scheming how to get rid of it.

She thought of Mrs. Holden. Mrs. Holden was going to get married again. Had Mrs. Holden been a young girl, and this her first marriage, the earring would not have seemed a suitable gift. But Mrs. Holden was a middle-aged woman, and this was her third marriage, so the earring appeared to be more appropriate. Mrs. Butler went to see Mrs. Holden.

"My dear," said Mrs. Butler, "I knew that people would be giving you asparagus-tongs, and clocks, and candlesticks. So I wanted to be original. And I think I have been! I wanted my gift to be unique. And I think it is!"

She showed the ornament.
"Oh, you are original!" said Mrs. Holden. "And your gift is unique! But—what—is—it?"

"It is an earring," said Mrs. Butler. "A mediæval Italian earring. It is very curious. And very valuable. There is not another like it. That is the trouble. The mate is missing. And this one could not be matched. A copy would never look the same. So you cannot wear it. You must keep it in a curio-cabinet."

Mrs. Butler departed. And Mrs. Holden considered.

She had, as Mrs. Butler had surmised, received asparagus-tongs, clocks,

and candlesticks—in large quantities. She had also received a pair of earrings. But this gargoyle was the only single earring she had received. In her innocence, she believed that it was the only single earring anybody had ever received.

She was disgusted and dismayed. How could she dispose of it?

She had sent superfluous furniture to an auctioneer. She had sent superfluous silverware to the pawnbroker. But what to do with a superfluous earring?

She finally took it to a dealer in bric-à-brac, art objects, and antiques. She displayed the trinket. The dealer scrutinized it.

"It is an earring," said Mrs. Holden.
"Yes," said the dealer.

"How much will you give me for it?" said Mrs. Holden.

"Ten dollars," said the dealer.
"Very well," said Mrs. Holden.

So she took the ten dollars. And the dealer took the earring.

Mr. Rawson came to see Mrs. Warren.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened!" said Mr. Rawson. "A most remarkable coincidence has occurred. In my rounds of the old curiosity shops, I have been fortunate enough to discover a duplicate of the earring I gave you, an exact match, a perfect mate! It is undoubtedly the original companion. So I have secured it, and have brought it to you. Here it is!"

And he produced the earring.

Mr. Rawson beamed. Mrs. Warren gasped. The gargoyle seemed more precious than ever. It seemed, in fact, the most admirable thing in all the world.

"I want you to accept it," said Mr. Rawson. "And furthermore, you must no longer hide your light under a bushel. You must not keep these precious treasures in a curio-cabinet. You must wear them—in your ears!"

This time, Mrs. Warren could not even say, "Thank you!"

The National Political Situation

In this article the writer deals with a number of outstanding issues which are now before the Canadian Parliament—the tariff, civil service reform, railway matters, the navy. Mr. Thomson writes these political reviews monthly for Maclean's, after interviewing prominent men and studying public questions. The views are his own, formed only after careful investigation and consideration, and expressed in an independent and vigorous style. Incidentally Mr. Thomson remarks on the enormous amount of work devolving upon Cabinet Ministers. People who visit Ottawa on various missions should consider this fact in making demands on public men. Alexander Maclean once declared that he was obliged to spend more time in seeing people, particularly persons seeking positions, than in governing the country.

By Edward William Thomson

"DON'T never prophesy unless you know." Bearing in mind this saying of the Yankee sage, as well as the French maxim, "It is the incredible which happens," it might be injudicious to assert there is no possibility of events justifying those Opposition editors who have lately predicted extensive early changes in the tariff. Still, if one were sinful enough, he might securely wager about 99 to 1 that the aforesaid editors have either guessed wrong, or hazarded prophecy in order to draw contradiction from "posted" Ministerial scribes. True, the steel and iron magnates, with sundry other interests, ask for "more." But on what theory or principle dear to protectionists, could the Finance Minister make any notable change in customs-tax schedules under which all kinds of business flourish as never before while public revenue increases by leaps and bounds? That wise functionary has not even re-proposed such a Tariff Commission as he and his colleagues declared, last year, to be a proper or even necessary preliminary to tariff-revision. Surely Prudence counsels him against any and every course that might tend to disturb existing industrial conditions. If times were hard it might be reasonable, and a good political move, to set up the Commission as if by way of ascertaining

the causes of trouble, with means of remedy. But to do so when times appear only too good to last, would be to court blame for such lessening of general industrial activity as has often followed close upon flush years, times later termed "years of inflation." It appears true that some trifling tariff-changes, which the Opposition are bound to regard as harmful and the Ministerialists as consummately wise, will be made. Such temperate protectionism may disappoint devotees of the gentle expectation that Haman-high customs-taxes would be in the platform of the Borden Government—a platform on which, according to confirmed free-traders, the consumer would be gibbeted. But Mr. White's temperance will not tend to jeopardize the entire protective system, as might occur if free-traders and "tariff-for-revenue-only" men were afforded fresh ground for harking back to a policy which the Laurier Government extensively jettisoned soon after attaining power.

A GOOD TARIFF.

That the Fielding Tariff is a good one to leave alone seems evident from inspection of the latest Bulletin of the Census Bureau, relating to "Manufactures of Canada for the year 1910 as enumerated under date of first June, 1911." This Bulletin shows that what

the Census Bureau terms "Manufactures" produced to a value of \$1,165,975,639 in 1910, as against a value of \$481,053,375 in 1900—an increase of \$684,922,264 or 142.38 p. c., while "Establishments" increased from 14,650 to 19,218, "Employed Capital" from \$446,916,487 to \$1,247,583,609, "Employees" from 339,173 to 515,203, "Salaries and Wages" from \$113,249,350, "Raw and partly manufactured materials consumed" from \$286,527,558 to \$601,509,018. Citation of these official statistics should so happily our dear fellow-citizen protectionists that they will not grieve to have it remarked that inspection of the long list of so-called "Manufactures" reveals inclusion of "Log Products" and "Lumber Products to a value of over \$145,000,000, of "Butter and Cheese" over \$37,000,000, of "Bread, &c." over \$25,000,000, of "Brick, &c." over \$8,000,000, "Coke" nearly \$1,500,000, electric "Light and Power" and "Apparatus" almost \$28,000,000, "Cement" nearly \$5,700,000, "Car Repairs" over \$31,800,000, "Fish, preserved" over \$12,300,000, "Flour and grist products" almost \$82,500,000, "Foundry, &c., products" over \$46,600,000, "Fruit and vegetable Canning" almost \$6,000,000, "Harness and saddlery" over \$5,200,000, "Leather" almost \$20,000,000, "Monuments and tombstones" over \$1,300,000, "Paper" over \$14,100,000, "Oils" nearly \$7,700,000, "Plumbing and Tinsmithing" almost \$9,900,000, "Printing, &c." over \$25,000,000, "Slaughtering, &c." over \$48,500,000, "Smelting" nearly \$33,700,000, "Cut Stone" nearly \$3,000,000, "Wood Pulp" over \$9,000,000, "Men's and Women's custom (or tailor-made) Clothing" nearly \$15,000,000, with many other "Manufactures" equally natural, indigenous, or unforged by protection, to a total tone of about \$800,000,000. It is as possible for a free-trader to contend that every one of such "indigenous" manufactures would be facilitated and enlarged by the absence of customs-taxes on their various supplies, as it is for a protectionist to contend that

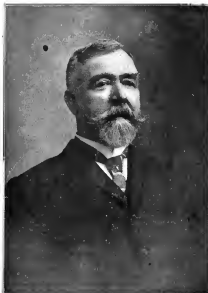
every one of them is benefited by neighborhood in Canada of the Industries which are alleged to flourish by reason of their protected liberation from the full force of foreign competition. However that may be, the Census shows all our "Manufactures" wonderfully increased in a decade. We all know them to be even more prosperous now than two years ago. Which is an excellent reason why the Hon. Finance Minister should beware of invitations to muddle just now, should "leave well enough alone," should await a possible appearance of decline in business before proceeding to any loud enquiries indicative of intent to change schedules which are part of the condition of general prosperity and contentment. Even the West is complaining little of the tariff. That complaint may speedily vanish if the Premier succeed in securing what the West clamors for—free admission for grains to the U. S. market. There are more ways of approaching that end than were included in the Taft-Fielding agreement.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

If caution is denoted by the attitude of Ministers respecting custom-taxation, so it is in their posture toward Sir George Murray's recommendations for reform and improvement of the Civil Service. Little if anything will be done in that important business this session. Why not? Everybody concerned agrees that his advice is good, particularly as to relieving Ministers of detail work by amending the Treasury-Board, by enabling Deputy-ministers to act more freely in matters of mere administration, and by establishing Under-secretaries empowered to assist and largely free Ministers as to parliamentary enquiries. The reason why these good reforms will not be urged this session is found in the existence of one of the evils Sir George proposes to abolish—i.e., overwork presently prevents Ministers tackling the reforms that would relieve them. Probably a very small proportion of the Canadian people have any true notion of the enormous labors of the more im-

portant Ministers at Ottawa. Yes, and on the Opposition chiefs, though they are free of Departmental duties. Consciousness of this has been so strong in the present writer, ever since he saw

then without a sense that it is almost inhumanly cruel to demand the least time and attention from men so beset by innumerable demands on their attention! "Uneasy lies the head that



K. W. THOMSON.

The well-known writer on Canadian Politics, who is contributing a series of articles in Maclean's to the National Political Gazetteer.

that strain on even the tremendous working-powers of the late Hon. Edward Blake, that he can never seek interview with a Minister, or even write a brief note to one, except when his humble duties truly impel him, nor

wears a Crown," if it be but a Departmental one. As for the Premier of any time, he is as one racked on the Cross of Public Service. Even ordinary conscientious Members of Parliament work infinitely harder and longer

than they get credit for. A few loafers are not worth mention in the reckoning. We of the British and American Democracies almost thanklessly wear out many of our ablest and kindest fellow-men, those who sacrifice their time, their family-life, almost all amusements, their health, their fresh-headedness, their chances of large fortune—all given up to public service. And for what reward, except the dear sense of having "scored delights and lived laborious days"? For some adulation, mostly interested; for the fleeting applause of their expectant partisans; for incessant jeering, misrepresentation, tortuous suspicion by their opponents; for the more piercingly disgusting spoken and written slattery of fickle partisan friends. Many a man capable of high political service shuns the legislative arena, because the incidents to success therein are largely abominable. Responsibility for such loss to our Democracies lies directly on the devilry of Party Spirit, indirectly on the Democracy which fails to condemn and punish that Spirit's more atrocious manifestations. The Demon is alluring, infective—which of us has entirely escaped at election times? One may write the more feelingly from consciousness of having been a sinner at times against the Light! Insofar as Sir George Murray proposes to relieve Ministers of some portion of their arduous labors, he ought to be followed, and Ministers encouraged to aid his attempt to free themselves.

RAILWAY MATTERS.

A great deal of prophesying and surmising as to the intention of the Premier respecting the Grand Trunk Pacific or National Transcontinental Railway—more particularly the Eastern division, lying between Moncton and Winnipeg—was uttered and written before Parliament assembled. Having hark to Mr. Borden's speeches of 1903-4 it was shown that he might consistently take over that Division, for Government operation, if furnished with large reason for so doing by any default of the G. T. P. Company. This is a very delicate subject

with Ministers. Even a free writer is bound to abstain from as much that might have any sort of tendency to embarrass the credit of the Company. There is no good excuse for appearing to apprehend that the G. T. P. will make any sort of default. Recently a London movement of Grand Trunk securities afforded much reason to suppose that strong Capitalists incline to buy a majority interest therein, partly for the purpose of obtaining financial control of the G. T. P., which is subsidiary to and controlled by the Grand Trunk Co. Latest official reports from Government engineers on the G. T. P. show that it traverses regions sure to yield immense traffic. One commentator alleges from personal acquaintance with much of the territory of both roads, "the G. T. P. has three adjacent fertile areas for every one adjacent to the enormously profitable C. P. R." Much more valuable land lies along the Eastern Division than was supposed. This should tempt Capitalists to seek control of the Grand Trunk for G. T. P. sake. It also furnishes an excellent reason why the Premier, if he should feel impelled by future circumstances to relieve the G. T. P. of the Eastern Division, might reasonably count on public approval. Sir Wilfrid's undertaking of that Division at public expense may turn out vastly more advantageous than his opponents predicted in 1903-4.

PROPOSED NAVY LOVE-FEST.

One hears at Ottawa much private talk to the effect that the Ministry and Opposition might well make this session memorable, as that of 1909 was, by agreement and a grand "love-fest" on the "Navy" business. Why not? Sir Wilfrid's proposed amendment does not condemn, as to amount, Mr. Borden's proposed expenditure of \$35,000,000. Quite otherwise. Laurier proposes to expend more money, but to devote it differently, obtaining ultimately for the greater sum two instead of three super-dreadnoughts, and two squadrons or units of cruisers, destroyers, &c. But he proposes building and manning the whole armament in

Canada. Fervent devotees of the "built in Canada" plan may not be staggered by consideration that the price of one super-dreadnought, twelve million dollars, would be lost on the difference between construction in England and construction here. But what about the loss of time? There is for either the Ministerial or Opposition proposal not one hair of excuse, unless on Mr. Borden's contention (which to me seems sound) that there is urgent need for strengthening of the Crown's main fleet, not merely because war may be imminent, but because war is most likely to be started off and ultimately escaped by such strengthening. This consideration surely warrants Mr. Borden's proposed haste. It is one sound objection against Sir Wilfrid's proposed delay. The truth seems to be that the Opposition Chief does not, while the Premier does, regard seriously the danger of war as imminent, a real danger to be dissipated by adequate preparation of naval force. Sir Wilfrid is a very wise man. He may be right in his opinion that the Big Financial and Commercial Interests of Europe, agreeing on this matter with the Democracies of every nation, will not allow great War to arrive. That looks probable. But suppose the Emperors, Kings, Aristocracies, Diplomats, and Men of the Sword overrule the Commercial and Democratic Interests again, in ten thousand times since the beginning of recorded time. Suppose the war does come soon.

The position of Canada somewhat resembles that of a family resident within unsafe distance of a great Ottawa lumber-yard. There conflagration would endanger the family house, furniture, and possibly life. The head of such household, if sensible, does not delay taking out insurance policies. He does not help to vote down a by-law for civic expense on fire-engines. He knows well that his wife may regard his possums as wasted. She may roast him anew every year, while the possible fire does not occur. But does that bother him? No—what he gets for his premiums is the sense of being

insured. If the worst come he and she and the children will not be without something to fall back on. If he be uninsured, and the fire arrive, be, she, and they may all alike have to scratch hard in mean service to get slowly back to the situation lost by lack of prudential insurance. Analogously, Canadians can't afford to go uninsured against very possible early war. Hence the sooner they reinforce the Crown's insuring fleet the better. Sir Wilfrid, whom I reverence even while differing from his opinion, would have Canada do without naval armament until such time as her people can, gradually, supply an adequate one. This seems to some of us like resolution to rest unarmed in a burglarious neighborhood until one shall have learned how to construct his own revolver.

The sound objection against the Premier's policy would surely be—if his programme was wholly disclosed—that urged by Mr. Frank Oliver, in a most masterly speech, far the ablest in argument and phrasing of the debate, but only the careful, cautious, subtly indicative speech of Mr. Borden himself. Mr. Oliver argued, as this "Maclean's" series has contended before, that the first duty of Canadians in respect of defence is to provide for that of their own Atlantic and Pacific Coast cities and coal-mines. These must be liable to possible raiding cruisers in any war serious enough to so test the Crown's North Sea fleet that the Borden reinforcement might be really needed. Immense damage might be done at Sydney, Halifax, St. John, Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver, &c., in a very short time by such raiders. The Admiralty has repeatedly warned Ottawa of this danger. It is most startlingly obvious to every visitor on our Pacific Coast. Surely it should be guarded against "first thing." Mr. Borden has not yet indicated that he does not intend speedy action in the matter. His programme has been fully disclosed in only one of its features—the earliest possible construction of three big ships in England, ships which Ottawa may recall whenever able to man them and supply them

with necessary auxiliaries. He indicated that cruisers for service off both Canadian Coasts will be sent there by the Admiralty—when? When the three big Canadian ships shall have been placed in the battleship fleet. Then the Crown's Old Country cruisers can be spared for our Atlantic and Pacific patrols. But will that be soon enough? Possibly Yea. Certainly Nay, if the postulate of imminent liability to a great war be reasonable. Here comes, some think, the chance for agreement and a love-feast of Ministry and Opposition.

BASES FOR AGREEMENT.

Why not complete insurance of both Canadian Coasts with utmost possible speed, by voting, in addition to what the Premier's plan calls for, all that Sir Wilfrid's plan demands, buying coast-defence ships, etc., wherever they can be had, establishing floating mine-service boats and stations, while hastening all such plant and ship-building yards in Canada as are contemplated by both our political Chieftains? In such agreement Mr. Borden would not appear to forego any armament that he designs, nor to undertake anything he does not intend. Similarly, Sir Wilfrid would not surrender aught of his plan save his proposed postponement of all armaments until all can be provided from Canadian workshops and ship-yards. He might well be expected to go so far toward harmony with the Premier, since Mr. Borden would be coming as far toward him. Canada's gain would be the speediest possible insurance of both our Coasts, synchronously with the swiftest possible reinforcement of the North Sea battle-fleet, which is to be justly regarded as Canada's high-sea defence, or part of her insurance against great possible injury by war. It would be gracious and therefore wise for the Premier to proceed in all this great business on the Laurier Navy Act, which is dear to Sir Wilfrid's heart. Repeal of that measure, instead of such slight amendment as might be required by the circumstances, would surely be in-

terpreted as evincing that Ministerial humility to Mr. Bourassa's threats which Mr. G. E. Foster's speech purposed to disavow.

If the Canadian people cannot be granted the pleasure of seeing their two parties in such amity regarding the common Defence, what will happen? Important as is the whole "Navy" business, it is one on which the B. N. A. Act or Constitution of Canada should be ignored? Could the Premier, if his Navy Bill be opposed strenuously by the Opposition, instead of accepted as it might be if conciliatory tactics were employed—could he be justified in calling a general election on the existing distribution of provincial representation? The B. N. A. Act clearly requires Redistribution; this session. Would it not be the Premier's duty to put the Naval Bill in abeyance, if the Opposition refuse to let it pass, bring in a Redistribution Bill, and decide, after this became an Act, whether to call a general election immediately, or, if delaying it, leave the Navy Bill a mere proposition until after the new electorate should have passed on it and the Ministry?

There is as yet no special reason to suppose that the Opposition will obstruct the new "Navy Bill" to the last extremity, as Mr. Borden obstructed the reciprocity "part." Rather it seems, at time of this writing, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will let the Bill pass the Commons. What of the Senate? Oh, that is "quite another pair of sleeves." Under the leadership of Sir George Ross, Presbyterian and unco Imperialistic, the Senate Opposition may do things that the great Catholic French Chief always inclines to abstain from, lest racial and creed feeling be aroused in tolerant Ontario. In short, it is, at present, thought rather likely that the Ross Senate majority will throw the Bill out, on the large and plausible if not perfectly sound plea that so important a departure from Canada's previous policy ought to be delayed until passed on by an electorate constituted according to that early Redistribution clearly demanded

by the Census of June, 1911. In case the Senate did this act, what would happen?

Here I am irresistibly reminded of George Stephenson being asked, when he laid his first Railway—"Suppose a Coo got in front of the Engine?"—"That," said George, "would be unco' bad for the coo." There is good reason to surmise that the Premier would

Flash Lights for Railway Signals

NOT only the Swedish state railways, but also a number of the most important private railway lines in Sweden are considering earnestly the project of introducing on the main lines, for night service, interrupted or "flash" lights, in stead of the usual steadily shining lamps familiar to all on railways throughout the world.

The impulse in this direction started in 1908, when one of the more enterprising private lines adopted it. Since then the system has been constantly in use to the satisfaction of all concerned. These flashing signals have proved eminently practical and reliable and have shown marked advantage over the old-fashioned steady lights.

This is proved by the fact that the engineers are lively advocates of their immediate and universal introduction.

Experience has shown that the engineer of a rapidly moving train can distinguish and judge a flashing signal more quickly and surely than a steady one.

The reason for this is that the eye takes cognizance of a sudden appearing light more promptly than of a steady one of the same intensity. It is not that the light is brighter, but that the eye is more attentive or expectant.

In the introduction of the system a most important factor to be considered was the interval of time between flashes. Too great a pause and too deliberate appearance of the light made the engineer restive and doubtful. He lost his sense of security. On the other

promptly take up and push the long-standing need for reformation of the constitution of the Senate, or total abolition of that fifth wheel to the Canadian coach. With his Navy programme published and a Senate-reform plank constructed, he might hasten Redistribution, and then get to the country with alacrity and fair chances of success.

hand, too frequent intervals caused a certain amount of nervousness on his part.

Experiments show that fifty to eighty flashes a minute are the most desirable, the higher number being adapted for warning fast trains, where very naturally the interval between the perception of the signal and the attainment of the point at which it is given is very short.

The Swedish flash-light apparatus is a very simple and ingenious affair, the invention of Herr Gustav Galen. The source of light is acetylene. The material is stored in a cylinder at the foot of the lantern post, one leading being sufficient to keep the light going day and night for several days; and during this time the apparatus requires no supervision.

The cost of the light is very slight—about two cents a day. This permits about 100,000 flashes.

The Swedish signals have been working since 1908 without the least accident or failure; some of the lanterns having given during this four-year period more than a million flashes.

As this kind of signaling is especially adapted for use at crossings and other points where several lights appear close together, the system facilitates the distinction between the various points on the part of engineers and other employees, and diminishes the strain on the eye and mind; so that in the Swedish railway service the system is considered as making for increased safety.

Alan Sullivan's Literary Work

Have you ever noticed the emphasis which MacLean's places on personality in its features? We like articles about persons who are doing things—doing them successfully and differently. Our character sketches, Family achievement series, art series, and other features all present personality, methods, success. The article which follows is in this class, yet it is more in the nature of an appreciation. In short, it is descriptive of the literary work of Alan Sullivan, who is a great favorite with readers of MacLean's, and who has attained a prominent place among the Canadian writers of the day.

By J. E. Wetherell

"Blessings be with them, and eternal
praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us
beats
Of truth and pure delight by heav-
enly lays."

tell—the voice of true song is al-
most hushed, and only here and there,
and at intervals too long, can the au-
thentic notes of genuine verse be dis-
tinguished amid the idle babble of
multitudinous rhymes.

One is diffident in approaching so
delicate a theme as the discussion of

SUPPLIANT

Grant me, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,
Clean days of labor, dreamless nights of rest,
And that which shall my weariness assail
The sanctuary of one beloved breast:

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,
Knowledge to yield with valour to defend,
A faith immutable and steadfast years
That move unvexed to their mysterious end.

—Alan Sullivan.

Since Wordsworth wrote thus over
a hundred years have contributed to
the splendid total of English song.
Scott and Byron, Shelley and Keats,
Tennyson and Browning, have written
their names imperishably on fame's
eternal bead-roll. Poetry has never
quite departed from the world, al-
though she has often bidden her glori-
ous face. At present—mournful to

the poetic work of a writer who lives
at the present time and in the present
city. A just estimate would appear to
demand a better perspective of time and
place. A proper pride in the genius of
a fellow townsman may lead to pane-
gyric, and the customary inexactitude
of contemporary criticism may mar the
value of every comment; but if poetry
is to live and thrive—to give to a self-

seeking and sordid age nobler loves and
nobler cares—someone must now and
then make at least a feeble attempt, if
not to bless and praise, at least to solicit
a wider recognition for conspicuous
merit.

advantages. No author's work is en-
tirely the creation of his own imagina-
tion. His subjects and his style are,
to an extent not commonly realized,
the offspring of countless forces and
tendencies. Here speaks a progenitor



ALAN SULLIVAN

It is customary to introduce a liter-
ary critique by a biographical notice
of the author whose work is reviewed.
This custom, sometimes reviled as a
labor of supererogation, has obvious

more or less remote; here a beloved
teacher; here the exhilaration of for-
gotten summers; here the stress of ad-
versity; here the sound of a voice that
is still. The discerning student of

biographical memorabilia reads not so much in the lines as between the lines in his quest for the subtle influences that make one man differ from another in creative power and technical skill.

Alan Sullivan was born at St. George's Rectory, Montreal, in 1868. He is the eldest son of the late Right Reverend Edward Sullivan, formerly Anglican Bishop of Algoma, a distinguished pulpit orator, whose life was a continuous record of devotion to duty. His mother was Frances Mary, second daughter of Edouard Renaud, of Newcastle. In 1869 his father left Canada for a time to take charge of Trinity Church, Chicago. In 1871 the boy of three years had the never-to-be-forgotten experience of witnessing the terrible conflagration which swept two thousand acres of that vast metropolis. In 1882, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to Loretto, in Musselburgh, Scotland, the noted school of H. H. Almond. After finishing his course at Loretto he attended the School of Practical Science, Toronto. He then went into the West and engaged in railway exploration work. Later he took up mining engineering. He was assistant engineer in the Clergue enterprises at the Rault before the period of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company. As a mining engineer he then spent several years at Rat Portage (Kenora). That was the time of the gold exploitation in the Lake of the Woods district. His western experiences made it necessary to learn the Ojibway language, of which he obtained a working knowledge. For the last nine years he has been mechanical superintendent of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing Company of Toronto, and to the work of engineer has added that of architect, having planned more than one annex to the original factory. His inventive faculties have also led to many improvements in the equipment of the great establishment in which he spends his days. Mr. Sullivan is a member of the Toronto Club, the Toronto Golf Club, the Hunt Club, the Engineers' Club, and the Arts and Let-

ters Club (of the late Vice-President). In December, 1900, Mr. Sullivan married Bessie Salisbury, daughter of George H. Hees, of Toronto. Three children grace their happy home on Madison Avenue.

About a dozen years ago in "A Treasury of Canadian Verse" appeared two short poems, "Venice" and "The White Canoe," by Alan Sullivan. They displayed a pretty fancy and swing, but gave little promise of the sterling qualities of the poet's current work. The last three years, which have engrossed his business activities as never before, have been the most fruitful years of the poet's development. He declares that the contrast between the daily business routine and the charms of literary work is stimulating rather than depressing. Only the odd hours of the week can be spared for the muse, but she understands, and shows no disposition to be jealous. The poet admits his dual personality and warmly asserts that he respects that self more which is active during the minor portion of his hours.

Last winter before the Arts and Letters Club Mr. Sullivan read an interesting "Symposium" in which a Painter, a Critic, an Optimist, a Pessimist, a Mystic, and Sanesworth (the rational one), give their views on art. We cannot in a paragraph follow the diverse arguments, but some of the fine sentiments of Sanesworth demand quotation, as in them the poet gives his own views on the poet's art.

"I tell you this, that while the land is young.
And all our days are born in lusty strength,
This is the season to remember art;
And so infuse its beauty in our veins,
That as the State grows, art will flourish too,
And cleanse the nation from unworthiness."

"So with all of you
That write and carve and build up melodies,

To please high heaven you must be divine,
To speak to earth you must be human too."

"Art is the voice of beauty everywhere,
Of any beauty howsoever expressed;
And since we wander through a riotous world,
It is a boon companion for the soul;
It springs from thoughts immeasurable to man,
And we must grasp them ere they vanish quite,
It has no bounds, but with great amplitudes
Will, when you seek it, round encompass you.
Beauty breeds art, and art engenders love,
Which is the link with that from which we came;
For, if you will, you may go wandering
Dumb, blind, and all unheeded through life,
Fast bound to circumstance and days of fear;
Or, with that boon companion, Art, beside,
Be use with all the wonders of the world,
Attuned to beauty and her brother, Truth,
Devoid of fruitless grief and bitterness.
And, walking thus, may keep your soul alive."

Mr. Sullivan's best poems are to be found only within the covers of the monthly magazines of 1911 and 1912. The charm of his lucid and melodious verse has attracted wide and deep attention in Canada and the United States. A few of the titles are these:—"The Lover," "Respiro," "To Sleep," "Suppliant," "When in the Speechless Night," "The Call," "Come those who saw and Loved Her," "The Call" (June, 1912) is a summons to the lovers of out-door life to abandon the glare, the tumult, and the stress of the city for the wonder and the mystery of the woods. A subtle sweetness of thought and feeling pervades the lyric. The poet's deep and cunning instinct for

the expression of beauty are strikingly exemplified in the third stanza:

"Mark how the tilted mountains lie
Mantled with moss and cloistered fir.
My brother, cannot thou pass them by,
Art thou not too a worshipper?"

The use of the epithets "tilted" and "cloistered" is startlingly beautiful. "Come those who saw and Loved Her" (May, 1912) is, perhaps, the poet's greatest achievement. It has already found its way into an anthology of present-day lyrics. If Mr. Sullivan can sustain the magnificent level which he has here reached he owes it to the world to drop his business concerns and to take his place in the van of the depleted and struggling hosts of literature. The third stanza of that poem is symbolic of the "rare devising" of the poem itself:

"For her most rare devising
Was mixed no common clay,
Nor earthly form, disguising
Its frailty for a day;
But sun and shadow blended,
And fire and love descended
In one creation splendid
Nor less superb than they."

A dozen poets, great and minor, have written sonnets "To Sleep;" has anyone of them since Petrarch surpassed these exquisite lines? The octave is rich and stately, but in the sestet the poet pierces the mysterious veil of night and ravishes her wondrous secret!

Out of what soundless ocean cometh this tide

To blot out all the headlands of our day?

It calls not, but it whispers, and we stray

Into its ghostly arms, well satisfied

That gilded hope and tears and love and pride

Should for a little season pass away:
The ivory gates unfold, till, faint and gray,

The undiscovered country stretches wide.

Our night is the soul's daytime, and no care,

No languor doth oppress it, all its
hours
Are measured by our slumbers; it
replies
To mystic questionings from the outer
air,
Looks up to heaven to renew its pow-
ers
And flashes its quick answer to the
skies.

The term "Price Poem" is usually a misnomer: the production may win the prize but have none of the merits of a real poem.

"Madeleine Verchères," recently printed, which won a hundred dollar prize offered by a Toronto publication, does not, it is pleasing to say, deserve the sinister fame which attaches to most poetry written for glory or gold. It is a stirring narrative, in lyrical form, of one of the most romantic incidents in Canadian history. Mr. Sullivan is not the first of our poets to glorify the dantless French maiden. Some twenty-five years ago appeared *Madeleine Verchères*, by John Kosse, of Montreal. That earlier poem, although highly dramatic, ends too abruptly at the very call, "To arms!" and thus fails to take advantage of the dramatic possibilities of the seven days of the siege. Mr. Sullivan has avoided that mistake, as the latter half of his poem describes the siege of the little fortress:

"Hour by hour the watch was kept,
Night by night the challenge leapt,
For the sword of France was naked and
the soul of France bent high,
And the redmen shrank from battle
as the days went drifting by."

The apotheosis of honest toil is a golden thread running through much of Alan Sullivan's work. It is the dominant feature of his remarkable poem, "The City." The men with blackened faces and blue overalls receive his benediction: the other workers are stamped as "a lesser breed of men," or are disposed of in a comprehensive summary—"bankers and brokers and such as these." The hundred thousand toilers who break from forgo

and factory at the close of the day, with bent shoulders and tired eyes are

"Laborers all—but everyone
Made in the image of God's dear
Son."

It is the same attitude towards brawn and sinew which we find in his prose sketches, "The House Invisible," "The Pilots of the Night," and "The Essence of a Man." It is not surprising that the ploughman poet's creed exalted the man of "humble fare" and "hobden gray;" but here we have a poet of refined susceptibilities and culture proclaiming the gospel of Burns: "The honest man though e'er see poor, is king o' men for a' that." Alan Sullivan is always paying homage to the native and naked dignity of man. This reverence for the lowly constitutes the very web and woof of that remarkable sketch (as yet unpublished) "The House Invisible." The patrician visitor is confronted in the House of the Spirit by a Presence (which is simply the embodiment of whatever of the divine is harboured in himself). This presence reveals to him his pride, his selfishness, and his blindness. She also points through the casement to his old gardener at work amid the herbs and the roses, and startles him with a strange philosophy. "What man shall judge another?"—"I would that his house were mine,"—"His spirit has never wandered from home, and dwells not in one room,"—"The great ones of the earth build spiritual hovels: but the labourer can build a palace for his soul."

One of the most beautiful short stories published in recent years is "The Turning Point." Hendrick of that tale, like its author, has a dual life. "One existence, ostensible and productive, mirrored the man to his friends, a progressive, active engineer; the other revealed a sensitive personality, subjective and imaginative, vibrating to the beauty and the mystery of life." With such unerring certainty did the author describe a woman's point of view in this story that an American writer of some distinction misook the author's

sex and fell into an amusing blunder which need not be recounted here.

"Pilots of the Night" is a marvelously vivid sketch of a journey in the engineer's cab from New York to Buffalo. The reading of this narrative will change forever one's attitude towards a journey by rail. In all subsequent journeys the reader will give some thought to the fireman with his shovel and the driver at the throttle who commands the business end of the train. He will never again be unkind to the men in the overalls whose long vigil and tense brains and tireless hands bring the sleeping travelers safe through the black watches of the dangerous night to their destination in the morning.

"The Essence of a Man," published last month in an American magazine, is a breathless narrative of lag Tom Moore, a gigantic half-breed. Through the story runs the genuine spirit of our wonderful north country, more truly portrayed than one is accustomed to find in such literature. The faithful and grimly courageous hero of the story—the yellow-coated, black-muzzled dog—the murderous lynx—the crystalline plains of crushed snow—the spruce forest—the raging blizzards—and, at the end, the Scotch factor of the Hudson Bay Company—all are of the very essence of the Canadian Northland.

"Life is real life is earnest" is the creed of Alan Sullivan. While he is

not in the usual sense a didactic author, he exhibits in his prose work and occasionally in his poetry some characteristics of the social and moral philosopher. There has just seen the light in this city a little book of aphorisms, "I Believe That—" containing several hundred maxims and proverbs and other sententious observations. A half-dozen of the briefest are all that can be quoted here:—

The strongest friendships are those which leave something to the imagination.

Common sense is the sense of proportion.

Solitude is the hospital of the spirit. Pride is the grave of progress.

A spark will consume a city, and a word will blast a reputation.

Repentance born of emotion generally has a short life.

Night is the daytime of the soul. Memory is the scourge of the trickster, but the benison of the just.

It is greatly to the credit of Alan Sullivan, one of the busiest of our busy men, that he should find time to jot down these words of wisdom for the edification of his fellow-men. That he should find it amid the ill odors and the jostling incivilities and the vapid platitudes of Toronto street cars, as he did, makes his merit more admirable still. From one who can thus control his faculties, or rather can divert his faculties at will into this current or that, we may surely expect great things.



The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of Maclean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had so really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

CANADIAN BEST SELLERS.

1. Corporal Cameron, by Ralph Connor; 2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone, by Robert W. Service; 3. The Long Patrol, by H. A. Cody; 4. The Net, by Rex Beach; 5. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, by Stephen Leacock; 6. The Lady Married, by Frances Little.

AMERICAN BEST SELLERS.

1. The Lady and the Sad Sea, by Frances Little; 2. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright; 3. The Net, by Rex Beach; 4. A Cry in the Wilderness, by Mary E. Waller; 5. The Upas Tree, by Florence Barclay; 6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill, by Alice Hegan Rice.

An interesting article might be written on the pseudonyms of well-known authors. In these days a reader must be up to the minute in the developments in the world of books to know who the writers actually are. They have almost as many different aliases as the professional crook. Why do they adopt pen names and how do they get them? Really a racy sketch could be penned on the subject.

"Ralph Connor," for instance, is a case in point. As most people now know "Connor" is none other than Rev. Charles W. Gordon, a Presbyterian

minister at Winnipeg. But why did he change his name to enter the field of fiction? That is almost a story in itself.

The fashion of Gordon's introduction to the public as a writer was not a little curious. After he had been called to a church in Winnipeg, after being a missionary to the miners, lumbermen and ranchmen of the Far West, he was asked to write an article for a Canadian paper on life in the North-West. In response he wrote the early chapters of *Black Rock*, signing them with the nom de plume "Can-nor," made up of the first syllables of the words Canadian North-West. The editor read this Connor, and to make it sound better prefixed Ralph; and so Ralph Connor had made for himself the pseudonym that is so widely known to-day.

That was some years ago and the output of Connor books has been considerable ever since. The early newspaper sketches immediately caught on and the writer was asked to continue them, till at last they grew into the tale as we know it. When published in book form, *Black Rock* was very popular, and went through numerous editions. Other books followed, among them, *The Sky Pilot*, *Glengarry School Days*, *The Man From Glengarry*, *The Prospector*, *The Foreigner*, and so on.

Born of Scottish parentage in Glengarry, Gordon was educated at the

University and Knox College, Toronto, afterwards taking some classes at New College, Edinburgh. His student days were not all devoted to book work. His

strong fascination for him. It was, perhaps, little surprise to his friends, therefore, that, after so elaborate a training at college he chivalrously of-



REV. CHARLES W. GORDON (RALPH CONNOR.)

first fame was gained as quarter-back in the champion rugby team of Western Ontario, and riding, driving, and open-air life generally have always had a

forced himself as a minister in the Far West, whither he went to follow the calling of his father, who had likewise been a minister in Glengarry.

But to deal with Ralph Connor's latest book: "Corporal Cameron, A Tale of the North-West Mounted Police, A Tale of the MacLeod Trail." The novel is divided into three parts, the scene of the first being laid in Edinburgh and the Highlands, the second in a farming district in Ontario, and the third in the foothills and mountains of the far west. Thus it will be seen that while the book pretends to be a story of the West as a matter of fact only the last part of it deals with Western life. Again, insofar as the title suggests that it is a story of the Mounted Police it is also somewhat misleading since Cameron's history as related deals almost entirely with his boyhood in Scotland and his experiences in Eastern Canada and Ontario. But these points may be passed over as minor considerations.

Allan Cameron, the hero of the novel, is an Edinburgh student who by indulgence in drink gets out of condition and causes the football eleven in which he plays half back to lose the international match. Immediately after this disaster the young man is accused of having forged a check during his spree and, although the charge is subsequently disproved, his friends think it best to ship him off to Canada. Cameron is a hot blooded Scot of strong personal magnetism as well as great physical strength and an adept performer on that instrument of torture known as the pipes. By sitting himself in kilts and marching up and down as he plays he can charm the Gaelic bird from the bush, and this accomplishment stands him in good stead when he arrives at his new home, where there are many Highlanders.

After a short but fiery experience in Montreal he finds work as a hired man on a farm, and "Mandy," the farmer's stupid but warm-hearted daughter, promptly falls in love with him. This brings him into conflict with the other hired man, whom he promptly knocks down; afterward he engages in a rough and tumble fight with the latter's friends, who break his leg. After a sojourn in the hospital he joins a surveyor's camp and his serious adventures be-

gin. While pursuing a deer he is overtaken by a blizzard, from which peril he is rescued by a man named Raven, who, with an Indian named Little Thunder and a dozen pack horses, is wandering through the forest trading bad whiskey with the Indians for their good furs, an illegal business and one sternly forbidden by the laws of the Dominion. Raven insists upon taking Cameron with him along the trail, and as a result he has experiences that remind one of those set forth in the old-fashioned dime novels, with which Besile used to fire the juvenile heart. In all fairness it may be said that the Besile school of fiction was never dull. Cameron is a brave man, or Ralph Connor would not have chosen him for a hero, but it seems that he is altogether too brave and that the author does not distinguish between courage and wanton recklessness. Indeed, it is a wonder that he escapes death at the hands of Raven and Little Thunder. These men flee when followed by the mounted police, but Cameron falls into their hands and is taken before the superintendent as a prisoner, charged with murder and whiskey dealing. He is released, however, and made a member of the force, thus earning the title of corporal, though not until nearly the end of the story.

In his new position he renders efficient service to the government in running down horse thieves, murderers and other delinquents, and fully sustains his Besile reputation of the earlier chapters. In the end he comes across his old flame, "Mandy," now transformed by the process known only to writers of exuberant fiction into a lovely and good-looking trained nurse. From the moment his eye rests upon her his finish is obvious to the experienced reader.

Dr. Gordon has not learned the art of keeping his characters in the traces. One by one the various personages in whom the reader has become interested, drop out of sight, never to appear again. The Edinburgh folk, many of whom are convincingly drawn, the rival hired man and the others who fall before the hero's dauntless Scotch fist vanish from

the pages of the book to be seen no more.

There has been considerable criticism in the Canadian press of this latest work of Ralph Connor. While some critics have praised it without reserve, most have been careful to qualify whatever praise they have been disposed to accord it by declaring that it was good of its kind, and not a few have been outspoken in the expression of their disappointment.

To be quite frank it must be said that Ralph Connor can do better work than this. One turns somewhat wistfully to each new book that he produces in the

hope that it may be a second "Black Rock." Again, this one, if judged by the former standard, must be a disappointment. While it may be very readable it is not above the level of Dr. Gordon's more recent stories.

Viewed in its most favorable light, it might be held that while the merit of the book is somewhat uneven, it is a realistic story of the Scottish emigrant to Canada. There is much true local color and it crystallizes the lives of many men who, strangers in a land of strange customs, came over and with strong arms and an honest heart made their way to success and distinction.

Cars Whirl Through Space on Cables

AERIAL railways, which have long been employed for industrial and military purposes, says *Railways and Engineering Review*, are now being utilized to transport passengers over precipitous places in the Swiss mountains. Several of these roads are now in operation, and the demands of tourists, who want comfort in the ascent and descent of mountains, and who may enjoy the novelty and sensations experienced in scaling the heights in cars carried through the air on cables, are encouraging the construction of aerial routes over some of the most difficult places in the Alps. The popularity of the Swiss mountain resorts and attractive scenery of the higher regions are also incentives for building railways over the great glaciers and granite walls leading up to them.

The first aerial railway projected in Switzerland was the work of a German

engineer who, in 1901, enlisted the co-operation of capitalists in Bern and of the community of Grindelwald in a plan to build an aerial line for the ascension of the Wetterhorn. The concession was secured in 1904, a company organized, and in 1908 a portion of the road was inaugurated. In the first section the two extremities of the line are separated by a horizontal distance of 1,000 feet, the average incline for the course being forty-five degrees. The cars are made of steel, each being propelled by two cables with a strength of seventeen times the power required to carry them up the incline.

No motive power is employed, the line being operated by the simple movement of ascent and descent. The cars are of the same weight and are regulated by automatic brakes of such force as to insure safety.

The Modern Office

It was once an axiom of business that discomfort bred efficiency. But that idea has been forgotten long since. The modern office is now equipped with those things which at once increase efficiency, bring to the mind a sense of harmony and promote the comfort of visitors, officers and employees. In "Office Appliances" an article appeared recently in *Psychology of Office Furniture*, from which we quote in part some features which go to constitute "The Modern Office."

By Charles D. Ward

TO-DAY, in every well-equipped office, the choice of furniture is as weighty a matter as air, or light, or space to stretch one's wits in. There are offices in which every nook and corner is fitted out with a view to charm the eye and please the incoming check-book. Desks must shine. Cabinets must hint order and method, in design and shape and color. Rugs and walls are parts of a color scheme. There is sales-quality in the very pose of the easy chair for the expected customer. The pictures are not merely bought, but selected. It is the visitor who must struggle with environment, or smilingly succumb to it—not the host.

Out of this bright, alert home of hospitality go the salesmen, carrying with them its very atmosphere of charm and subtle persuasion. Such a house stamps upon every employee, from stenographer to office boy, something of its individuality. Desks, chairs, tables, Cabinets are endowed with something that seems almost a form of life—artistic association. Each is a silent salesman, for each is a delicate and intrinsic part of the Service which the company renders its friends.

With all the elegance of the modern merchandiser's environment, however, he shares one keen faculty with the stern old Puritan forefather. Not for one moment is luxury, or even comfort, made an end in itself. Both the old and the new Office Chief choose their furnishings with a definite, concrete

plan in mind—the one to conquer by brute force, the other by subtler psychology. Mere maudlin splendor is as fatal to the balance sheet of the amateur in business as to the art reputation of the nouveau riche. Indeed, the great value of the tastefully furnished office lies in its harmony—perhaps, in the very unconsciousness of the incoming customer that any influence from his surroundings can possibly sway his decisions. Meanwhile human psychology—which after all, is our old friend, human nature—never sleeps. Unconsciously, the tone and color of the office lend their aid to bind the bargain, even as David Harum's wit stabled the best horseflesh at half their price.

But if the effect of mind on body through harmonious and attractive surroundings is great, equally real is the reflex action of body on mind. The posture of back and limbs is a matter of profit and loss, and a hard, straight-backed chair has cut many a thousand dollars from many a contract. A certain well-known manufacturing institution in the middle west has applied this principle scientifically to the problem of getting the ultimate quantity of work from its employees. By experiment and comparison it discovered that a particular kind of chair back, adapted to the worker's back, necessitated the minimum of leaning exertion while working at his task. The old-fashioned factory stool was forthwith corded into fuel, and the new efficiency

type substituted. Results immediately justified the expenditure. Every worker's capacity was increased by a concrete and reckorable percentage of added output. The test of experience substantiated the modern business gospel of Comfort, and that by the irrefutable logic of the profit-sheet.

For many years now the brusque and discourteous employee has been a rarity in the modern business office. Those whom necessity has not reformed, commercial wisdom has sequestered. The rude, but otherwise efficient, worker may be worth retaining for the sake of his maimed efficiency, but he does not meet the public. But furniture also may be courteous or provocative. After a hard day's journey from another city, how many a customer has found the very refinement of hospitality in the easy chair of the wholesaler and the cordial welcome which his surroundings mutely spoke! Under this subtle stimulus—so superior to the obvious flattery of the decanter and the cigar-box—an added attractiveness lent itself to the proposition he had come to discuss. It was merely another triumph for the etiquette of business—of the brain that saw and planned each accessory as a part of the larger campaign of persuasion.

Competition in the modern trade arena is polishing its "tooth and claw." It is learning the art of being civilized. Mere mass of money even does not wield the power it once held, when confronted with the frailer but more potent might of the human spirit. The business house to-day which ignores the plain lessons of others' success, in considering the comfort of its patrons, is inviting defeat. And so it has come about that Office Furnishing is a science and an art—an asset rather than a deficit-charge.

And here, as in all else which concerns the power to please and persuade, no sure or universal rules can be drawn up to guide the purchaser. Experi-

ment begets experience. Taste is indefinable, but no less real for that. Because business in all its departments, in the last analysis, rests on Personality, the problem of each merchant's office equipment must be solved with specific reference to his own personality and that of his customers.

To assist him in that evolution modern industry has taxed its heaviest resources and inspired its ablest artisans. But the problem of choice is still his, and the rewards of a right selection are the greater for the years' evolution in popular taste which have recreated the modern business office.

Who shall set a price mark upon unity and harmony? Not *we!* Beauty is a spirit—a complex blending—a proportion. It is what is suitable—what is pleasing—what is appropriate and at one with time, place and persons. The influence of a perfectly appointed room is more intangible than ether, for it goes beyond thought into that realm of feeling whence thought is projected. It is translated into impression and impression begets action.

What business can tell the money value of the perfectly appointed office or salesroom? How far does it go in influencing the mind of the customer? He does not know, nor can anyone tell, but the value is nevertheless as real as the goods upon the shelves. What lawyer does not value the effect of an harmonious, quiet, comfortable office upon the minds of nervous clients? And surely no physician of modern schooling would disregard the important influence of surroundings calculated to induce ease and peace of mind, relaxation rather than nervous resistance, in patients whose cases demand careful diagnosis.

The influence of the well-appointed office extends into every business and profession. The problem is worthy of very careful thought—painstaking study—by every man who has an office or who has that which belongs to offices.

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

The Development of Thrift

IN Munsey's Magazine Hugh Thompson, writing on "The Development of Thrift," gives some valuable suggestions to "every man or woman who earns." In short he tells them how to save, and he does it in as practical a way that the operation actually seems a simple one. Anyone may succeed in it.

During the past twelve months, the writer tells us, he has traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, studying the financial caputins of various typical American cities, and especially the sources of their wealth. One of the striking revelations of this experience was the fact that, almost without exception, an early appreciation of thrift was the principal equipment of most of the men who amassed millions. I suppose I have asked, he continues, more than two hundred millionaires the question:

"How did you begin?"

The well-known invariable response has been:

"I began to save early," or "I learned the value of thrift."

What is true of the millions is also true of the thousands and the hundreds. They all begin with the conservation of the pennies.

Thus there is nothing uneasy or mysterious about the beginnings of riches. Thrift, combined with vision and the realization and capitalization of opportunity, is the simple formula of vast calate.

Thrift lies at the very foundation of material success. It is the mate of saving, full brother of frugality, first aid to prudence and economy. The nations of the world that have prospered owe their progress to thrift, because the sum of small savings forms the unshakable fabric of national credit. The countries that neglect

it do so at the price of permanent preperity.

Mr. Thompson gives his article a practical turn by getting right down to details. "Many men say," he asserts, "How can I save when I am barely making enough to live?"

The answer to this is that all saving may be reduced to a system. It is not the amount of money that you save, but the fact that you have begun to save, that invests the whole performance with a certain moral influence, which, properly encouraged, becomes stronger and stronger all the time.

The way to save lies through order. Apply the same intelligent effort to your money that you expend on the time, energy, or material with which you work.

When you take up the concrete steps to saving, or the means by which small sums may be laid aside, you are, perhaps, startled at the consequences. For example, everybody who works or earns money in some way can put aside five cents a day. This seems a very trivial and insignificant sum—a single cent-fare, or the price of a glass of soda-water. Yet let us see what it can do. Five cents put aside every day will amount to \$182.50 in ten years. Placed in a savings-bank that pays four per cent. interest, it will earn \$40.60; thus the total sum represented at the end of ten years by the simple saving of five cents a day is \$223.10.

Take ten cents a day, and by the same process of saving and investment it will amount to \$453.12 in ten years. Twenty-five cents a day will amount to the next sum of \$1,133.75. If you put a dollar in the savings-bank every week for twenty years, it will mean \$1,612 at the end of that time.

The only way to save successfully, however, is to keep constantly at it. It is very much like exercise. A man who exercises violently one day, and then remains idle for two weeks, is at a disadvantage, rather than at an advantage, when he starts to exercise again.

You can very easily get the saving habit. Instinct is strong in the human race. All it needs is proper encouragement.

Compound interest is also a big factor in saving. There are two kinds and are best explained by concrete illustrations. A dollar deposited in a bank that pays four per cent. will amount to \$219 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. A dollar deposited every year for twenty years in the same bank, and at the same rate of interest, will become \$39.97. This is progressive compound interest.

Since nothing is quite so impressive as a concrete illustration, let us now see what the systematic or progressive saving of one dollar a week can do.

In one year, the fifty-two dollars saved will earn, at four per cent., seventy-eight cents in interest, making a working principal of \$52.78 at the start of the second year.

At the close of the second year you will have \$107.67; at the end of the fifth year, \$283.86; at the close of the tenth year, \$633.08.

In fifteen years this steady saving of a dollar a week would show a total result of \$1,956.79. At four per cent. this alone would yield a return of \$42.27.

At the end of twenty years this kind of saving would total \$3,571.58, while the first quarter-century would find you worth \$2,197.92. This sum, if you then stopped saving, at four per cent. would earn \$57.91 a year.

If you kept up the saving of a dollar each week for fifty years, you would accumulate \$8,657.16.

Looking at the saving of a dollar a week from a different angle, you find that at the end of thirty years every one of the fifty-two dollars that you had at the end of the

first year had increased about fifty-eight times.

It has been figured out that a man who has deposited five dollars a week, every week, in a savings-bank that pays four per cent., up to the end of twenty years, drew out six dollars a week and still leave his wife, at his death, all the money that he had originally deposited.

If a man or woman is able to save a dollar a day, the results are big. This amount put into a savings-bank that pays four per cent. will amount to \$1,957.98 in principal and interest at the end of five years, and \$4,455.74 at the end of ten years.

This whole fascinating subject of the working of compound interest lends itself to many practical applications. One of them is what might be called an automatic pension. It has been calculated that if a man whose income remains the same year after year will deposit one-third of that income each month in a savings-bank that pays four per cent., he will be able to retire at the end of thirty-five years, and thereafter he or his heirs will receive the full amount of his income. If he will steadily deposit a quarter of his income in the same way, he will be able to retire on full pay at the end of forty-one years. A fifth of his income, saved and deposited in this way, will enable him to stop work on full income saved at the end of forty-six years; while a deposit of one-tenth of his income will retire him at the end of sixty years.

To be able to retire on half income as a result of this kind of steady saving is easier. This can be achieved in twenty-four years by the deposit of one-third of the man's wages in a savings-bank each month; in twenty-eight years by the deposit of one-fourth of his wages; in thirty-two years by the deposit of one-fifth; and in forty-five years by the steady saving of one-tenth of the man's wages.

Behind the whole fruitful working out of simple and compound interest as shown by these illustrations is one big, fundamental fact—it impresses the value of small but steady saving.

The Kind of News That Makes Sales

BLATANTLY vulgar, indubitably coarse as it may seem, the fact remains that the best piece of news to sell newspapers is what an enthusiastic, but none the less

feelings-sub-editor would call "a good murder."

The men in the circulation department will bear me out, says a well informed

writer in the Circulation Manager, a British publication. Perhaps they will go further. Perhaps they will say that the more gruesome the facts, the more horrible the details, the better for sales.

During my own experience the above statement has been confirmed without any question of doubt. The Wood trial—when Robert Wood was found "Not Guilty" of the murder of Emily Dimmock at Camden Town, will be fresh in the memory of my readers, and I am certain that the case was the best seller of the year. Crippen again sent up circulation figures far above the average, and it has been the same with every other big murder case on record.

It is an undeniable fact that we Britishers dearly love the morbid. We revel in tragedy—so long as it is outside our own circle—and we "eat" every gruesome tit-bit with the avidity of a hungry man before a plate of duck and green peas.

Ever since reading was made possible for the masses it has been the same. Shakespeare's greatest successes were "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"—two plays reeking with tragedy and blood.

I well remember, when associated with an evening paper, the editor saying to me, "We have the biggest thing of the century for to-morrow—get your men busy." And then in an excited voice he confided the fact that we had the terms of a secret treaty between certain European countries, before Paris, St. Petersburg, or Berlin. "We shall be hours in front of everyone else," he added.

The terms were published. London went about its business without caring twopence for the treaty. A stately old morning commented on it in a dull leader, but that was all that was heard of it. A few days after there was a startling murder case, and the sales book told which the public liked the best! And yet the details of that treaty were vastly important.

But let me give some figures to illustrate news value. They are the result of personal observation, and it is reasonable to assume that they agree with the experiences of others. Sales will, under ordinary circumstances, increase in the following percentages:—

A Mystery Murder (morning), (such as Crippen)	20%
A Mystery Murder (evening), (such as Crippen)	75%
The Verdict (evening), (such as Crippen)	125%
The Verdict (morning)	25%
Cabinet changes	15%
Important football or cricket result	15%
Big fire (such as Fero Street)	15%
Disaster at sea (such as "Titanic")	75%
Big divorce case	40%
Result of big Law case (such as Bottomley)	25%

Racing results are not taken into account in above figures. And so it will be seen that tragedy is the best friend to the circulation department. And as long as the world is as human as it is—things will be the same.

Getting Old and Staying Young

THE chief preventive of old age is continuous activity, physical and intellectual. In other words, keep going and you will stay young. This advice, which somehow does not sound altogether new, is given in an article in the Deutsche Revue (Berlin, October), by Dr. Hugo Ribbert, of Bonn, Germany, author of a recent book on "Death from Old Age," and a translation of it is given The Literary Digest.

Dr. Ribbert's conclusion is supported by popular empirical evidence, to the effect that the retirement of an elderly man from active business is apt to be followed by rapid "gluing" or early death. The author arrives at it through a painstaking study of cell-growth and tissue-building. He

acknowledges, to start with, that the abolition of death is as undesirable as it is impossible, since it would result in a static condition of mankind, and he then proceeds to inquire whether theills of the flesh to which old age is heir may be ameliorated, and organic decay modified and retarded. To consider the body as a machine which is gradually worn out in the course of years is an imperfect analogy, since it possesses the power of self-renewal. Moreover, the phenomena of senility are typical, and their character and degree vary widely in different individuals. The theory of Metchnikoff that old age is due to auto-intoxication from decaying matter in the colon, the author

considers untenable, since "it is an impossible conception that any organ can, as such, injure the organism." He points out that if it were really possible to dispense with the colon, it would, as in the case of other organs that are so longer useful, degenerate and grow smaller; but this does not occur. In certain cases he admits that "the investigations of Metchnikoff may be worth consideration." Such cases, however, fall under the head of disease, not of mere senility. Since, therefore, extraneous causes, whether without the body or within it, are excluded as the origin of old age, we must look for its cause to alteration of the cells involved. It has been observed, in fact, that the cells gradually become smaller and that consequently the loss of substance occasioned by the exercise of their functions ceases to be fully restored, as in earlier years, by new material derived from the food. But, he goes on:

"An explanation of old age can not be derived from this alone. For, in spite of their activity, the cells remain in their prime for five or six decades, and then begin to decline. Why does restoration cease at this period? In the answer to this lies the explanation of old age. We must at present content ourselves with the conception that inherited tendencies exist in the cells which permit a plenitude of life for a long time, but finally cease to be operative, just as a watch runs a certain length of time and then stops."

Another phenomenon is observed in this connection which becomes operative much sooner than the decrease in the cells. Says Dr. Ribbert:

"As early as the twentieth year we observe in many sorts of cells the appearance of minute yellow granules, whose quantity so increases in age as to give the organ a brownish appearance, even to the naked eye."

These the author thinks we must regard as a sort of slag, or ash, arising from metabolic action, and gradually, by their accumulation, affecting the activities of the cells and possibly causing their decrease in size. Is it possible to retard this action in any way, thus restoring youth, in a measure, to the aged? Dr. Ribbert finds ground for hope in an examination of the property inherent in certain plants, as in the bacopa, of producing the entire plant from the green cells of a single leaf. He says of this:

"All the properties, therefore, which distinguish the entire organism, and which are present in the leaf-cells, but most of these are commonly not apparent. They retreat behind the properties which are dominant in the green cells. Hence when the new plant is produced from these, the differentiation must disappear, and all the qualities must be present in equal degree. This may indeed be called a rejuvenation."

A similar process is sometimes observable in animal life:

"In fishes, when the lens of the eye is removed by an operation, a new lens is grown. It is produced from the cells covering the iris, which are distinguished by the presence of a fine-grained brown pigment. . . . These brown granules first disappear, the cells return to their former colorless state, and the new lens is then produced. . . . This may be fairly termed regeneration, i.e., restoration of lost tissue. . . . In ordinary sensitive tissue . . . the cells are remarkably insignificant; usually their outline is not perceived, but only that of the nucleus, which is itself only slightly developed. But in the healing of wounds these cells become large again, as they were in the embryo. In this form they multiply and form the new tissue by the production of connecting substances. Then they become small again as they were before. Or when a broken bone is healed, the cells on the inside surface attain their form, becoming large and rounded. They then look as they did at the youthful period of bone-growth; they have rejuvenated themselves. . . . When the bone has been removed they return to their former state."

"These two examples may suffice. They show that there are cases in which the cells of our bodies rejuvenate themselves. They achieve thereby a greater vital activity, but it is a temporary thing which obviously has, on the whole, nothing to do with the rejuvenation of the body. Moreover, the new tissue does not even retain greater youthfulness."

Dr. Ribbert remarks that, after all, the rejuvenation of bones and connective tissues are comparatively unimportant to the present inquiry. The really significant cells are those of the heart-muscle and the cerebral ganglia, and these have not been seen to repair losses of substance even in the case of young and vigorous subjects.

What is the Best Artificial Light ?

The eye is an organ too precious to be trifled with. We may help to keep it sound and strong by attention to the general welfare of the body—by work, rest, play, and sleep, as well as by exercise, wise feeding, and regular removal of the wastes; but besides this it needs special attention. Our posture during work, the light under which we work, paper, printing, dust, smoke, and fumes, the fatigue of sight-seeing—all have their effects upon it. This is the message of an article by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg in *Good Lighting*. What is the best artificial light? Dr. Hirschberg thinks that probably no one kind is best for all purposes. For general illumination of public squares and buildings the electric light seems to be preferred. The same thing is probably true of private houses. For reading and for microscopic work, electric light may be too bright, although this objection can be overcome by using lamps of low candle-power, at suitable distance, or by means of ground glass. The same thing may be true of the light yielded by any incandescent solid, such as the "lime" light and the various "instants" made from incandescent carbons.

In general for reading a "soft" light is best, and it is desirable to have the larger part of the light come to the book by reflection from the walls of the room rather than solely and directly from any source of light near by. For this reason, dark-colored walls are objectionable. To quote further in substance:

"The ease with which the details of an object are seen depends chiefly on contrasts of shade and color. As the light fades in the evening, the white paper of a printed page becomes darker and darker, and finally, it reflects to the eye little more light than the black ink of the printed letters, which consequently no longer stand out clear and distinct. In order to admit all the light possible, the pupil enlarges, and in so doing lessens the distinctness of the retinal image; more important than this, we hold the page closer to the eye, thereby enlarging the retinal image and increasing the intensity of stimulation, but throwing far more work upon the primary muscles to focus for the near object. All of these unfavorable conditions taken together place undue strain upon the mechanism of accommodation."

"Hardly less objectionable is excessive illumination of an object. After a certain

intensity of light is reached, the retinal no longer responds to increase of stimulation with increase of visual reaction. To apply this principle, we have only to remember that a printed letter is not absolutely "dead black," but reflects some light. When the illumination is moderate this reflected light hardly affects the retina at all, and the contrast between the black letter and the white paper is marked. As the intensity of illumination increases, contrast is lessened and sharper accommodation as well as closer attention is needed to see distinctly.

"The use of fine type should be reduced to a minimum, because it necessitates greater effort of accommodation and intensifies all the evils of improper illumination. Any printed material which must be held less than eighteen inches from the eye in order to be seen clearly is undesirable for long-continued reading. Especially is this true in youth."

"Closely connected with the size of the type is the character of the paper on which it is printed. This should be as dull as possible in order to avoid the confusing effect of a glossy surface. The use of highly colored paper in any books and serial publications, because such paper leads itself more readily to the reproduction of pictures in half-tone, is a sacrifice of hygienic considerations to cheapness."

"The source of illumination for near work should be as free as possible from unsteadiness or flicker, since a flickering light necessitates the most accurate accommodation. A 'student's lamp,' 'tangleton burner,' or incandescent electric lamp is preferable in this respect to candles, gas-jets, and arc-lights for near work."

"For the same reason caution is demanded in the matter of reading on railroad trains. American railway trains have recently become so heavy, and the railroad and mills have been so much improved in various ways, that the danger of reading or writing while traveling by rail is much less than formerly. At the same time the danger still exists, and reading on many of these trains is still to be done with caution, or, better still, avoided altogether."

"Microscopes, telescopes, and other optical instruments require close and sometimes use of one or both eyes, and are popularly supposed to be 'hard on the eyes.' But this is not necessarily the case, except for be-

ginners and investigators. Optical instruments are easily focused, and, if care be taken to provide good lighting, routine work with them need not be specially trying to the eyes."

"Finally, it must not be forgotten that the eyes are too precious to be trifled with,

and that if one has sore or weak eyes, or pain in the eyes, or can not see clearly to read or to write, or can not plainly distinguish things near or at a distance, then it is always best to consult an oculist or the family physician for advice. Remedies or doctors printed in generally high-sounding advertisements should be carefully avoided."

A Deadly Footpath: The Railway Track

A SIMPLE recipe for saving two-thirds of the lives now annually lost on our railways is given in *Engineering News*. It is this: "Don't walk on the track." Twice as many casual track-walkers are killed yearly as the sum of the lives lost by passengers and employees together. The exact figures for last year are given as follows: 288 passengers and 2,928 employees killed in accidents of all sorts in railway service, while during the same year the total number of other persons suffering death on the railways was 6,438. A few of these deaths of persons not employees nor passengers were of tramp and other persons stealing a ride on freight trains, and about a sixth of the whole count at grade crossings; but all the remainder are to be charged, we are told, to "the fatal American habit of walking on the railway track." The writer goes on to say:

"Of course not one person in ten thousand who walks on the railway track has any idea that he is doing anything in any way dangerous. He invariably assumes that he can hear or see any train approaching long enough before it reaches him to take the step or two away from the track which puts him in safety. It is noteworthy that railway section-men whose business it is to work upon and walk along the track seem to suffer few casualties by being run down. They become accustomed to watching for trains."

"Of course, the only way to stop the accidents to trespassers on railway tracks is by such thorough fencing and stringent laws against trespassing on the tracks as have been put in force in most other countries. Such practice and such laws ought by all means to be established in the densely populated sections of the country."

"There are many remote regions, however, where the railway track is in places the only highway. We doubt not that many of the readers of *Engineering News* engaged

in engineering field work, for example, find it necessary very often to walk along railway tracks. We think it worth while, therefore, to give a word of warning as to the assumption that a train can always be heard by a person walking on the track while it is still a considerable distance away. This is not always the case. The noise made by a fast railway train is chiefly directed away from the train at the side. Comparatively a small portion of the noise is projected along the track in front of the train. Any other unusual noise at the same time may divert a person's attention from the noise made by an approaching train."

"Another reason why trains may come upon a person walking on the track before he realizes their approach is a quality that sound possesses in common with other wave phenomena, although to a less degree, of travelling in straight lines. Thus a fast train approaching a sharp curve on the concave side of which there is high ground and on the convex side a broad plain will give a person on the curve almost no warning of its approach until it swings into view a short distance away."

"Walking on a road with two or more tracks is particularly dangerous. A large portion of accidents to trespassers occur on double-track roads where a man in getting out of the way of one train steps onto the other track in front of another train which he has not seen or heard."

"It seems worth while, therefore, to set down the following simple rules which should be observed by everyone who walks on the railway track, as follows: (1) Keep constant watch of the track both in front and behind; (2) Watch and listen with particular care when approaching a curve, while on the curve, and after passing the curve; (3) When walking on a double-track road, keep on the left-hand track and do not fail to keep watch also in the rear,

since reverse movements are sometimes made on the track; (4) It is better to walk beside the track than to walk the tie; (5) When tempted to walk on the track, re-

member that you are placing yourself in greater danger than exists in the most hazardous class of railway employment, and choose some other path!"

Extravagance as a Virtue

THAT "the non-saver is now a higher type than the saver" is the unconventional doctrine enunciated by Professor Simon N. Patten, of the chair of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Patten elaborated the idea in a recent much-discussed address in the Spring Garden Unitarian Church, Philadelphia. He argued, in effect:

"The non-saver of earlier generations was an extravagant individual without family ties or social motives. Non-saving to-day is a laudatory pressure forcing alterations in the family expenditures. The non-saver is now a higher type of a man than the saver, just as the saver was an elevation of type above the extravagance of more primitive men. This higher family aims to create a flow of income to enjoy and not an accumulating fund for future support. Its striking effects are manifest in the pressure to reduce the birth rate and to delay marriage. The budgetary equilibrium is attained not by reducing expenditures but by elevating the family to a higher social status where more efficiency produces the needed income."

Professor Patten advised working girls to borrow money, if need be, in order to be well dressed and to advance themselves socially and in business. "I tell my students," he said, "to spend all they have and borrow more and spend that. It is foolish for persons to scrimp and save. It is agreed that they are endeavoring to put something aside for a rainy day for old age. But it is not the individual's place to do this. It is the community's." The Professor explained further:

"Were it not for the fact that the girls who comprise the industrial classes crave the very best things in this world the sociological problem would be difficult to mention. Every girl who earns her own living wants the best that money can buy, and if she does not get them by reason of her own labor then she is simply following the laws of nature when she resorts to other measures to obtain things that other better dressed women have.

"It is no evidence of loose morality when a stenographer, earning eight or ten dollars a week, appears dressed in clothing that costs nearly all of her earnings to buy. It is a sign of her growing moral development, and the well-dressed working girl constitutes a tremendous influence for good and she is the backbone of many a happy home that is prospering under the influence that she is exerting over the household."

"It is as important for her to be neat and well dressed as it is for her to be accomplished in her work. Her employer is the first to notice her clothes, and when she appears prosperous and dressed with taste and dignity, her salary will soon be raised until she is earning half as much again as she was when she began her employment at small wages."

All this has led to excellent comment. One lady told Professor Patten's audience challenged his statements as "absolutely untrue" from the floor of the house. Another lady, Winifred Blank, observes, in *The New York American*, with biting irony: "If we don't, Professor, it won't do, really it won't. You'll have to get hold of the rising generation and teach them this new philosophy of yours. The generation you're talking to now is too deep in crime and ignorance and wicked self-interest to heed you." A third commentator, an editorial writer in the *Toledo Blade*, declares:

"Dr. Patten's advice and his explanation of that advice are interesting, extremely so. It seems, however, that a few details—perhaps unimportant in building a popular lecture, but quite essential to the working girls themselves—are lacking in the scheme."

"Borrow the money, forsooth! How, and where? At a national bank upon security of a promise to pay if her employer raises her wages? Or from the ten-per-cent-a-month loan shark who might be induced to take an assignment of the meager wage she already receives?"

Dr. Patten continues that "it is no evidence of loose morality when a stenographer, earning eight or ten dollars a week, appears dressed in clothing that takes nearly all her money to buy. It is a sign of her growing moral development."

Fig. 5.

"Practical sociologists do not have a delirium fever deeply into the facts to ascertain that few working girls who depend solely upon wages can spend \$500 to \$800 a year for clothes to exhibit signs of growing moral development. At that price, moral development would be out of the question for most of them. And then how about mental and physical development, or even bodily sustenance? Spending 'nearly all her income for clothes,' it must be presumed that first food, medicine, street car tickets and laundry work all fit nicely into the Pennsylvania professor's scheme of things to develop work-

ing girls morally and advance their wages. "It would seem that about the only working girls who can make use of Dr. Patten's advice are those who work only for 'pin money,' borrowing first at home, and who might borrow the money from rich relatives to 'give signs of moral development' in clothes at \$500 a year to induce employers to raise their wages. And these well-dressed pin-money girls are too frequently the very ones who keep down the wage of others who must be self-supporting, and in some cases, assist also widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters."

Are We Better or Worse Than the Ancients?

SO many pessimistic accounts of modern life have lately been published that it comes almost as a relief to be told by Guglielmo Ferrero, the eminent Italian Historian, that in public morals and ideas we of to-day stand on a distinctly higher plane than the ancient Greeks and Romans. Ferrero does not make this statement unqualifiedly. He thinks that in some respects the ancients were ahead of us. For, on the whole, he says, our moral life is richer and finer than theirs.

We are probably more courageous than the ancients, he declares. Our mastery of fire; the formidable machines we have set going; the explosives and electrical forces we use; the thousand perilsous enterprises, by sea, in the bowels of the earth and at dizzy heights, in which we engage,—have given us a type of mind stronger than the ancients' to overcome hidden instinctive fear. And if we are more courageous, we are also less cruel. Ferrero writes (in *Heart's Magazine*):

"The characteristic virtue of contemporary civilization, as compared with all other civilizations up to the French Revolution, is our total suppression of the bloody spectacle which under so many forms and aspects were among the most sinister delights of our ancestors. It is very difficult for us to understand how people so civilized as the law-creating Romans, who in so many things thought and felt as we think and feel, could go down as they did over gladiatorial games and fights with wild beasts. Not such was the popular passion for these bloody pastimes that even emperors like Augustus felt constrained to witness them lest their

absence seem to be disapproval of those who did attend. A question, in view of the countless arenas, however, and the vastness, did not wish to appear as in opposition to a great popular rage."

"On the other hand, if an ancient Roman should return to the world and see an American stadium packed from top to bottom with people, would it not puzzle him to understand how so many thousands could gather merely to watch a football game, traveling for miles and at great discomfort, to watch schoolboys boot a ball in the air? A football game would seem dull and unspiced to him. He would want a fight in which something was being, a small-sized battle, a set-to between men and animals; he would want to see blood drawn."

Christianity indicated that education of our sensibilities which has gradually turned us away in horror from atrocious spectacles. But how slow and difficult this education has been! exclaims Ferrero. Probably not until after the French Revolution did it have its culminating effect. It has remained for the nineteenth century finally to abolish the last brutal spectacle: capital punishment.

"Up to the end of the eighteenth century, in all parts of Europe, the condemned to death were executed at full meridian with much ceremony in public squares and at times and places that made it possible for everybody to turn out as for a holiday. And, as a matter of fact, immense crowds always came to these public executions, drawn by a morbid curiosity to see a man killed. By diminishing the number of capital offenses, by executing criminals inside

Fig. 6.

prison walls and in the presence of a mere handful of witnesses, or, as is done in public executions in France, at dawn and as far as possible from the reach of the crowd—the nineteenth century has capped one of the most complete and marvelous moral transformations of the human mind—a transformation which was begun twenty centuries ago by the teachings of Christ and which has given modern civilization a point of wonderful superiority over that of the ancients.

On the matter of sobriety and temperance, Ferrero has not so favorable a report to make. "In this respect," he says, "the ancient world, as it appears in history, cuts a far better figure than our own. Here we have degenerated." He continues:

"We moderns eat and drink too much; we use alcohol and stimulants to excess. The ancients knew no other intoxicants than wine and beer, and their wine they always drank diluted with water. They knew nothing about alcoholic liquors, which in our day have so greatly multiplied and grown in popular favor. They had never heard of tea or coffee, nor had they discovered tobacco.

"We may fairly say that drunkenness was an extremely rare vice in the ancient world, just as frugality and temperance were common virtues. For it will not do to take too seriously the rich men's copies so often alluded to by ancient writers,—especially the Latin,—the banquets where we are told dishes of signifi-cant tongues were served, and men drank liquefied pearls. These stories match the legends one hears in Europe about 'American corruption,' and spring from an identical source. They represent the exaggerated and violent reaction of ancient Puritanism against the normal advances of luxury, and against the inevitable moral slackening that always accompanies the growth of wealth. When the dispassionate and unprejudiced European observer examines 'American corruption' at close range, he readily sees that the high-sounding phrase merely indicates certain ordinary defects and frailties, of course reprehensible, but common to all modern civilization and not peculiar to America. So, too, if by a miracle we have been looked in on those celebrated Roman orgies and banquets, about which there has been so much noise, we should find that they were very modest affairs indeed, when compared with the sumptuousness of modern banquets."

When he comes to a comparison of the moral purity of ancient and modern peo-

gles, Ferrero confesses himself at a loss. Judging by Greek-Latin literature and art, he remarks, one might say that, except in a few localities and certain epochs, such as the centuries when Rome was dominated by a Puritanical aristocracy, the public morals of both men and women were extremely free and easy. But literature and art are often unreliable in such a matter. They give us exceptions rather than the rule. It constantly happens, too, that the epochs which most lament their own vice are those in which the moral standards are still vital and robust. Ferrero instances the first period of the Roman Empire, from the time of Augustus to Nero, and compares it with the second period under the Flavi and the Antonini. The Augustan epoch was still vitalized by a Puritan conscience, and surrounded with walls against degeneracy. The epoch of the Antonini, though even more corrupt, was silent. The spirit of the people had become exhausted.

The gravest fault of modern society, in Ferrero's view, is the unrestrained growth of the power of money as the regulator and the measure of everything. If we persist in our present mood, he thinks, nothing will soon be valued in life except the possession of money. Now the ancients had a higher attitude toward traffic and money-getting than we have. They lived more simply; we were more avaricious and conscientious. "By common consent," Ferrero tells us, "with a few feeble exceptions, they did not consider it decent for a respectable man to make money except from land and buildings—real estate—or by commerce or the direct practice of the arts; never from money lent on interest. Lending money for interest was usury, and was always considered, except at a few times and places, as infamous and degrading profession."

"Rich men who commanded large sums of money, and indeed were expected, to help those who needed money,—but they did so friendly loan, freely, and without interest. The letters of Cicero, for example, are full of such gratuitous loans which, when the great orator was hard up, he asked of his friends, or which, when flush, he himself made to the impecunious. In short, to lend money without interest to decent and reliable people was in those days considered a rich man's duty."

But when all has been said that can be said in favor of the ancients, the balance is still in our favor. "There is no disputing," Ferrero says, "that our moral life is enriched by a greater number of principles than that of the ancients, because

we have added to their original principles others which were first conceived by the civilization that flowered after the fall of the Roman Empire." He concludes:

"We knew the virtues of patriotism, of civic pride, of virile valor, which the ancients also knew; but to these we have added a sense of law and order, an appreciation of even and swift justice, which, created by ancient jurists, has by the moderns been brought to perfection. We have added to their virtues the horror of cruel perfidy, charity, pity, the love of our neighbor which Christ taught; we have added a sense of human dignity and of the rights of man proclaimed by the philosophy of the eighteenth century and the French Revolution. We have added certain other very modern feelings, derived from the use of socialized power machinery, and therefore stronger in America than in Europe. We have added a passion for the new, en-

thusiasm for progress, faith in our abilities. In war we fight as the Romans did, but in peace we turn our eyes away from sanguinary spectacles; we have developed a horror of gladiatorial games equal to that of the most pious of Christian monks. We traffic with the Philistines and we love knowledge like the Greeks. We have a feeling for liberty and likewise a feeling for authority."

"Is not all this true progress? And does it not weigh in the balance against such of our defects as intemperance and the immediate love of riches? I think it does. All of which does not signify that we may freely abandon ourselves to our vices and frailties under the pretext that they are offset by our virtues. For it is the duty of every civilization, as of every individual man, to perfect itself to its utmost. And let us not forget this duty even amid the boundless triumphs of the richest, most powerful, and wisest civilization the sun has ever shone upon."

Electric Cooking and Hot Water Supply

Electric cooking appliances—the shining nickel-plated or aluminum utensils, including coffee percolators, toasters, chafing dishes, each with its long connecting cord and plug for attachment to the electric light socket—are especially tempting, particularly at this season. The question arises: Are these articles really economical in the present stage of electrical development? The Scientific American discusses it in an interesting and practical way.

Certainly electric cooking and heating represents an ideal. In the cooking and the hot water supply of the household the need is to get rid of the fire risk, to improve the cooking itself, and to reduce the drudgery of house work. Electric devices offer these advantages. In the electric kitchen there are no matches to start a fire, there is no fire risk from the stove itself, there are no gas leaks or explosions. In the quick, but perfectly controlled heat of the electric oven, the prices of a joint of meat are more perfectly considered, and the meat loses less in weight than in any stove-heated oven. In the large electric grill of a well-known New York club, a thick steak, placed vertically between two innumerable coils, may be done to a turn in thirteen minutes; the heat sealing the surface of the meat at once and completing the cooking with no scorching, and with no flame

to catch the fat as it drops down into a pan of water below. Since in the individual devices the heat is generated within the utensil itself, the elimination of all smoking or scorching at the outside of the utensil lengthens its life and lessens the work of washing up after meals. One may do "light housekeeping" with a toaster and an egg boiler on the breakfast table and a chafing dish on the sideboard.

But the greater safety and convenience of electric cooking devices, their superior cooking quality, and the greater safety of electric hot water heating cannot be fully realized at present because of the high first cost of the devices themselves, their high operating cost as compared with gas or coal stoves, and the prejudice of servants against them as against anything new and unfamiliar. How can these obstacles be overcome?

As to the first cost of electric devices, it must be borne in mind that as each utensil comprises both the containing vessel and the heating element, the cost can never be as low as that of the ordinary kitchen utensil which it is designed to replace. A considerable reduction in the cost may logically be expected, however, with increasing demand, following the present period of expansion of the general idea of electric cooking and improvement

of the devices themselves. The cost of operation is an element of the situation in which very great improvement may be expected. Just as the introduction of the electric light was not prevented or seriously hindered by the greater cost of the new means of illumination as compared with gas, so the advantages of electric cooking may be expected to prevail, notwithstanding its greater cost, provided the difference in cost is not too great. To illustrate: It may pay better to toast ten slices of bread, electrically, on the breakfast table, at a cost of a cent, than to make the same amount of toast in a slower and less interesting way on the gas stove, with the toast not so inviting or "sipping hot," at a saving of a fraction of a cent. But apart from the convenience and economy of time, we may look forward to the time when increasing use of electric household devices will justify the electricity supply companies in reducing their rates for current, or introducing more generally the plan which already obtains in some cities, of selling current for heating and other household uses at a lower rate than current for light-

ing, each house being wired with a separate "heating circuit," with its own separate meter. The voluntary recording of favorable rates will go further towards popularizing electric cooking in our homes than the present extensive boasting of the sale of devices by advertising. Assuming the cost of electricity to be lowered sufficiently to take away the notion of electric cooking as a luxury, the obstacles presented by the prejudices of servants may be overcome by the fact that the intelligent housewife can get results by the new method and therefore can instruct her maid in doing so.

The problem is brought nearer solution by recently developed ideas, using a small but continuous flow of electric current to generate heat which is accumulated or stored in the apparatus. The economy of this system depends on the taking of the electrical energy at those times during the 24 hours when the electricity supply companies can afford to deliver it at very low rates, that is in the "valley load" periods, and the success of the system requires the co-operation of the companies.

Will Freer Divorce Come in England?

DIVORCE has become a burning issue in England as a result of the recent publication of the majority and minority reports of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes appointed by the late King Edward. The findings of the Commission are both praised and damned. Justice, the London Socialist paper, seems to voice the sentiments of the radical public when it says that the new recommendations are "useful and common-sense." The Guardian, the Anglican weekly, on the other hand, protests vigorously against proposals which it regards as "outrageous and utterly subversive of public morality." The end of the controversy is not yet in sight.

The Divorce Commission consists of fourteen members. The Archbishop of York; Sir Frederick Treves, the great surgeon; Thomas Burt, the labor leader; Lord Gersell, ex-President of the Divorce Court; J. A. Spender, editor of the Westminster Gazette; Lady Frances Balfour, and Mrs. Harold Tennant, all appear on the list. They have held scores of sittings and received hundreds of witnesses. The conclusion to which, as a majority, they have come are

summed up in the following statement:

The two sexes should be on an equal footing as regards divorce.

Divorce should be obtainable on the following grounds:—

1. Adultery.
2. Desertion for three years and upwards.
3. Cruelty.
4. Incapable insanity, after five years' confinement.
5. Habitual drunkenness, found incurable after three years.
6. Imprisonment under a committed death sentence.

Facilities should be given for hearing divorce cases in courts throughout the country in cases where the joint income of man and wife does not exceed £300 and their property does not exceed £250.

Power should be given to declare marriages null in cases

- (a) Of unsound mind.
- (b) Of epilepsy and recurrent insanity.
- (c) Of specific diseases.
- (d) When a woman is in a condition which renders marriage a fraud upon the husband.

(e) Of wilful refusal to perform the duties of marriage.

Restriction should be placed on the publication of divorce reports, and no publication should be allowed till after the case is finished.

Judges should hear divorce cases without a jury.

A minority of three, headed by the Archbishop of York, has issued a report of which the main features are these:

The minority agree that there should be equality of the sexes.

They recommend emphatically that the grounds of divorce should not be extended.

They agree that there should be local divorce courts with facilities to the poor, but not on a scale so extensive as the majority recommend.

They agree that marriage should be rendered null on the grounds (a) to (c) set out above.

They agree in limiting the publication of reports.

They agree that a man should be presumed dead after a continual absence without communication for seven years.

It will be seen that there is an important area of common ground between the two reports. Both recommend cheaper divorce courts and an equal footing of the sexes in respect of divorce. If only these two reforms are achieved, comments the New York Evening Post, the labors of the Commission will have been justified.

The majority report, which proposes to increase the grounds for divorce from one (adultery) to six, is, of course, the liberal demand of the two, and it is in connection with the majority recommendations that most discussion has been aroused. The Guardian, in expressing its disapproval of the proposed changes holds up America as an awful example. It says:

"We are satisfied that no one of the five additional grounds for the legal dissolution of marriage can be justified by any argument or series of arguments that will hold water. The recommendations are based upon a supposed popular demand for increased facilities for divorce, but the minority report, signed by men who heard the as yet unpublished evidence, declares that the testimony taken by the Commission does not bear out the belief. But even if it did it would be impossible to accept solutions of the problem which would strike a deadly blow at the purity and stability of family life, set aside some of the most solemn warnings of religion, and approximate the English law of divorce to that which obtains in many States of the American Union, where

the percentage of dissolution of marriage is forty-three times what it is in England and Wales. Now that it is almost too late, America perceives the terrible mistake she has made in loosening the fundamental tie of society."

The London Times hastens to affirm in the clearest and most comprehensive terms its approval of the views of the minority; and The Spectator observes:

"No one will doubt the sincerity and high-minded intentions of those who recommended in the report a considerable alteration of the law. They are conscious, just as we are ourselves conscious, of the hardship and misery suffered by some persons under their present inability to dissolve disastrous unions. They want to relieve these persons of their misery. In these circumstances we have no thought of suspecting or criticising the motives of those who have drawn up the majority report. We are certain that they are admirable. The only question for us is whether the considerable changes which are recommended by the majority would not in the long run do more harm than good. We cannot help feeling that this would be the result. We state our opinion with great reluctance, for we should like to be able to accept the majority report. We admit and deplore the existence of hard cases—some of them terribly hard; but the old principle remains true in an imperfect world that hard cases make bad law. The point of first importance for the nation is to preserve the basis of the family, which is a monogamous union dissolvable only by death or by an essential breach of the marriage contract by actual unfaithfulness. If once grounds of divorce other than an essential breach of the contract are acknowledged there will be no rational halting-place till the terribly logical conclusion is reached that a man and woman can dissolve their union simply because they find themselves unhappy while living together."

These and similar expressions of opinion in the leading English papers make it clear that there is little likelihood of the recommendations of the Commission being enacted into law for the present. The Outlook (London) thinks that no Government for a long time yet will venture on more divorce experiments than can be defended by citing the agreement of the two antagonistic parties. It continues:

"The majority and minority each deduce their own opposite opinions from the evidence. If legislation is to be imposed on the authority of the intellectual for the government of the community, there ought

at least to be not absolute disagreement. If the question is to be settled by the feeling amongst these non-intellectuals themselves, it would probably be found that on this, as on many other social questions even closely affecting them, there is not enough criticism of life amongst them to give rise to discontent. Very probably, as the minority says, there is no demand from them for an alteration of the law. One of the few points which the majority and the minority share in common is not to encourage divorce by simple consent of the parties. Yet it is impossible to deny that cruelty and desec-

tion both lend themselves easily to a collision which amounts to divorce by consent. It is a proposition supported by high judicial authority. The minority, therefore, may strongly appeal to all those who cling to the traditional view of life-marriage and claim that these are explosive forces which will shatter the prevalent ideas of marriage. Until public opinion reaches the point of not being afraid of divorce by consent—and we need not say there is no sign of this happening—great changes in the divorce law cannot be introduced."

Fortunes That Have Literally Gone up in Smoke

ALMOST six hundred million dollars' worth of property is annually lost in smoke in the United States. Fortunes even larger than that go up the chimney with the soot and be gazed. Professor William D. Harkins, who makes these startling statements, tells (in *Popular Mechanics*) of one single chimney which literally spouted up a million dollars a year! It seems strange that so little is known in regard to smoke. Its economic importance is just beginning to be understood. The University of Pittsburgh has recently established a laboratory employing twenty-five specialists for the scientific investigation of this phase of our industrial life. The United States Bureau of Mines is studying the problem of preventing the escape in cities of the black smoke due to coal, and it has just established a special laboratory in San Francisco for the purpose of studying the smoke given off by copper-smelting plants. Chicago, we are told, is conducting similar studies of its smoke problem, and much work is done by industrial concerns here and abroad along similar lines.

The work done so far is, however, entirely inadequate. The smoke inspector in the city of Chicago estimates that the annual damage caused by the soot and other ingredients of smoke amounts to \$50,000,000 in that city alone, and on the same basis, it is said, the damage in the United States as a whole reaches the prodigious figures of \$600,000,000 a year. This, Professor Harkins explains, does not by any means represent the entire loss, since the black soot which escapes and does a large part of the damage is really wasted coal. The coal lost in smoke amounts on the average to 15 per cent. of all that is used.

"In other words, the average purchaser of coal, when he pays five dollars a ton for it, loses fifty cents worth out of the chimney unburned, to do damage to his neighbors, and then usually wastes a large proportion of the heat in the four-and-a-half-dollars' worth that is left. When it is realized that the purchaser of this ton of coal is also paying for his share of the 300,000,000 tons of coal that are wasted in this country every year, some compensation may be gained of the magnitude of wastes of this nature. However large these figures, the work of the government has shown that the losses are even greater than they would indicate, for by converting the coal into a gas called producer gas, not only is all the damage, due to the soot of smoke eliminated, but in addition, by using the gas in a gas engine, a ton of coal gives two and a half times as much power as it would in a steam engine."

To most people, the writer remarks, smoke is just smoke; but to those who have studied it, smoke is much more complex and correspondingly much more interesting. Smoke is made up of two parts, the smoke we see and the smoke we cannot see. The visible smoke we call soot, and this is a very remarkable and very injurious substance.

"About one-half of the soot is carbon, which is commonly known in the form of charcoal or graphite, or in a still purer state as the diamond. A form of carbon, which is much more like soot, is called lamp-black, and this is used for making black paint. Those familiar with lamp-black paints know that it takes very little of the paint to blacken a large surface, and this

is also one of the properties of soot, the one which makes it so injurious to delicate fabrics and even to more ordinary clothing.

"In addition to the carbon, soot contains about one-fifth of its weight of tar and oil, and these very sticky substances cause soot to have somewhat the properties of a paint, and make it much more difficult to remove the black substance from any kind of cloth. This tar and oil seem to be somewhat caustic in their action, and cause the soot to have an injurious effect on the leaves of plants; but much more injurious than this is the sulphuric acid, amounting to about one-twentieth of the weight of the soot. This acid eats up cloth, the leaves of trees, and even into stones or the steel rails of the railways. It may not eat holes in the cloth, but it weakens the fabric, and on leaves it often causes the formation of spots.

"Besides these substances soot contains a large number of ingredients of interest to a chemist, which are here put down in order to show its complexity. It contains ammonia, best known as a cleaning fluid; phosphate of lime, a constituent of bones; from one-tenth to one-fourth of its weight of sand; and small quantities of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, phosphate of aluminum, chlorine, sulpho-cyanogen, carbonic acid, water, and traces of other substances."

The throwing off of visible smoke may be stopped by burning the coal in a proper way, or by converting it into gas and then burning this gas; or by precipitating out the soot by electricity, according to the process invented by Doctor Cottrell of the Bureau of Mines.

The most injurious constituents of the invisible smoke are sulphur dioxide and sulphuric acid. These substances have an injurious effect on trees. The loss to the forests in the vicinity of the smelters of the West amounts to many millions of dollars.

A few years ago a firm of smelters found that very large quantities of arsenic, cop-

per, sulphuric acid, and other substances were thrown out by their four great smokestacks. The farmers in a circumference of fifteen miles complained that the heads of their cattle were being poisoned by arsenic. To remedy matters the smelter company built one great smokestack, the top of which was 1,100 feet above the valley below, in order to throw the smoke so high that the sulphur dioxide and sulphuric acid would not again come down to the surface of the earth, and it was supposed that the gases would do no more damage.

The great stack and the fines which led to it are said to have cost nearly a million dollars. The great fines, which carried the smoke from the smaller up the mountain side to the foot of the stack, were built very large in order that all of the solid part of the smoke, which contained copper and arsenic, might settle out before the smoke escaped. This great tube was 2,200 feet long, the first 1,200 feet being 60 feet wide, and the remaining 1,000 feet 120 feet in width. The depth of the fine, from top to bottom of the construction, was 36 feet. That this fine was very effective in reducing the amount of copper lost is shown by the saving of about half million dollars' worth of copper per year by its use.

"It would seem that such an effective fine as this would stop the losses, but an analysis of the smoke from the stack made several years later, showed that even after this large amount of copper had settled out of the smoke, over 4,000 pounds of copper per day, at that time worth about one thousand dollars, still escaped from the top of the stack, and the wheels of mowing machines run in hay fields miles away became rapidly coated with copper."

The farmers still claimed that their horses and cows were being poisoned. Professor Swain, of Stanford University, made another analysis of the smoke. His investigation revealed the astounding result that over 50,270 pounds of arsenic still escaped from the stack in our day.

Land Buying in Canada and Australia

In the October number of *The Colonial Office Journal* the editor devotes the larger part of his notes to land purchase systems in Canada and Australia. Australia is attempting to break up big estates and to develop agriculture.

It has been said by a Minister in New South Wales that if 1,000 settlers came there to-morrow the Department could not find 50 blocks of decent land within 15 miles of a railway to offer them. This fact marks the great difference between Australia

lia and Canada. The purchase system which has been resorted to in Australia has apparently not made much impression. In New South Wales in six years between two and a half and three millions have been spent, and only 2,400 settlement blocks have resulted. The rise in values has in many places been very great recently and stops government buying. An extensive railway policy is in view, twelve new railway lines being contemplated, but to make any substantial impression on the adjoining land by the purchase system would cost, it has been estimated, the enormous sum of fifty millions.

Unless room can be provided for settlers the Government is not likely to incur this expense, and if large holders do not move in the matter legislation will, most certainly, be resorted to. To this end the federal land tax has already had the effect of compelling owners liable to the higher scale to sell.

Rule of the Dead in Japan

IN the Japan Magazine Dr. J. Ingram Bryer describes the most unique feature of Japanese life, its unchanging faith in the spirits of the dead, and its absolute submission to their rule.

The happiness of the dead depends on the respectful and loving service of the living; and the happiness of the living depends on the due fulfillment of pious duty to the dead. That the dead need affection, and that to neglect them is cruelly, are among the most sacred instincts of Japanese life. Accordingly, each home has its family altar, its god-shelf where are enshrined the ancestral tablets, before which, every morning and evening the sacred lamp is lighted, the family prayers said, and food offered to the spirits of the departed ones. The ancestral ghosts are made happy by these amenities and bless those who render them. Hovering unseen in the glow of the shrine-lamp, the stirring of whose flame is but the motion of their wings, they guard the home and watch over the welfare of the old domestic circle. Their chief dwelling place, however, is in the lettered tablets which at times they can animate as a human body in order to soothe and console. From their shrines they hear and observe all that happens in the house, share the family joys and sorrows, and de-

According to the editor, the Canadian people have an extremely strong belief in and affection for their country:

There is a spirit of confidence and optimism which rises above all trials. The man in the street has no doubts and can tell you all about the phenomenal progress of his own locality. There must be something in the climate or soil of the North American Continent which inspires this vivid faith in the country, the belief in the future, the devotion to work, and the love of enterprise and advancement. The average Australian may have so deep a trust in himself and his territory, but he does not display it, any more than the ordinary Englishman, in so marked a manner. On the other hand, he has in his favor a potent element of stable prosperity. He can borrow money more cheaply. In Canada the settler has to pay generally 7 to 10 per cent. for the money he wants to improve his property; in Australia the ruling rate is not more than 5 per cent.

light in the familiar voices and in the gentleness of life about them. They chiefly delight in the daily greetings of the family, and for courtesies of respect of their contacts. To forget them, or in any way to treat them with rude indifference is the most undoubted proof of an evil heart. They stand for the moral experience of the family and nation, and to deny them is to deny that, and to violate that is to offend them, and to offend them is the supreme crime.

Each Japanese believes himself to be under the constant supervision of the ancestral ghosts. Spirit eyes are watching his every act; spirit ears are listening to every word, to approve or blame. The whole of life, its thoughts, words, deeds, must be under constant control, as in the presence of the unseen.

If while in the flesh a Japanese fails, he can succeed by joining the ranks of the gods. Thus voluntary death for some great principle meets the approval of Japanese ethics, and the spirit of the person so offering himself attains to godhead, becomes the object of veneration, and is not only made eternally happy by the perpetual homage of all future generations, but is enabled to bless posterity by answering the petitions of those engaged in the cause for which he died. Even a person of no importance may,

through death, come into the possession of supernatural power, and become capable of conferring benefit or inflicting injury by supernatural means. Thousands of prayers go up daily in Japan to the spirits of those

who have thus offered themselves in sacrifice to the gods. Since the death of General and Countess Nogi thousands have likewise flocked to worship at their tombs, and the crowds still continue.

Capitalizing White House Fame

WHEN Andrew Carnegie of Pittsburgh and Skibo Castle offered to give President Taft a \$25,000 pension the famous ironmaster stirred up a controversy that assailed ill with his advocacy of universal peace.

Moreover, he stirred some inquiry as to the means by which former presidents managed to keep the wolf from their doors after they had been bowed out of the secure shelter of the White House. And this inquiry resulted in the conclusion that the job of chief executive of these United States is a profitable one—not because of the salary it pays during incumbency, but because of the subsequent possibilities of capitalizing the prestige it confers on the holder. So remarks The Boston Herald.

Merely to have held the office is worth \$50,000 a year to any man, as is shown by the not-very-and case of Mr. Roosevelt, for example. Before leaving the White House he was beset with tempting offers from publishers and other business concerns. He was invited to name his own price for his services. The Outlook's proposition was most attractive, and he took it. Nothing much resembling work was required of him. He was to be at liberty to write as much or as little as he wanted. His employment as contributing editor (a brand new species of job, by the way), was worth his pay as an advertisement of the magazine.

Politics has occupied most of Mr. Roosevelt's attention since the Outlook engaged him, but his salary has gone on just the same. He is a skillful writer, but it was his name that counted. Mr. Cleveland, after he became an ex-President, did a good deal of writing at high prices. Magazines paid him from \$500 to \$1,000 an article. What he wrote was dull and uninteresting. He had no knowledge of the literary art, but his signature was worth the money.

Mr. Cleveland had not been a very successful lawyer up to the time when he entered the White House. But when he went out at the end of four years one of the biggest law firms in New York City was eager to employ him at an enormous salary as an advisory counsel for the sake of the business

he was expected to attract. He argued one case before the United States supreme court and lost it, though several members of that august body had been appointed by himself. Later on his legal work was mainly in the line of lucrative refereeships.

Benjamin Harrison was a lawyer and had never managed to earn much money in the business. But after he left the White House his services were sought by corporations, which paid him huge fees—often as much as \$10,000 in a single case. The government gave him \$100,000 as a lump for one year during incumbency, but because of the subsequent possibilities of capitalizing the prestige it confers on the holder. So remarks The Boston Herald.

A well-known woman's magazine paid him \$1,000 a page for a series of dry articles.

Rutherford B. Hayes, tired of taking part in national affairs, went back to Fremont, O., where he dwelt in what he called "delightful retirement."

Four former Presidents have taken to the law. Of these Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison were two. James Meadors on leaving the White House was in debt, and being anxious to recreate his finances, went to New York instead of going back to his home in London County, Virginia. But at that epoch the commercial value of a former chief magistrate had not come to be appreciated, and the author of the famous doctrine made rather a failure of it.

Five Presidents dabbled more or less in literature after their departure from the White House. John Adams, in retirement at Quincy compiled historical data. Grant wrote almost on his death-bed a book about the Civil War which earned a fortune and provided for his family. Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and Roosevelt did magazine work. Five traveled extensively abroad—Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce, Grant and Roosevelt. Grant's tour around the world was an historical episode.

Two former Presidents occupied seats in congress—Andrew Johnson and John Quincy Adams. The former led the simple life at Knoxville for half a dozen years

and was then sent back to Washington as a senator. He died less than a year later. Adams was nearly 60 years old when his term was up, and he would have liked to go back to Quincy and his books, as his father did, but the folks of his home district wanted him to be their representative, and he consented to serve. For nineteen years he led his party in the House.

Polk and Van Buren were both wealthy. The latter did not take the trouble to draw his salary until the end of his term, paying

all expenses out of his private purse. Then he took the \$100,000 due him in one lump. He was the richest of the Presidents except Washington. Surviving until 1862, he saw the Civil War begin.

Madison left a considerable estate, but it was dissipated by a worthless son. Congress paid his widow \$20,000 for her husband's papers (which to-day are among the greatest treasures preserved in the library of congress), and this was nearly all she had to live on during the last years of her life.

France's National Peril

IN LA REVUE Dr. Lowenthal, a member of the French Parliamentary Depopulation Commission, has a long article on the depopulation question.

The official paper referred to shows a deplorable state of things, writes Dr. Lowenthal. The year 1911 compared with 1910 is characterized by the following demographic phenomena:

Nativity has decreased by 1 per 1,000 (18.7 per 1,000 in place of 19.7).

The number of births has been reduced by 32,244 (742,112 in place of 774,356).

The number of deaths has been increased by 75,296 (776,983 in place of 703,777), the death-rate being 19.6 instead of 17.9 per 1,000.

The excess of deaths over births is 34,509 (in place of an excess of births over deaths of 70,560).

Speaking of nativity in particular, the important fact to note is that the decline is general among all classes, and that it is due to the "parental prudence" so ardently preached in the nineteenth century, and not, says Dr. Lowenthal, to any degeneracy of the race. The natality among foreign immigrants in France is equally low, so that the remedy for French depopulation is secretly to be found in foreign immigration. In an interesting table the number of births per 1,000 inhabitants in France and in other countries is set out, Hungary leading the list with a natality of 35 per 1,000, Austria following with 33, Italy 32.9, Germany 29.8, the United Kingdom 24.7, and France 18.7. This rate for France is stated to be the lowest rate registered in any country since the creation of demographic statistics.

The writer then sets himself to the task of discovering whether there exists any connection between depopulation and religion and politics, and concludes that no such connection exists. He makes no mention

of possible social and economic causes. The really serious factor in France is that while natality has declined, mortality has increased at a tremendous pace, and this increase is more general than the decrease in the birth-rate. France is, indeed, one of the countries where people die the most and procreate the least. The mortality of children under one year is 175 per 1,000; from 1 to 4 it is 19 per 1,000, and from 10 to 19 only 4 per 1,000. The infant population for one year in France averages 675,000, and the number of deaths of infants equals in number the deaths of all persons between 1 and 19, the different groups of the latter representing at least 30,000,000 individuals.

The mortality of France, 19.6 per 1,000 is low, compared with other countries, but it is high when taken into account with her natality. The following table shows the position of countries with a natality ranging from 33 to 45 per 1,000:

Nativity.	Mortality.
Russia (1905)	44.8
Bulgaria (1906)	31.7
Rumania (1910)	42.0
Belgium (1910)	41.2
Servia (1910)	39.0
Austria-Hungary (1910)	35.5
Spain (1910)	33.1

The countries with a natality below 33 per 1,000 show a lower mortality than that of France. The only exception is Italy, whose rate of mortality is the same as that of France. In New Zealand the natality is given at 26.2 and the mortality as 9.7.

In 1882, when Professor Richet uttered a note of warning about the growing decline of the birth-rate, he quite overlooked the danger of the exorbitant death-rate. France has always squandered her human capital, says Dr. Lowenthal. To fight depopulation she must lower her excessive mortality to that which other countries less favored by Nature have attained.

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